

APRIL

BUSY MAN'S MAGAZINE



The MACLEAN PUBLISHING COMPANY
LIMITED

MONTREAL, TORONTO, WINNIPEG AND LONDON, ENG.

Publication Office 10 Front St. E. Toronto.

and 88 Fleet St., London, E.C.

\$2.00 a year

20 cents a copy

A Voluntary Gift to the Public

Made by The Oliver Typewriter Company
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The
OLIVER
Typewriter

The Standard Writer

THE OLIVER TYPEWRITER COMPANY, 48 Dearborn St., Chicago

Vol. XV.

No. 6

The Busy Man's Magazine

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The Right Honorable James Bryce

Who pays frequent visits to Canada—Three-quarters of his work at Washington occupied with the affairs of the Dominion—Canada should have an attaché to the British Embassy.

A PERIODICAL sojourner to Canada is the Right Honorable James Bryce, British Ambassador at Washington. Recently he paid a flying visit to several Canadian cities. Why these trips of the Ambassador, some one may ask? Is it not the natural and inevitable development of Canadian nationality—the growing world-wide importance of this great commonwealth.

Before the Canadian Club in Montreal recently, the distinguished representative of Great Britain said:

"Fully three-quarters of my work has been occupied with the affairs of Canada. Every day I feel that I am even more the Ambassador of Canada at Washington than of Great Britain. Therefore, I have felt it one of my first duties whenever Canadian affairs became important and there was a sufficient number of them to make it desirable, and when I could be spared from Washington, to go to Canada and confer personally with your Governor-General and his Ministers, as well as to make an acquaintance with the people themselves.

Such being the situation of affairs, many Canadians look hopefully forward to the time when the work of the Embassy at Washington will un-

dergo such a change that the Canadian Government may have there a thoroughly qualified representative permanently stationed, who will act in co-operation and conjunction with the British Ambassador. If three-quarters of the business of the Embassy now relates to this country, surely the contention in favor of such an appointment is well founded, and there is no reason to believe that an arrangement of this character would be objectionable to Mr. Bryce or the Mother Country. It would result in a better mutual understanding of many perplexing problems, as well as foster greater cordiality of sentiment between Canada and her neighbors to the south.

Before the Pilgrims' Society of the United States, Mr. Bryce a few weeks ago, declared:

"International amity is not like conjugal affection, which, if it is to produce happiness, must needs imply the special devotion of each to the other. It is like the friendship of men among themselves, which can take in many at the same time. And, indeed, the more international friendship rises to a sense of human brotherhood the more it feels how much better peace is than strife and love is than hatred,



THE RECENT VISIT OF MR. AND MRS. BRYCE
(A Montreal View)

the wider will it extend the range of its beneficent influence."

Not long since a well-known Canadian writer asserted:

"It is about time Canada had permanent personal representation at Washington, where there is always some international matter afoot. We wish Mr. Bryce well, but it is time to change the system under which he has to pack his bag for Ottawa."

At a recent gathering of the Canadian Club in Montreal one of the speakers, after dwelling upon the unsurpassed resources and glorious heritage of Canada, most pointedly emphasized the attitude of this country against the practice of handing over any part of our national interests in order to foster friendly relations with Uncle Sam. "While we have a splendid heritage, we have nothing to give away," were the significant words used.

Mr. Bryce's utterances always attract and command the widest attention. Of all economic questions and systems of government, he is a most serious and persistent student. He is a scholar, a traveler, an author, an educationist, a philosopher, a statesman and a diplomat—in fact, a many-sided man. When speaking every movement is characteristic of power, animation and reserve force. In stature he is short and walks with a slight stoop, and is rather inclined to be somewhat fussy when compelled to look after personal details. It is only when engaged in serious conversation with the veteran parliamentarian that those who come in the closest relationship with him, realize his true greatness, the breadth of his views, the depth of his knowledge and his strong intellectual grasp of the affairs of State and national development.

Mr. Bryce, not only in Canada, but across the border, is a frequent speaker at public functions. He has, however, a decided aversion to being interviewed.

A Scotsman by birth, he has long

been one of England's foremost men in point of scholarship and statesmanship. Shortly before his retirement as Chief Secretary of Ireland, to become the representative of Great Britain at Washington, Mr. Justin McCarthy wrote: "James Bryce is universally recognized as one of the intellectual forces in the British House of Commons. When he rises to make a speech, every one listens with the deepest interest, feeling sure that some ideas and some instruction are sure to come which no political party in the House can well afford to lose. Some men in the House of Commons have been orators and nothing else; some have been orators and instructors as well; some have been parliamentary debaters more or less capable; and a good many have been bores. In every generation there have been a few who are especially regarded as illuminating forces. The House does not think of measuring their influence by any estimate of their greater or less capacity for mere eloquence of expression. It values them because of the lessons which they teach. To this small order of members James Bryce undoubtedly belongs."

Mr. Bryce has always been an open-air man, a mighty walker and climber; president of the Alpine, 1889 to 1901; and has traveled almost everywhere. He is believed to be the only man since Noah who has stood on the top of Ararat. He is 70 years of age and has received honorary degrees from many universities, Dr. Goldwin Smith being one of his old masters at Oxford. He is often styled "Professor" Bryce, having gained this title from his eminence as regius professor of civil law at the great English seat of learning many years ago. He is the author of several widely-known works, among them being "The American Commonwealth," "Holy Roman Empire," "Two Centuries of Irish History," "Impressions of South Africa," "Studies in History and Jurisprudence," and "Studies in Contemporary Biography."



Mr. William Whyte

One of Canada's Most Successful and Popular Railway Men

LOOMING large in the railway world, a thorough master of himself and his duties, a clever diplomat and one of the strongest factors in the great Canadian Pacific System, is Mr. William Whyte, of Winnipeg, Second Vice-President of the road. A Scotsman by birth, he inherited from his forebears, that self-reliant spirit, earnest, active disposition, and sterling worth of make-up,

which ensure the success of so many of the rugged sons of the heather.

Mr. Whyte's railway career dates back some forty-five years. Faithful and true in minor details, the same characteristics have prevailed in the higher spheres of usefulness which he has filled so admirably and efficiently. Mr. Whyte is a man who has risen from the humblest position. In many capacities he served, forming a

ground work of experience and insight, so strong and enduring, that he has for many years been regarded as one of the staunchest pillars in the railway arena. In 1883, after twenty years' service with the G. T. R., he became an official on the C. P. R., his first post being general superintendent of all the company's lines in Ontario, west of Smith's Falls. Later, the Eastern Division was added to his jurisdiction, and in 1886 he was appointed general superintendent of the Western Division, with headquarters at Winnipeg. In 1901 he was made assistant to the President, and relieved

press on September 24th, 1904, from the pen of Mr. Nelson R. Butcher, who accompanied the Railway Commission on its first trip to the West. In the course of an interesting outline of the journey, Mr. Butcher said: "The work accomplished during the first trip of the Railway Commission will be of great interest to the people of Western Canada, and, in fact, to the whole Dominion. Having traveled with the Commissioners throughout the whole journey of between 7,000 and 8,000 miles, covering the whole of the Canadian Northwest and British Columbia it occurred to me that it would be but fair to volunteer an account of the business transacted, and again to point to the vast possession of this great Dominion, and the place it will eventually occupy as the backbone of the food supply of the British Empire."

The business of the Commission divides itself into two branches—first, the hearing of complaints regarding railway matters; second, visiting the whole territory with a view to getting, as nearly as possible, a practical knowledge of the farming and ranching industry in Manitoba and the Territories, and the lumber, shingle, mineral, coal, fish and fruit interests of British Columbia and the Coast.

On the whole, with the exception of a few specific instances, there exists a friendly feeling between the people and the railway companies. Through the whole Western country, there was constantly coming up the influence for good by William Whyte, of the C. P. R., whom the people describe as a "big man."

In many of the towns visited where complaints had been lodged for hearing, it was found that his diplomacy has effected an amicable settlement, and the Boards of Trade would announce, since the filing of their complaints, that things had been arranged to the satisfaction of all concerned. Most of the trouble complained of had been the result of some careless subordinate, or by the blocking of traffic at stations where the business had grown faster than the shipping facilities,

but everywhere was to be seen immense improvement works which must be costing the railways many millions of dollars. On the whole, those who addressed the Board as complainants or on behalf of the railways, treated the subjects in a manly way. There was very little bickering and the meetings closed with amicable feelings as between the companies and the people. . . . One of the most important questions brought before the Commission, and one which required extensive investigation, was the subject of fire-guards throughout the ranching districts be-

Winnipeg. At the recent gathering in Ottawa, when representatives of Canadian Clubs from far and near met to consider the plan of His Excellency, Lord Grey, to preserve the Plains of Abraham as a national park, he had the signal honor of presiding over the gathering. Mr. Whyte is a member of several other clubs, and is identified with a number of leading financial institutions and railway corporations. He is a director of the Imperial Bank, the Confederation Life Association, and the British Columbia Southern Railway. He is also Vice-President of the Winnipeg



MR. F. W. PETERS
Assistant to Mr. William Whyte

from all routine work in order to look after the extension of the system in the West, and the development of trade, particularly the Great Northwest. In furtherance of this duty, in 1901, he made a trip through Russia, over the newly-constructed Trans-Siberian Railway, and two years later was appointed Second Vice-President of the C. P. R.

Some idea of the influence, popularity and tact of Mr. Whyte may be gained by the reproduction of an article which appeared in the Toronto



Residence of Mr. Wm. Whyte in Winnipeg

tween Moose Jaw and the Rockies. The railways cannot operate without their engines emitting sparks which cause fires. The heavy winds on the prairies cause these fires to spread, burn hundreds of miles of grazing country. Great herds of cattle are sometimes lost; the cattle have either to be driven great distances, or perish of starvation. Mr. Whyte took much interest in this question and asked that the Commission give this subject their earnest consideration.

Mr. Whyte is a most enthusiastic and wide-awake Canadian, and is the President of the Canadian Club at

Street Railway, and the Standard Trust Company.

Of a jovial disposition, possessing a warm heart and generous nature, Mr. Whyte has hosts of admiring friends in all parts of Canada, who confidently predict that he is the "coming railway man of the Dominion." In private life he is an ideal husband and happy father. His beautiful residence in Winnipeg is the centre of much culture and social interest. Mr. Whyte spends the greater part of his leisure time at home. Rarely does he take an extended holiday, but, when he finds time to steal

away from his strenuous duties, he frequently passes several days with a party of congenial friends in a hunting expedition at their shooting-box in the fertile Qu'Appelle valley.

Mr. Whyte's name has freely been mentioned as one who would in every way be acceptable as a member of the augmented Board of Railway Commissioners, but it is doubtful if he could be induced to relinquish his connection with the C. P. R. and take the relatively small stipend given to a commissioner.

The able assistant to Mr. Whyte is Mr. F. W. Peters, who has been with

the Canadian Pacific Railway since 1881. Mr. Peters has filled a number of positions with efficiency and zeal, his last post being assistant general freight traffic manager of all Western lines. He has been in railway life since 1874, when he began his career as an operator on the Intercolonial.

Another important change which went into effect last month was the appointment of Mr. J. W. Leonard as general manager of the company's lines east of Fort William, with jurisdiction over all matters relating to the maintenance of way and operation.



MR. WILLIAM MACKENZIE

Whose familiar countenance has appeared in the columns of the daily press more frequently during the past month than that of any other man in Canada. This has been brought about, not only by reason of his prominence as a railway builder and shrewd financier, but by his securing practically absolute control of the Edmonton Development Company.



Mr. Robert W. Service

Popular Young Poet who will write a Canadian play.

THE bank clerk poet, whose verses "Songs of a Sourdough," have given him a powerful lift on the road to fame, is about to write a play, at the request of Mr. Ernest Shipman, the widely-known theatrical man.

Mr. Robert W. Service, who is a servant of the Bank of Commerce, never knew he had such genius, such a gift to wrench, stir, quicken and

enthuse even the most listless and lethargic, until his friends prevailed upon him to issue some of his productions in book form. Thus, he consented to do, but reluctantly. Previous to the appearance of this volume, he had written solely for his own amusement and the entertainment of friends—in fact, had thrown into the waste-basket more meritorious productions than have appeared. Of the

"Songs of a Sourdough," over 10,000 copies have been sold to Canadians.

Mr. Service is English by birth, the proud town of Preston, in Lancashire, being his natal spot, nearly thirty-one years ago. When six years of age, his father, Mr. Robert Service, moved to Kelvinside, Glasgow. There the young poet attended the High School, Glasgow University, and also entered the employ of the Commercial bank. Some twelve or thirteen years ago, Robert, who is the eldest son in a family of seven boys and three daughters, came to Canada. His parents followed in 1905, and reside at 709 Dufferin Street, Toronto, along with several members of the family. Mr. Service has not seen his son for many years, but says that, as a boy, Robert was intense either at work or play. He wrote much, especially in the evenings. His parents gave little heed to what he was penning, although his father distinctly remembers that one or two of his prose productions appeared in the Glasgow Herald and two or three other papers. At the Hillhead High School, in Glasgow, the headmaster called young Service the "cock of the walk," and was very proud of his efforts in verse.

Since coming to America, the author of "Songs of a Sourdough" has followed many occupations and undergone varied experiences. He has traveled through all the Western and Southern States, and, at different times, was a tutor in influential families on Vancouver Island. He is a noted swimmer, an enthusiastic bicyclist, and a keen lover of the drama. He has roughed it in all sorts of places, and for some months in the Southern States voluntarily "tramped it." He enjoyed the life, and says it was perfectly free, care-free and happy. In various pursuits, he has gained an intimate acquaintance with human nature, particularly in studying different classes of people from the level of a common laborer, as well as from the view point of a rancher, a teacher, and a traveler. If Mr. Service succeeds in producing a Canadian play of such splendid spirit,

stirring sentiment, enthralling a character and heroic a nature as that which marks his verse, he will have an exceptionally bright future as a playwright.

Strange to say, the request to write a Canadian play comes from an eminent Toronto boy, Mr. Shipman, who, in the theatrical world is a recognized leader. Mr. Shipman's conception of a Canadian play, staged by a Canadian manager, with a Canadian lady as the star, may soon become a reality.

The story of how Mr. Service happened to be requested to write a Canadian play is interesting. Mr. Shipman was ill for a few days in Toronto, and a friend dropping in, left a copy of "Songs of a Sourdough" with the theatrical man. Mr. Shipman handed the book to his wife (Miss Roselle Knott) to read to him. She began with the "Law of the Yukon," which is the first poem in the volume. Mr. Shipman's interest was immediately quickened and aroused. He inquired, as to the author, and, finding the name, soon learned his address and wired the young poet at White Horse, in the Yukon district, asking him to write a play. Mr. Shipman's observation is happy and timely. He prophetically declares "if Mr. Service can write a play in the same spirit that he wrote these poems, he will make himself famous as well as me."

And there is no reason why Robert W. Service should not do so. When seven years old, he asked permission of his father to attend a play in one of the small booths in Glasgow, and was allowed to go. A few months later the boy told his parents that he wished to take part in an amateur presentation of "Roy Roy." He went and entered with verve and spirit upon the character which he impersonated. Thus, at an early age, did he give evidence of talent and latent genius, a genius which is now fully developing and may bring him higher honor and wider recognition in the great dramatic world than he has already attained in the poetic.



Dr. A. S. Vogt

Who has made great sacrifices for an ideal

WILL Dr. Augustus Stefan Vogt, the brilliant leader of the famous Mendelssohn Choir, have the honor of Knighthood conferred upon him when birthday honors are distributed by His Majesty on Victoria Day next? Dr. Vogt, richly deserves such distinction. He has accomplished more than many a Canadian who has been decorated with a K.C.M.G., and it will not surprise his thousands of friends and admirers if he is soon known as Sir Augustus Vogt. A Canadian who realizes the value of an ideal, he is prepared to make any sacrifices for its accomplishment. All fellow countrymen are proud of him. He has

done more in perfecting choral art than any other person, and has made Canada in this respect envied of all nations. Dr. Vogt is a master, a genius, a wizard, at the art of teaching music.

Born in the little Village of Elmira, Waterloo County, forty-eight years ago, his father, Mr. George Vogt, was a skilled organ builder, and many church organs in use to-day in Western Ontario are evidences of his proficiency and handwork. The son inherited the love of and knowledge for the organ which his father had. He believes that it is the "instrument of the soul." When only twelve years of age, he had presided at the instru-

ment in St. John's Lutheran Church, Elmira. He has held many important posts, but has yielded up his connection with all to test and prepare voices for his famous choir. Strange to relate, while he thinks his celebrated organization is excellent, yet he believes much remains to be attained. Probably one of the secrets of his signal success as a conductor is that he has been strictly guided by Goethe's words:

Vor den Wissenden sich stellen
Sicher ist's in allen Fällen
Wenn du lange dich gesnackelt
Weiss er gleich wo dir es fehlt
Auch auf Beifall darfst du hoffen
Denn er weiss wo du's getroffen.

The recent concerts in Massey Hall in this city and in Convention Hall in Buffalo have once more added to the laurels of singers, and a conductor who is universally recognized as being without a peer. As a well-known writer has remarked, "a musical ensemble body must ever be the reflection of its controlling head, the dominating influence which fixes its direction and purpose."

Dr. Vogt presents a rare interesting character study, whether in the role of a master musician or an estimable and exemplary citizen. He possesses to a marked degree a truly artistic temperament, coupled with splendid executive and administrative ability—a most unusual combination. He has set at naught all misgivings about Canadians not being a musical people.

Dr. Vogt is a deep and conscientious student of unflinching energy, and high motive. He has an all pervading admiration, love and respect for exalted musical ideals. An enthusiast himself, he inspires this commendable attribute in others. His choral organization has won such renown that it may possibly go to England and Germany at no distant date, to compete for supremacy with the leading musical bodies of the Continent.

The Mendelssohn Choir is facile princeps, the pre-eminent musical body in America. This distinction

has been freely bestowed upon it by the ablest critics of New York and other cities. In no unmeasured terms have they paid glowing tributes to Dr. Vogt and his splendid choir, which, in all the largest and most discriminating centres, have carried all before them and aroused scenes of enthusiasm—the like of which are unprecedented and unparalleled. Each succeeding year the receptions are of the most spontaneous, warm-hearted character. On the occasion of the recent visit to Buffalo one critic said: "It is a revelation to me. I had no idea such a perfect choir existed on this side of the Atlantic. Toronto should be proud of Dr. Vogt and his choir, which is, I venture to say, the finest in the whole world."

Fellow-Canadians are deeply appreciative of Dr. Vogt's work. His heart is completely bound up in his "labor of love." The Mendelssohn Choir has, the public believes, attained perfection as fully and genuinely as any human agency can, and, as a distinguished New York authority expressed it on the occasion of the visit to the metropolis a little over a year ago, "It is not only worthy of all praise, but is almost beyond praise. The members are the most finished exponents of choral work that I have ever heard."

Such were some of the bouquets of acclamation last year. One more word may be added ere concluding. Each succeeding year the choir, which may be described as cosmopolitan in character, embracing nearly 300 voices, arouses more enthusiasm and admiration even when all declare that the limit of public appreciation and perfection of effort have been reached. No other choir in the world quite compares with this one in the complete expression of universal choral music. Each cycle marks an epoch in musical attainment and achievement that stands out more loudly, more lustroously, in the melody and harmony of the great musical world of which Dr. Vogt is such an illuminative and commanding figure.



Mr. Herbert C. Cox

Who is Recognized as an Authority on Insurance

COMING from a family long identified with life insurance business in Canada, Mr. Herbert C. Cox, in the words of Shakespeare, the world's greatest dramatist, is "to the manor born."

His father, Hon. George A. Cox, began life in Peterborough—then a small town—in the late sixties and early seventies, as a modest, earnest, active agent of the Canada Life Assurance Company. He was animated by an unconquerable ambition, and that was to attain the honorable and responsible position of president of the company. It seemed, while in every way laudable, a lofty desire—a mere Utopian dream—but in the year 1900 that dream was realized.

Mr. Herbert C. Cox gives abundant promise of following in the footsteps of his illustrious parent. Although he has not yet celebrated his thirty-fifth birthday, he has scaled high the insurance ladder until to-day he is not only a leading figure in one of the oldest and most reliable companies of the Dominion, but a recognized authority on insurance, both in Canada and across the boundary line.

Mr. Herbert C. Cox is president of the Life Underwriters' Association of Canada, and first vice-president of the National Association of Life Underwriters. Both bodies held their annual conventions in Toronto last August.

The Canadian Association was or-

ganized in June, 1906. Mr. G. H. Allen, of Montreal, being its first president. He was succeeded last year by Mr. Cox. This association is affiliated with the National Association which is the representative organization of all companies over the border.

After receiving his education in the Public Schools of Peterborough, the Jarvis Street Collegiate Institute and Toronto University, Mr. Cox, in 1894 began his career as correspondence clerk in the Eastern Ontario branch office. Rising step by step he has reached the position of manager of the company for Eastern Ontario and Michigan branches. Under his jurisdiction and progressive oversight, this territory has shown splendid results. He is exceedingly popular with his business associates, and sets those under him an example at all times worthy of emulation in industry, zeal and energy.

Mr. Cox has devoted study, thought and research to all insurance legislation and financial problems. He is an authority of widely recognized reputation, and during the past few months has addressed influential gatherings of insurance agents and State associations in Chicago, Detroit, Pittsburgh, and other leading cities in Uncle Sam's domain, as well as in Canada. As president of the Life Underwriters' Association of Canada, with a membership of over 500 of the most aggressive and wide-awake agents in the Dominion, the executive of which embraces representatives from twenty-three local associations, Mr. Cox recently appeared before the Banking and Commerce Committee at Ottawa. He delivered before the

members, a thoughtful and comprehensive address in which objection was taken particularly to clause 53 in the Insurance Bill. This clause deals with the limitation of expense beyond which no company can legally go, and for several reasons the underwriters are asking for the elimination of this and subsequent relative sections of the bill. They contend that such a limitation would bear primarily upon the canvassing agent, and place upon him an insupportable burden. Section 53 fixes, not only the sum which may be spent under the heading of expense, but stipulates the manner in which it may be used. The companies maintain that this would be inimical to the best interests of the policy-holder and his beneficiaries, as well as to the agent and the company. A year or two ago, Mr. Cox was one of the representatives of the association to appear before the Royal Commission on Insurance.

Vigorous and alert in every move, Mr. Cox possesses a pleasing personality and an affable disposition. In addition to his wide connection with insurance, he is identified with several other organizations of national prominence. He is vice-president of the Provident Investment Company, a director of the Central Canada Loan & Savings Company, the Toronto Savings & Loan Company (of Peterborough), the Imperial Accident & Guarantee Company, and the Dominion Securities Corporation. He is also a director of the Robert Simpson Company, of Toronto, a trustee of the Toronto General Hospital, a member of the committee in charge of the erection of the proposed million dollar building, as well as director of the Toronto Conservatory of Music.

The Founder of the Canadian Clubs

The idea of such a splendid organization was put forth on the evening of December 6, 1892, by Mr. C. R. McCullough of Hamilton—Great growth of the movement.

THE honor of originating Canadian Clubs in their present form really belongs to Mr. Charles R. McCullough, who is a native of Bowmanville, but has resided in Hamilton for a score or more years. He was the moving spirit in establishing on December 6, 1892, the Canadian Club in Hamilton, and from that date the movement has gained such strength and influence that similar bodies are now formed in nearly every city and town in the fertile Dominion.

The central feature of their policy is the fostering and developing of national sentiment, appreciation and loyalty, the cultivation of public spirit and higher ideals of duty and citizenship.

The Hamilton Canadian Club recently made Mr. McCullough an honorary life member. Previous to the organization of the Hamilton club, there had been associations of a national character, but not founded on the same permanent and enduring lines as the present progressive organization which listens to addresses by representative Canadians and distinguished visitors on history, art, literature, forestry and resources.

Mr. McCullough has always taken a deep interest in the cause of education. He is a member of the Hamilton Board of Education, and for several years conducted a successful business college in the Ambitious City. He was previous to that engaged in the teaching of commercial subjects in Belleville, Ontario. Mr. W. Sanford Evans, who is now a member of the Board of Control, Winnipeg, was one of those associated with Mr. McCullough in forming the club, and was made its first president.

Some of the other pioneer mem-

bers of the club were Adam Brown, A. T. Freed, F. R. Hutton, Lieut.-Col. J. S. Hendrie, A. H. H. Heming, W. A. Sherwood, F. M. Pratt, Senator Sanford and Rev. J. H. Long.

Although inaugurated on an unpretentious scale, the club soon had over 700 members, but these figures are now reduced. Its earlier speakers



MR. C. R. MCCULLOUGH

included many local men of high standing, and, later on, men of the rank of Sir Oliver Mowat, Hall Caine, and Sir Gilbert Parker addressed the organization. An exhibition of Canadian pictures was held, various essays were read covering a wide range of subjects, a steel flag-staff was presented to the city, and Mr. J. H. Smith initiated a plan for the flying of flags upon the school-houses of Wentworth County.

There is something better than making a living,
—making a life.—Abraham Lincoln.

He Rendered the State Good Service

The career of the late Judge Killam marked by earnest endeavor and high ideals—An inspiration to fellow Canadians, his loss is a national one—A man of untiring zeal and industry.

PLODDING industry, legal erudition, intellectual ability, infinite patience, and incorruptible integrity—such were the salient characteristics of the late Judge Killam, chairman of the Railway Commission of Canada, whose sudden death from pneumonia is, in more than one sense, a national loss.



THE LATE JUDGE KILLAM

Possessed of an infinite capacity for hard work, and an excellent grasp of detail, he soon became a thorough master of the whole railway situation in Canada. Mr. Killam was a bright and active member of society. He inspired confidence in men; he aroused the true in them. They felt that he was strong, earnest, tactful, firm, and alert. He was one of Nova Scotia's most brilliant sons, and although he had not at-

tained the age of sixty years, his labors as a lawyer, a judge, and a public commissioner, will long be remembered with gratitude by his fellow-countrymen.

In 1905, he succeeded the late Hon. Andrew G. Blair as presiding officer of the Railway Commission. Mr. Blair's work had been a success for he had acquired much experience and special training when occupying the portfolio of Minister of Railways and Canada. The record of Judge Killam has been equally as satisfactory, if not more so, than that of his painstaking predecessor. Mr. Killam kept matters well in hand; he saw clearly and quickly the merits of a case, and gave his decisions without delay, partially or prejudice.

The success, usefulness and necessity of the Railway Commission is now generally recognized. The amount of work under the jurisdiction of that body is constantly growing, the Railway Commission now having supervision of telephone and telegraph companies. The membership is being doubled, so that the multifarious character of the work can be apportioned.

Of Judge Killam it may be said, he rendered the State good service; he enjoyed the confidence and closest friendship of his colleagues and associates. They felt that in his integrity and good intentions, both the public and the railway companies had implicit trust.

An ornament to the judiciary of Canada, a thoughtful, public-spirited citizen, a Canadian of that too rare type of doing "with all his might whatsoever his hand found to do"—such is an epitome of the career of the late Alfred Clements Killam.

A Valiant Leader and Vigorous Fighter

Is Hon. J. D. Hazen, the newly elect Premier of New Brunswick—A public spirited man who has progressive ideas and has steadily forged his way to the front in his native province.

"A YOUNG man of ability and promise." This is the way the friends of Mr. John Douglas Hazen enthusiastically described him a few years ago; to-day Mr. Hazen is the Premier of his native Province—New Brunswick—so certain has been his progress. Of his advancement it may be said that it has always been characterized by a high conception of duty, steadiness of purpose, and loftiness of aim. He possesses public spirit, and has served in many capacities. For some years he was alderman and Mayor in the Capital city of New Brunswick. In 1900 he removed to St. John and represented that city in the House of Commons for a term. In 1896 he was defeated, but three years later entered the Legislature and became leader of the Conservative party in New Brunswick in 1903.

Mr. Hazen is a man of affairs, an incisive and impressive speaker, a far-seeing and studious politician, a hard campaigner, but a fair, open fighter in every combat.

Eleven premiers had been at the helm in New Brunswick since Confederation, and Hon. J. D. Hazen makes the twelfth. He succeeded in ousting a Liberal Government that had been entrenched in power for a quarter of a century, and captured the Province by a splendid majority. The new Premier has promised the people an enlightened and economical administration, and it is believed that he will implement every one of the twelve planks on which he appealed for public support and confidence.

From one end of Canada to the other, Mr. Hazen had been felicitated upon his magnificent victory, which he asserts, is in no sense a



HON. J. D. HAZEN

party triumph, but simply the sincere, earnest desire of the electors to have a new order of things ushered in, the people having decisively declared in favor of the cry, "It is time for a change."

Some Things About Some Men

NO county in Ontario is more proud of a native son than is the County of Waterloo over Mr. W. L. Mackenzie King. The people up there yield to no one in their admiration and love for the talented and brilliant Deputy Minister of Labor, who has just been entrusted with another important mission of State. Some few weeks ago he presented an



MR. MACKENZIE KING

exhaustive report to the Federal Government on Oriental immigration in the West. Now he has gone to England to confer with the Imperial Indian and Colonial Offices respecting the immigration of Hindus and other British East Indians to Canada. He will lay before the Imperial authorities the views of the Canadian Government Canadian opposition, especially in British Columbia, to the influx of Orientals, will be explained and the interchange of views, it is expected, will result in the reaching of some sat-

isfactory agreement between the two Governments.

HON. ADAM BECK, who is so much in the public eye in Ontario on account of the position he occupies as leader in the movement for cheaper power, was once a working blacksmith. He is now a cigar box manufacturer. Although, since politics became his vocation, the making of cigar boxes has practically become an avocation. He has a hard task before him to weld the different interests together in regard to the power question. The sparks are flying and a great many people are watching the process.

HON. FRANK OLIVER, the Minister of the Department of Interior, has been a prominent figure in Parliament ever since he entered the House. He is a man of considerable ability, but it was not always ability which brought him into the public eye. He is a sincere man and like most sincere men when they are crossed in their purposes, impetuously say and do things which had better been left unsaid or undone, but whatever faults he may have he has deserved his success. Less than a generation ago he was an ordinary working printer, but he had ambition as wide and as boundless as the prairies. He was in Winnipeg when he married, and his honeymoon was a trip across the prairies from Winnipeg to Edmonton by horse and wagon, a journey which occupied no less than three months. This journey not only gave him an opportunity of becoming acquainted with his wife, but he doubtless then learned some things about the boundless prairies which assisted to make him the good Minister of Interior that he is.

A Study in Optimism

By Chester Edsall Lomas in the American Magazine

IT was a gorgeously bright sunny day in early summer. Yellow and red honeysuckles peeped in at the open window of a brightly papered nesting place of a room from the tasteful box on the ornamental fire-escape, and three tremendously happy golden canaries sang as if their hearts would burst with rapture from their golden cage just over the handsome bird's-eye maple desk of Ned Merryfield, one time a bachelor, but now a happy husband of a week.

Dressed in a kimono of cherry blossom pink, his wife, Nelly, danced around the room filled with the joy of life. A week ago she had been living in a luxurious home with her parents, but she had thwarted their wills and run away to be married to Edwin Merryfield, who had nothing save expectations from his exceedingly rich father.

"Oh, love," said she, running over to him and imprinting a kiss on his incipient bald spot, "I am just as happy as I know how to be."

"Well, dear," said he, "then I would advise no one else to try to be as happy, for I know they couldn't. I think, though, I am a close second, for I have you."

He turned as he spoke and catching her plump, soft, pink cheeks in his two strong hands he gave her a lover's kiss.

"I expect a letter from father today," said he, "and I'm quite sure that he will tell me that he is glad I married you and that we may come and live with him until I get something to do."

"What do you intend to do?" said she, and burst into a fragment from the grand opera they had heard the night before (from orchestra seats).

"I'm sure I don't know," said he,

laughing gaily. "I can draw a little, I can write a little, I can sing a little; but I have never done anything for money. Never had to, you see. As for going into business, that's too hard work."

"Ugh," said she, "how I hate business. Father was in business until he retired and mother never saw him except in the evening and Sunday. I want a husband who will be with me all the time. We shall celebrate our golden wedding in just fifty years, dear, and I want you to promise me that you will never leave me for more than three or four hours in all that time."

Just then the postman's whistle sounded, and Ned rose and lifting his little wife in his arms he held her high above him as he promised.

"I hope, my dear," said he, as she pinched his face playfully, "that father will write, for I have just seventy-five cents in the world and we must live somehow. If he invites us to make his home our home I will use the seventy-five cents to wire him for money to pay our way there."

Nelly laughed infectionally. "Isn't my dear boy just a little bit imprudent—ain't that the word I want?"

"I suppose it is, but what's the use of being provident when I have you?"

"And the canaries," said the girl, going to the cage and chirping to the yellow songsters.

Down one flight went Ned and the postman handed him a letter that bore the post-mark of his father's town.

Three steps at a time he raced up the stairs and sitting down in an easy-chair (the reckless souls had handsomely furnished their apartment with no thought of the future), he said: "It has come, dear, and I am

almost sure that that rich father of mine is going to forgive you for not being the girl he had chosen for me."

"I hope so," said Nelly, perching on the arm of his chair like a pretty bird. "I think I could like your father, dear, because he does look so like you."

"He's a little sterner than I am, dearie," said Ned, and then with his girl wife scribbling his beautiful chestnut hair he opened the letter and read it out loud. It ran as follows:

"Ned: I disown you absolutely, as I said I'd do if you married Ellen Marsh. You are no longer a son of mine and I will never help you to the extent of a single cent."

"Yours not at all,

EDWIN MERRYFIELD."

"Oh, my dear Ned," said Nelly, slipping off her perch and burying her golden head in her husband's lap, "we will starve."

"I have seventy-five cents," said Ned heavily, but the future at that moment looked very black. And then both caught sight of the fragrant honeysuckles, glorified by the sun, and the three beautiful canaries broke into ecstatic song, and Ned, rising brought his hand down on his leg and said:

"I am young and the world is before me. My father made a fortune with no capital to begin with but a broken shovel and high spirits. I will write a story."

Nelly danced around the room, clapping her hands. "I knew it would come out all right," said she. "Oh, I'm so proud of you. Have you any writing paper?"

"Not a bit, but I have seventy-five cents and I will buy paper, pens, ink and pencil, and perhaps I will illustrate the story as well as write it."

"Oh, how splendid!"

Pride was in every lineament of the beautiful child-wife, and she hugged handsome Ned to the point of suffocation before she would let him begin his career.

A half hour later the sun was shining in at two windows, the honeysuckles were sweeter than ever, and

the three canaries were singing to beat the German band that was playing merry music in the street outside.

And Ned sat at the desk and wrote his first story. Sheet after sheet fell on the floor just as they used to do in Walter Scott's time, and Nelly sat on a stool at his feet and admired her brave young husband who had taken up the struggle of life so heroically.

"May I read it?" said Nelly.

"Yes, dear," said he, a writer's nervousness struggling with his love for her, "but please don't talk again or you will put to flight all my ideas. And don't criticize it harshly." His busy pen ran over the page as the white-hot thoughts gushed from brain to willing hand.

"My love, do you think I would ever criticize a single clever word that you wrote? I know beforehand that it will be the best story I ever read. Did you ever write anything before?"

"Only letters to my friends, dear, but I have studied human nature for nearly a year." A scowl darkened his brow. "And now I hope my pet will not talk, because I must concentrate or else the story will never sell, and then we would starve and starving is so painful."

"Goose!" laughed the merry girl and ran to the window to smell the honeysuckles. Then she poured out fresh water for the canaries and sat down at her husband's feet resolved to be as still as a mouse in order not to spoil the masterpiece that he was forming so swiftly.

For two hours Ned wrote, and as it was his first story there was no rehashing of his old ideas. It was imaginative and told of life among the East Siders. He knew very little about them, but he knew there was a good market for such stories and so he gave his imagination free rein and wrote like one possessed.

Then when the story was finished he looked at the beautiful being who had been reading the sheets as they fell and said, "Dear, how do you like it? Has it merit?"

She waited until she had read the last sheet which he had just thrown

down and then she said, "I think it is the best story I ever read."

"Do you really?" said he, feeling that praise from his wife was praise indeed.

"I certainly do," said she, very gravely. She felt that in a way she too had helped him create it. She knew as little of the East Siders as he did.

"Do you think it will sell?" said he.

"Why, of course. Where will you show it first?"

"To the leading magazine. Now, dear, be quiet once more and I will rewrite it."

"You'll do no such thing. You'll send it just as it is. It couldn't be improved."

"I believe you are right, little one," said Ned, taking his young wife up in his arms and tossing her in the air before he kissed her.

The canaries sang, the lascious honeysuckle scented the sunny air, and the cool breezes of early summer breathed through the apartment where dwelt so much happiness.

"How do you know so much about those poor people Neddy, dear?"

"Imagination, my love. They say Shakespeare never went to Italy, and yet in his opera of 'Romeo and Juliet' that we heard last night think how true to Italy it all was."

"Yes, love, only I think that Shakespeare didn't write the opera. He wrote the play from which the opera was made."

"That doesn't injure my point in the least. I believe you are right, but the point is that imagination sees through walls and across seas. Imagination—"

He broke off suddenly.

"Shall I illustrate it?"

"Oh, to be sure. You'll get more than, won't you?"

"Yes, I suppose I will."

"I didn't know you could draw, Ned, dear."

"One never knows what he can do until he tries," said the sanguine young fellow. "I used to do caricatures at college that everyone said were pretty bad, but I don't think

they knew what they were talking about."

"Of course they didn't," said she indignantly. "Do make a lot of drawings. The more you make the more you'll get, won't you? They say Christy and Gibson draw every day."

"I think I'll do a dozen," said he.

He sharpened a pencil and full of enthusiasm he began the work of illustrating the story he had just written.

"Can you talk while you're drawing?" said his wife, standing at his side and watching with admiration the funny little East Siders that seemed to drop from his rapid pencil.

"Yes, I don't have to concentrate as I do when I'm writing. It is easy to draw." He felt that he had been writing for years—so much of himself had he put into his work.

"They don't really look like East Siders, but they are awfully funny and they're so delightfully sketchy. They don't look as if you'd been horribly conscientious about them. They're so spontaneous."

"Do you know, dear," said Ned, not seeming to have heard her remarks, "if they don't take this story I'm going down to Keith's to see whether I can get an engagement to sing ballads."

"I didn't know you sang ballads," said she.

"I don't, but they're easy to learn. Don't you think I have a good stage presence?"

"You could stand before kings," said she, unconsciously quoting something she had heard somewhere.

"Well, I don't suppose there'll be many kings there, but at least I have several strings to my bow. We won't starve."

In less than an hour he had done twelve illustrations and then he put on his hat, and while his wife made a funny little package of the illustrated story he washed his hands, whistled gaily to the canaries, sniffed the honeysuckles and looked buoyantly out at the fleecy clouds flecking the deep blue June sky.

"Well, dear, you may expect me in

an hour. But wait; let's have some lunch before I start."

He looked at his watch. "It is one o'clock. I imagine most of the editors will be out to lunch. We'll go too and I'll blow in my last penny on it. It won't be more than a bite, my dear."

"Oh, won't it be romantic and bohemian, dear?" said Nelly with a delicious little wriggle of her body. "Oh, I'm so glad I married you. And I'm so glad your father cut you off because it brought out all that was big and noble in you. I think those are the best illustrations I ever saw. You'll probably rival Gibson himself before very long."

"Yes, only it's easier to do East Siders than it is to do handsome girls—like you, for instance."

In a few minutes they were tripping down the stairs like a new Paul and Virginia, and were soon seated in a picturesque and exceedingly bohemian lunch room where they spent their last cent. Then Nelly, full of life and hope, ran back to her canaries and her honeysuckle and Ned bent his steps to the editorial rooms of one of the leading magazines.

"Yes, he is in and will see you if you'll wait a few minutes."

"My time is very precious," said Ned. "Tell him he'd better see me now."

"Very well, sir," said the boy and departed with the message.

In a minute he came back and said, "Follow me, please."

Ned followed him to the editorial rooms and saw an intellectual-looking man talking to a lady who was rising to go.

"I'm sorry we can't take it, but we are only taking what we are positively compelled to accept."

He bowed the lady out and then shook hands with Ned.

"Haven't we met before?" said he.

"Never," said Ned, shortly. He did not want to hold any more conversation than was necessary. He had come to sell his story, not to exchange reminiscences.

The Edwin Merryfield of set purpose who was in the editorial room

was a different fellow from the genial, loving husband of the honeysuckle, canary-haunted bower.

"I have here a story which I have myself illustrated."

"Oh, will you leave it?" said the editor, fumbling among his papers to show that he was busy.

"You evidently don't understand the circumstances," said Ned. "This morning my father absolutely cut me off. I am newly married. I intend to live. I have written this story and illustrated it myself and I want it read—now. If not by you then by one of your rival editors."

The editor said that he was dealing with no ordinary man and he motioned Ned to a seat and began to read. Sheet after sheet dropped from his hand and in half an hour he had finished the story.

"It's a good story. The public is interested in the submerged tenth."

"That is not the point," said Ned coldly. "Do you accept it?"

The editor hesitated. Ned rose.

"Yes, we will take it."

"Good. Now will you look at the pictures?"

"I don't think we would care to illustrate it," said the editor.

"Well, I don't care to divorce it from its illustrations," said Ned calmly, reaching for the manuscript. "I will take it to some editor who wishes to have a harmonious whole."

"Let me see the pictures," said the editor, realizing that this was no ordinary man who sat in front of him.

He took the pictures and looked at them one by one.

"They are unusual," said he.

"Certainly. It is unusual for me to draw," said Ned proudly. "Well, my time is limited. Do you wish them?"

"I will take them. Now if you will excuse me I'll be glad to see you some other time. I have all this correspondence to attend to."

"I'll be gone in a few minutes," said Ned, in a more pleasant tone of voice because he was glad to have sold the story, "but you have forgotten the most important thing. I wish to be paid for my work. The laborer is worthy of his hire. You have

bought my story and my pictures and yet you would send me away without payment. Is that just? Is that the way you would buy a horse? I must have my money at once or I will carry the story and the pictures to a rival establishment."

The editor saw that he was dealing with no ordinary man and he rang for a boy. While the boy was coming he said, "How much do you think we ought to pay you? Would a cent a word be enough for the story and three dollars apiece for the pictures? That is what we ordinarily pay. It would be about sixty dollars."

Ned thought rapidly. Sixty dollars would be soon spent at the rate at which he and his wife preferred to spend it, and he might not care to write another story for some time.

"What do you pay your star contributor?"

"Ten cents a word," said the editor, "but—"

"And your star illustrator?"

"Fifty dollars a picture for that size. But—"

"And you were going to put me off with the beggarly pittance of a cent a word and three dollars a picture," said Ned, his color rising. "My work is worth as much to me as Kipling's or Gibson's work is to them. There are 3,000 words in my story. That will be three hundred dollars; and there are twelve pictures; that will be six hundred more. Let me tell you en passant that I think artists have a claim. It did not take me as long to draw the pictures as it did to write the story. Kindly have them draw me a check for nine hundred and I will go at once. Otherwise I'll have to take my wares to a rival establishment. You gave me a speedy reading and I am eminently fair. I would rather you had the story than another. But I am not a sentimentalist. Please decide at once."

Nine hundred dollars for an East Side story seemed a good deal to pay, particularly as Edwin Merryfield was a new name, but the editor saw that he was dealing with no ordinary man, and when the boy came in response to his call he said to him:

"Take this order to the cashier and bring me the money at once."

A few minutes later the boy came back with a large roll of bills and asked Ned to count them and let him know if it were all right, as no mistakes could be rectified after leaving the establishment.

"It is quite right," said Ned. He had always been used to carrying large sums of money before he had married Nelly, and it was no trouble at all for him to count nine hundred dollars.

"I would like you to accept this ten-dollar bill," said he generously to the boy.

"Thank you, sir," said the boy smiling. "This is most unusual."

Ned had taken the money and went away, and then Ned, taking a fifty-dollar bill, said to the editor, "I beg of you to accept this."

"Sir," said the editor, reddening, "you mean well, but this is the magazine that first exposed the wickedness of Wall Street, and what you have offered me is nothing less than a 'rake off.' Invite me to lunch some time if you wish to, but never tempt me that way again."

Ned shook hands with the editor. "You are a good fellow," said he.

Then he pursued his way toward home with a light heart. On the way he passed Keith's.

"Shall I stop in and have my voice tried?" said he to himself. "No, it will be time enough to do so when our money is exhausted. It is awfully easy to make a living. This money ought to last us a good month if Nelly is economical, and then I will write another story or sing a ballad or perhaps paint a scene for a theatre. What man has done man can do, and I am a man."

He ran up the stairs, four steps at a time, and burst into the room. Nelly was singing a merry song and accompanying herself on a mandolin and the canaries were mutely listening. The honeysuckle still scented the air and the sun was peeping in at the third window. All the breezes sang of love and the world seemed young.

"I know you sold it," said Nelly,

laying aside the mandolin, "from the look of your face. I hope you got plenty for it. It was certainly the best story I ever read."

"I could only make him give me a beggarly nine hundred for it," said Ned.

Nelly's face fell. "And how much did you get for the pictures, my love?" said she, coming to him and twining her arms around his neck.

"That included the pictures, my dear," said he.

"They cheated you shamefully, my dear," said she. "Gibson gets a thousand dollars for every one of his pictures. But never mind," she added, upheld by her beautiful optimism. "You can draw more and we'll be very economical and make this last at least a fortnight."

She looked lovingly into his eyes.

"Oh, I'm so glad you aren't a horrid business man."

The Professor's Awakening

By Frederick Walworth Brown in Smith's Magazine

PROFESSOR MEIGS was stout, middle-aged and retiring. His specialty was paleontology, and what he didn't know about six-toed horses and flying reptiles and that sort of thing was the part that hasn't yet been dug up. So engrossed in this study was he that he practically lived in the reptilian age, only rarely descending so far as the tertiary period, and never coming really in contact with the quaternary era and modern life.

It follows of course that he was very highly valued by his university. He was of no mortal use in a faculty council, where he was likely to sit stolidly and muse on Eocene shell-fish; and his lectures put even the chosen few who elected his courses to sleep. But the name Augustus Xenophon Meigs, Ph.D., D. Sc., etc., etc., added untold weight to the catalogue, and his book called "The Upper Silurian Trilobites," or something like that, was the recognized authority. He was a great man with any quantity of uncommon sense and not an ounce of the ordinary horse variety.

On a morning in the latter part of

May, Professor Meigs was walking along High Street in what for him was an uncommonly hilarious mood. The reason was distinct enough, being nothing less than a check for seven hundred and fifty dollars which he had that day received, out of the clouds as it were, a long-forgotten uncle having died and left him this legacy.

He was considering whether he should invest the money in a pleasure trip to Europe or on a fossil-hunting expedition to the Bad Lands, when he encountered his colleague, Professor Chisolm, in his motor-car. Professor Chisolm, by some oversight of fate, was possessed of an income which made his professional salary seem like pin-money for his wife. His car was a very neat little machine, a thirty-horse-power runabout, capable of making fifty miles an hour. He drew up at the curb and hailed Professor Meigs.

"Come take a ride, Meigs," he said. Now Professor Meigs had never ridden in a motor-car. When his paleontologic mind had taken cognizance of their existence at all it was with a shade of disapproval. They were en-

tirely too modern for his sympathies. Accordingly he now held back.

"Oh, come on," cried Chisolm. "It'll do you good. You stay indoors too much."

Perhaps if the truth were known Professor Meigs with seven hundred and fifty dollars to his credit in the bank did not feel much like work that morning. At any rate Chisolm ultimately prevailed. For an hour Meigs would ride, since his friend evidently desired it, but he must be back at the end of that time, and with this agreement he donned the goggles Chisolm held out to him and took his seat in the car.

Once out on the road, with the wind singing past their ears and the motor turning off forty miles an hour with the ease of a transcontinental express, even Meigs found it impossible to concentrate his mind on either the delights of Europe or the reptilian horrors of paleontology; and somewhat against his will and better judgment descended to luxurious enjoyment of the present.

They had made a run of something more than twenty miles, when Chisolm turned the car and started back, mindful of his agreement to return Meigs in an hour. A mile or two on the back track he detected something wrong in the smooth action of the motor. It was such an infinitesimal something that it made no difference in her speed or power, but Chisolm was one of those unfortunate motorists who can get no pleasure unless their machine is in absolutely perfect order.

Accordingly he stopped the car by releasing the clutch, and climbed out to investigate. The motor continued to run, and Chisolm squatted beside the forward wheel with his ear close to the hood, listening for the tiny "clack" which had disturbed him. It was not apparent now, and without looking up he called to the professor:

"Push that spark-lever forward, will you, Meigs?"

Now the eminent authority on the silurian trilobites had no more idea what a spark-lever was than would a new-born babe. He looked helplessly toward Chisolm. The latter's head

was turned away as he listened intently to the whirring of the machinery. Meigs fancied that something terrible was about to happen. Perhaps the thing was going to explode, and only the instant pushing forward of the "spark-lever" could avert catastrophe.

Accordingly he looked eagerly for anything which might be called a lever. The little affair on the steering-wheel wholly escaped his eye, which however caught gladly the sight of the large brass handle projecting beside the driver's seat. This undoubtedly was the thing Chisolm meant. No other contrivance which could be called a lever appearing, he reached over with anxious haste and jammed in the clutch.

Chisolm narrowly escaped. He admitted later in private that he deserved death for making such a request of such a man. As the car sprang forward the hub of the wheels took him in the bend of the leg and pitched him spinning in the ditch. By the time he could gather himself up the machine was fifty yards away. He started in pursuit and instantly ascertained that his leg was damaged beyond the possibility of anything but a slow and painful walk.

With this discovery our interest in Professor Chisolm ceases. Henceforth the point of action centres on Professor Meigs.

The forward lurch of the machine as the clutch took hold had the effect of paralyzing the mind of the master of paleontology. For an instant he thought the anticipated catastrophe had arrived. He did not observe Professor Chisolm's hurried exit from the road, and it was some seconds before he awoke to his awful situation.

Meanwhile the car gathered way, and when Professor Meigs' groping mind finally laid hold of realities, she was howling merrily along with the cheerful hum of well-lubricated machinery and heading almost imperceptibly but none the less surely towards the right-hand ditch.

Now in boyhood the professor had at one time owned a horse. He therefore recognized the wheel of the mo-

tor-car as the steering contrivance. Goaded by the absolute necessity of action, he gingerly transferred himself to the driver's position and laid shaking hands on the wheel. So far everything was lovely, but here experience failed him.

Summoning all his resolution he twisted the wheel to the right, which as every yachtsman knows is the way to turn a boat to the left. Not so, however, with a motor-car, and the machine beneath the professor instantly made for the right-hand ditch with horrifying celerity.

Desperately he rolled the wheel to port, and even as the front tires grazed the edge of the ditch the car responded and returned to the highway. With spark retarded she was now making perhaps twenty miles an hour, but to the anguished professor her flight seemed as precipitous as that of a bullet from a gun.

When he finally got her straightened out in the middle of the road, after numerous and almost despairing attempts, he breathed a sigh that seemed to rise from unphubmed depths and be expressive at once of satisfaction over this initial success and of the most profound despair concerning the ultimate outcome.

Imagine his predicament. One of his pet *aliteria trābiōtes*—whatever they are—would not have been more out of place. Here was a mind trained since youth to the formulation of ideas along the single line of the organic remains to be found in the various strata of the earth's crust, now suddenly called upon to solve the problem of stopping a twentieth century, petrol motor-car. It was like asking an Andaman Islander for a synopsis of Hegel's philosophy, or requiring an average citizen to give on the spot of the moment a correct list of the Presidents of the United States.

True, the problem was simplicity itself. A solitary minim of common-sense would have told him that if pushing a lever forward started the machine, pulling said lever back would stop it. But common sense was Professor Meigs' absent member.

For some time his whole mental ac-

tivity, working at fever-heat, was absorbed in keeping the machine in the middle of the road. After a mile or two, however, he attained sufficient proficiency in the art of steering to venture now and then to turn his gaze on nearer objects. He discovered two levers to his right, three pedals at his feet, and a small brass lever close to his hand on the wheel.

This last, owing to its conspicuous position, he judged to be most important and dangerous. With the utmost care he avoided touching it. As he was considering these matters the car struck a sandy bit of road and the front wheels slewed wickedly, wrenching the wheel in his hands. Agitated beyond conscious thought, the professor flung out his left foot for a better brace as he labored with the twisting wheel.

Instantly there broke forth close beneath and below him a horrid wail that rose to a shriek of dolor, died to a groan and anon rose again. The professor's nerves were cocked and primed, and with the first wild note of his own siren he jumped like a scorched cat. In so doing his thumb came in contact with that little lever on the wheel and shoved it a notch or two forward. Unwittingly he had now obeyed Professor Chisolm's command and advanced the spark. He did not notice the occurrence, but what he did notice was an immediate acceleration in the car's motion.

Meanwhile the siren wailed and wailed, rose and fell, shrieked and growled, howling his situation over hill and dale, for it was some minutes before he discovered the connection between the lugubrious sound and his own toe.

The car was now travelling close to thirty miles an hour, and the professor felt that he was riding on the whirlwind.

Luckily the road ran straight for miles, and despite the increased speed he found it not difficult to keep the machine in its course. Somewhat reassured after a time, he fell to considering his condition. To jump was obviously suicidal. He recalled that runaway horses were sometimes

THE PROFESSOR'S AWAKENING.

stopped by heading them into a fence. Should he try this method with the ramping Titan beneath him? A glance at the rail fence beside the road answered that question. No fence yet built would stop this creature for a moment. There seemed nothing to do but sit still and keep the thing in the road till it stopped of its own accord. He realized that he might strike New Orleans or Boston before this happened, but there seemed nothing else to do.

Presently the car topped a hill, and before him the professor saw a long straight stretch of road descending at what seemed a fearful gradient to the river and the bridge. Horror of horrors! Suppose the draw was open? Down the long hill the machine dropped like a lead weight from a balloon while he clutched the wheel with aching fingers and struggled to hold her true.

She shied like a wild horse, viciously, and without apparent cause. Only by nerve-racking vigilance could he keep her from climbing the clay banks on either hand. Despair cantered his soul. The narrow approaches of the bridge grew momentarily nearer, and to the perspiring professor it seemed an impossible feat to guide this plunging projectile between the flanking railings. The thing seemed not within reason. No car could pass through such a space.

But the debouches of the bridge widened as he neared, and when he arrived the car sprang between them with ample space on either side, and with the utmost ease he shot her out on the rattling planks of the bridge.

Near the middle was the draw, and by the mercy of Heaven, closed. A sign admonished all vehicles to move slowly across this span, but the professor had no slowness at his command. The car struck the draw with a thump that made it teeter on its centre, and the draw-tender, rather than his shanty waving a green flag. He saved his life by keeping the railing to the footpath, for by some unconscious act of celebration the professor's hand followed his eye and he

guided the machine straight at the man.

"I'll take your number," yelled the latter as the car shot past, and the professor heard him with satisfaction. If Chisolm got in trouble over this it would serve him right.

Meanwhile the car had cleared the bridge in a stupendous bound and was racing toward a right-angled turn in the road. Everything was forgotten in the awful question whether or not he could round it successfully. He braced himself for the ordeal, and in his agitation wrenched the wheel too soon. The car shot up the slight bank, struck a fence on the corner, and tearing irresistibly forward, ripped up some fifty feet of pickets before he could turn her again toward the road. The pointed palings filled the air, and to the professor seemed coming his way like so many javelins. He escaped unscathed, however, and regained the road after a dizzying plunge in the ditch.

Half a mile farther a covered wagon loomed suddenly ahead. The professor shouted at top-lung, and, of course, his voice was swept away behind him in useless, rapid sound. The wagon steadily held the middle of the road, and there was not room to pass on either side had he possessed the skill for such a nice calculation of hubs.

In this awful moment the secret of the siren, discovered earlier in the mad flight, occurred to him. Without looking down he jammed his foot hard on the pedal. Unfortunately there happened to be three pedals, and the one his foot struck was the throttle. With a full head of gasoline the machine fairly leaped into the air, and the terrified professor removed his foot as though the pedal had been hot.

The distance between the vehicles lessened appallingly. Something must be done. He glanced down. One of those pedals controlled the siren. Which, was the question. Gingerly he tried the second. The siren remained mute, but a fearful grating sound broke out beneath and behind him. He had applied the brakes without releasing the clutch. The

car's speed slackened, but with such a thrashing and pounding of its vital parts as seemed to threaten instant dissolution into jagged bits of iron for which he would prove a most inviting target.

His fears diverted by this new menace, he released the pedal with alacrity. The grating ceased and the car quickly regained its former speed. It approached its unsuspecting victim as a lion stalks his prey. Another minute and wagon, horse and driver would be hurled in devastating ruin in the ditch.

But the professor was learning, and without much delay he planted a substantial foot on the third pedal, and the response of the siren was a shattering, deafening shriek. It galvanized the horse ahead, and he got off the road of his own accord. In his relief the professor forgot to remove his foot, and as the horrible sound persisted the animal made frantic endeavors to climb a rail fence.

A red-faced farmer raved alternately at the horse and the professor as the machine surged past, and again the unlucky driver hoped his victim would take his number.

Things went smoothly after that for some miles, and Professor Meigs tabulated in his memory the results of the recent experiments. First pedal—more speed. Second pedal—retarded motion, but sounds of imminent disruption. Third pedal—horn. The fact that he knew so much filled him with a certain fearful elation.

So far as he could see there were but three things now that he had not tried; the two long levers at his side, and the little one on the wheel. One of the long ones had produced his present predicament, and he was afraid to touch it again. The other controlled the reverse, but, of course, he did not know it. He put a hand on this second lever and tried gently to move it, but it seemed locked, as indeed it was till the forward clutch had been released.

The only remaining thing was that conspicuous and therefore probably dangerous little brass lever on the wheel. He was considering the ad-

visability of risking sudden death by manipulating it, when he became aware that he was approaching a town. The first evidence of this was a huge red and white sign beside the road admonishing the traveler that the automobile speed law would be strictly enforced within the limits of said village.

The lettering was large, the wording concise, and the professor had no difficulty in reading it. For the first time since the ride began a smile touched his lips. He had no idea what the law was, but he had a very certain idea that he was breaking it. The point was, how were they going to enforce it?

By taking his number? Good! By arresting him? Better yet, since it presupposed the stopping of the machine. With rare presence of mind he turned on his terrible siren, and raged into that village at thirty miles an hour.

All the dogs and all the children hailed him gladly, answering the bellows of his horn. Once a perspiring gentleman in his shirt-sleeves rushed out in front of the machine waving his hand like one in authority and displaying a glittering nickel-plated shield attached to his left suspender. As the machine neared he leaped to the safety of the sidewalk.

"Stop!" he yelled.

Sadly the professor shook his head and left him fuming. In the centre of the village he executed a double turn, first to the right and then to the left, with the dexterity which surprised him, and he was instantly frozen with horror. Two hundred yards away a freight-train stood solidly across the road.

There is something absolutely fatal about a freight-train blocking a public highway. The occurrence is exasperating enough when you have your vehicle under complete control. The train may move the next minute and it may stand still for half an hour. Whatever it does it is sufficient unto itself. You cannot butt it out of the road, and usually you cannot circumvent it in any way. It is a law unto itself, and you await its pleasure.

Consider, then, the situation of the professor; two hundred yards away, moving at something like thirty miles an hour, and unable to stop! He rose to jump, and as he did so the train started with a jangling of couplings and a bumping of box cars. The caboose appeared in leisurely progression across the field of vision, and the machine scraped past, so close he might have touched the brakeman gaping on the rear platform.

Limp with the reaction from that tense moment the professor lagged in his seat behind the wheel, and was only aroused by the appearance of another machine coming swiftly toward him. Promptly he took to the ditch. There was a rush of conflicting air-currents as the cars passed, and instantly he was plunged in a blinding cloud of dust.

It was a trying experience. Unable to see and guessing at the road, he could only bolder the wheel motionless and wait for light. The cloud thinned quickly and he breathed again. He was still on the road; and after the experience, guiding the car in open sunlight seemed an easy task.

It was perhaps ten minutes after this encounter that a great white light broke on the paleontologically clouded mind of Professor Meigs.

"Oh, he-l-l-l!" he said slowly and impressively.

It had at last dawned on him that reversing the process of starting the machine ought, by all the rules of logic, to stop it. He grasped the lever that had been his undoing. It worked hard, and his first tentative pull did not release it. He thrust out his foot for a brace and by great good fortune it fell upon the second pedal.

With a heave the professor pulled back the lever, thereby releasing the clutch, and at the same time the thrust of his foot applied the brakes. The car jarred to a full stop within two lengths.

For some seconds the professor could not believe his senses. One instant he had been traveling like the wind; the next he was standing still. Then for a time he feared either to release his hold on the lever or to

raise his foot from the pedal. Slowly he executed these manoeuvres, ready on the instant to apply his suddenly acquired control if the creature showed any signs of further motion.

None appearing, he rose hastily and alighted, staggered to the side of the road and sat down heavily. The motor whirled on, and he eyed the machine as though expecting it at any moment to make off by itself. Presently he found a tree, arranged his back comfortably against it and closed his eyes.

Just what went on in the professor's scientifically trained mind cannot be set down. Enough, that at the end of ten minutes he arose, and walked valiantly to the machine. With minute particularity he went over the levers and pedals, enumerating aloud the attributes of each so far as he had learned them.

"At least I can stop it," he said finally, and forthwith climbed in and looked about him.

He was in the midst of a straggling village, the streets of which were mainly flanked by vacant lots. Across these open vistas the professor was able to see his way to what he had in view. Carefully he shoved the lever at his side. There was no sudden jarring of it forward as far as it would go, as in the case which had produced the disaster, and the result was that the low-speed gear was crunched instead of the high, and the car started slowly forward.

The professor was delighted. The machine crawled along at the gait of a shambling horse, and the professor grasped the wheel with a triumphant smile. At the first corner he turned to the right, and by continuing to turn to the right, presently came out on the main road once more and headed back upon his trail.

For a time he was quite satisfied with the shambling horse gait, but with the straight road before him, he presently began to chafe at his speed. He tried pushing down the pedal which had given more speed before, but this time it did not respond.

Next he glanced at the lever. Perhaps he had not pushed it far enough

Accordingly he gave it another shove, and as the high-speed gear took hold the car gathered way with a rush.

"I can stop it any time," said the professor, with the air of a small boy playing with fire.

A little farther on, doubts beginning to assail him, he did stop it just to satisfy himself that he could. With that all hesitation ended, and he drove her along at the best pace he dared, even venturing to press the throttle now and then on straight stretches of road.

Ten miles back he came upon Professor Chisolm wearily lurching along and examining every rod of the way for trace of his wrecked machine and mangled colleague. As the car came to a handsome stop abreast of him, his mouth opened in amazement and then closed in anger.

"I didn't know you could run it," he growled. "Why didn't you come back sooner?"

"I came back as soon as I learned how," said Meigs mildly.

He surrendered the wheel to Chisolm, who turned the car round—Meigs watching every motion intently—and they started back.

"It isn't as difficult as it looks, is it?" said Meigs presently.

"What?" asked Chisolm shortly, his leg hurting him.

"Running it," said Meigs. "But what's this little lever for?"

"Spark control," answered Chisolm. "How does it work?"

"Push it forward to increase your speed and pull it back to decrease it."

"I believe that's the only thing I didn't find out. No, I didn't discover how to back it, either."

Chisolm looked at him in puzzled surprise.

"Do you mean to say you found out how to run it by yourself?" he demanded.

"Well," said Professor Meigs, "I had to. It ran away with me, and I had to find out how to stop it."

"How far did you go?"

"Within five miles of town."

"And then turned around and came back?"

"I went round a block to turn it."

Chisolm was silent for a moment.

"I beg your pardon, Meigs, for being so short back there," he said then. "I didn't understand. It took me a week with a man sitting beside me. I don't see how you did it."

As they drove into town Meigs roused from a reverie which may have had to do with prehistoric mammals and may not.

"How much does one of these things cost?" he asked.

"I paid twelve hundred for this one," said Chisolm. "I'm thinking of getting another. If you want to buy a machine I'll sell this one cheap. The engine's in good order and I've just put on two new tires."

"I'm afraid they're too expensive for me," said Meigs. "I didn't know they cost so much."

"Well, I tell you what I'll do," said Chisolm. "It's practically as good as new, but you can have it for seven hundred and fifty. And it's really a bargain at that price."

"I could pay that," said Meigs weakly. "I suppose my health would be better if I got out more."

"No doubt about it," cried Chisolm. "It's really wonderful how much better work a man can do if he gets outdoors regularly. I've proved that."

They pulled up at Professor Meigs' door.

"What do you say?" asked Chisolm as his colleague alighted.

For a moment Meigs hesitated, looking at the machine before him, palpitating like a live thing. After all he didn't care much about a trip to Europe, and if he requested it the university would pay for the expedition to the Bad Lands. Then there was the question of his health. And it was a bargain, for Chisolm said so.

"I think I'll take it," he said. "I'll give you a check to-morrow." And he entered his house to repent at leisure.

Early Struggles of Canada's Rugged Pioneers

How the United Empire Loyalists built their homes on Canadian soil. Hardships and privations which would cause many a stout heart to-day to quail — The inner life of the rude cabin homes vividly pictured.

By MARCO BRONSON

LITTLE else than stout and loyal hearts, and willing hands, were the Loyalist pioneers able to bring to the Canadian wilderness, when they left behind them their comfortable homes in the States, and braved the unknown for love of king and country.

Life, for them, resolved itself into the problem, as old as the ages, of providing food and shelter. Their base of supplies consisted of the small assistance given them by the Government, and the natural resources of the country. However, they were not weaklings, and grim necessity was their captain. With what few tools they had been able to bring with them and to secure from Government, they, both men and women, went to work cheerfully, and with great perseverance, not only laid the foundation of their new homes, but of a new nation as well.

Primitive and crude now became the lives of these former children of plenty. Makeshift took the place of ordinary conveniences, man power of domestic animals, inventive genius the place of money, for as the saying went: "Money was as rare as a wild goose in January," and money, after all, could buy nothing, when there was nothing to be purchased.

Co-operation was the order of the day, and by this means a bit of land was chopped over, logged and burned, a log cabin built, and the few precious seeds of grain and vegetables they possessed, carefully planted. One of the most important considerations in locating a lot was the water supply. The selection being made, if possible, near a spring or

stream, a clearing was made, and all fallen timber burned, except the smooth, straight logs that were saved for the house. An expert axeman was next required to cut the notches in the logs, in order to have them fit well at the corners, and a man with a "plumb head" to build the fireplace, chimney and bake-oven, and mix clay to the proper consistency for mortar. Often "hollows and rounds," made from hollow trees split in halves, and put on alternately as tile is placed to-day, formed the roof. All crevices were tamped with moss or mud. The two small windows, when glass was not to be had, were covered with the skin of some animal, tanned and rubbed thin. The bare earth sufficed until boards for floor and door were sawn in a saw-pit, then the floor was fastened to place with wooden pegs, and the door hung on wooden hinges, a wooden latch with string attached, which admitted of being drawn in through the door, when the family retired for the night, formed the fastening. The latch-string hanging out denoted hospitality, hence the saying, "The latch-string hangs out for you."

VERY LITTLE FURNITURE

The houses were generally small and required little furniture. Benches took the place of chairs. A table and corner cupboard, made of boards left from the floor, and pegged together, were important items in the furnishing. A bedstead made of small poles about six feet long, driven into augerholes bored into the logs, and supported at the lower ends by a crosspiece, resting on an upright from the floor, and the log wall, when

covered with cedar or hemlock boughs, made a luxurious and healthful sleeping place. Later, when linen was manufactured in the homes, a feather bed took the place of the scented boughs. Berths were placed along the walls for the children whose numbers generally reached a dozen or more, for new land was conducive to large families, and well for them that this was the case, for every soil was needed.

Their supply of crockery was scanty, and pewter plates, platters and mugs were much in evidence. A certain Ontario family that has contributed a premier to one of Canada's provinces, besides professional men, and the like, possessed so few dishes when they reached the wilderness that a large log was flattened, and hollows scooped out, from which each member of the family received their allotted portion of food, each one keeping to his own hollow. Another family, less noted, built their house around a large hardwood stump, thus providing themselves a table without further effort.

Spoon and bait molds were in much demand, so, also, were pots, and they passed from family to family.

The waters abounded with fish, and pigeons, deer and other edible wild animals supplied food. Bears, wolves, lynx, foxes, raccoons and squirrels thronged the woods, and the howling of wolves at night formed the lullaby of many of Canada's best known men.

When sheep were brought into the country, wolves caused so much distress, the Government came forward with an offer of four dollars per head bounty. Money was scarce, so has been said, and the young men thus spurred on became veritable mimrods and a wolf hunt was one of the most excitable pastimes afforded the exiles.

WARDROBE OF SETTLERS.

Wool was then almost the only article available for the manufacture of clothing. This, together with buckskin, and the pelts of certain fur-bearing animals, went to make up the scanty, but durable wardrobe of the

settlers. The culture of flax was not undertaken for some few years, until sufficient land had been cleared to allow space for it, as well as for the more necessary wheat and corn. Flax added variety, and linen and linsey-woolsey became in time as common as homespun flannel. Now the tiny flax-wheels took their place beside the larger spinning-wheels, and were more conducive to sociability, as they permitted of being carried from house to house, where work as well as visiting could be indulged in. Besides manufacturing their own garments they had to make their own shoes, and tan the leather as well. Buckskin was chiefly used. Later a son of St. Crispin went from house to house "whipping the cat," as his work was called. His "stint" was to "box the craft," and erecting his bench in some favorite corner, this knight of the awl would proceed to make and repair shoes for the entire family. These men took the place of newspapers, as their necessary intimacy with the daily life of the people supplied them with whatever item of news was affixed. Added to this they were usually good story-tellers, consequently their advent in a home was always a welcome occurrence.

The fireplace was the centre of not only the family, but also of the social life of the people. Heat and light it supplied, its great blazing back-log and pine fore-sticks rendering dim and inconsequent the "witch," rush light or tallow dip. The great black throat was neclipped by an iron crane, ornamented by trammels and hooks, and dinner pot, or singing, blackened kettle, and, perhaps, flanked by bake kettle and shining reflectors. Jealously was the "altar fire" of the home guarded, for all did not possess flint and tinder, or a lens, and if the covered fire in the fireplace proved to be not "alive," when examined in the morning, the head of the house must of necessity "pack himself afoot" to the nearest neighbor, perhaps a mile or so distant, to borrow a few coals.

A story is told of a man, a great hunter, who could never be trusted to go after coals, for forgetting his

EARLY STRUGGLES OF CANADA'S RUGGED PIONEERS.

family shivering in the cold, and their unbroken fast, his hunter's blood would invariably blot all memory of his mission from mind, and with musket and powder horn, he ranged the woods until positive hunger brought the laggard home, with the precious, needed fire. On one occasion he returned laden with wild ducks, the borrowed coals in a borrowed dinner pot.

Before the fireplace the "courtin'" was done, and many a timid swain has told the old, old story, to a blushing maiden, cheered on by the fire's sparkling light. Shovel and tongs stood silent listeners, each keeping their own side of the hearth, for it was never considered safe or prudent to stand them together, as they always quarreled, and the tongs, having two legs to stand on, always knocked over the shovel, hence the saying, "they quarrel like shovel and tongs."

One evening a widower came to woo a comely young woman, and after the old folks had retired, the lovers seated themselves before the fire as was customary. Some mischievous boys knowing this, captured a large goose, and quietly climbing to the roof, hurled it down the chimney. The soot flew, the fire flew, and the goose flopped about and squeaked. The young woman fainted, and the widower fled from the house. Recovering from his fright and thinking his sweetheart near by, he called out: "Maria! Maria! Come back, I ain't afraid of spooks."

THE EARLY SCHOOLS.

The Israelites longed for the "despots of Egypt," but the Loyalists, as their children grew up, longed for the schools left behind, but until 1799 there was absolutely no school in all Upper Canada. In this year, 1799, Bishop Serachan, started his renowned grammar school in Cornwall; then by degrees other schools were slowly established. In these the "three R's" were the only branches taught—"Readin', Ritin' and Rithmatic." To these schools, all those who could pay for board and tuition, cheerfully sent

one or more of their children, and the following story is characteristic of the times. An old Dutchman at the close of his life, in attempting to make up to his one son, what the other had gained by attending school, carelessly inquired of his elder son, "Hans, vot is your larnin' wort to you?" "One hundred pence," promptly replied Hans, and the father accordingly bequeathed to his younger son an additional one hundred pounds.

Logging bees, sugar making, quilting and spinning bees supplied what few amusements were to be had. With the establishment of schools came "spelling bees," and the planting of orchards brought about the famed apple paring bees. Itinerant ministers and incoming settlers brought apple seeds into the country, and these seeds being carefully planted resulted in the first orchards. Gradually the wilderness receded, greater space was cleared for the sowing of the grain brought with such hardships from Lower Canada. No longer was it planted with a hoe and thrashed out with the hands. A brush drag covered it and a "poverty-club," or flail thrashed it out. Instead of a hollow stump and boulder for crushing the grain, mills were established, which same were reached by the settlements fringing lake or stream, by means of canoes bearing the precious burden. When the clearing had grown into a number of fields, the primitive shanty was replaced by a more commodious house. Cattle were brought into the country, horses also, but sparingly, at first, for many years elapsed before they replaced "Buck and Bright" in the lives and work of the settlers.

Ministers of the Gospel at regular intervals began to visit the settlement, on their arduous rounds of circuit riding, and performed the rites of marriage and baptism. However, the Methodist ministers were not granted the privilege of performing the marriage ceremony in Canada for a number of years after their advent among the settlers. With the opening up of roads came the more rapid development of the country.

FAITHFUL TO DUTY.

True to their day and generation, the early pioneers lived; under many disadvantages they toiled, with unflinching perseverance, and a fidelity to duty amid hardships and inconveniences difficult at this time to be realized. The inner life of their rude cabin homes would reveal such a struggle to meet the crying demands of the hour that the stoutest-hearted among us to-day could we but know, would stand appalled. Through imagination alone can we catch a glimpse of what they bravely and cheerfully endured. Making the best of their surroundings, and contented

with the possibilities that confronted them, they toiled on laboriously; and now, shame to the younger generations, even the places in which mother earth received them to her bosom, are neglected, and, in many instances, forgotten.

Theirs, not ours, is the glory of this great Dominion. They laid the foundation broad, and strong, and true. We are but building the superstructure, guided therein by the rich heritage of pride in our citizenship, equality of opportunity, faith in God, and love of our fellows, bequeathed us by them—the early pioneers, Canada's first nation builders.

Success lies in grasping every opportunity presented, adopting every appliance, system or device that will save or earn more money, thus keeping abreast or a little ahead of competitors.

The man who is satisfied with his business—satisfied to go on in the same old way, allowing others to take the lead—is in a dangerous position.

It pays to be a leader, for then you can be doing new things while others follow along at the old pace.

A Debt Discharged

By Mary L. Connors in the National Magazine

THE doctor was dying. For a week the "road-side club," as a "summer boarder" once dubbed it, had given their evening sessions solely to the topic, each man occupying his own particular niche among granite boulders and stunted berry bushes in nature's forum.

The hitherto absorbing question of whether a right-of-way through old Peter Lomson's land, skirting the "sea-rocks," could be kept open now that Peter—the only one who had knowledge of its existence for the period of time which law demanded—was dead, was abruptly dropped in an unsettled condition when this calamity loomed upon the horizon of Winter Cove.

"'Twill be forty-eight year, come to-morrow, since he paid his first visit here on the Cape—so old Capen Lukin was tellin' me," Donald Pettie, a heavy Nova Scotian with eyes red rimmed by twenty years dawn-fishing, said reflectively.

"I mind the night well"—James Orr took up the tale. "I was only a little fella at the time, about high enough to hold up a drill for my father—he worked over to the Blood Ledge quarry in them days—but I mind 'twas blowin' a livin' gale from the nor'east when the new doctor went along by."

"Aye, an' 'tis many the gale o' wind he's tramped through since," young Rowe's voice ground a little in his throat. His big fore-finger still thrilled from that first clasp of a tiny hand which the doctor had saved for him. "There aint his match on the north shore, nor in Boston itself, for that matter."

"I misdoubt that there is, Martin

b'y, an' he keepin' so hearty up to a week ago to-night."

Donald's red lids blinked as he felt for a fresh supply of tobacco, and rubbed it between his palms. Each man pulled on his pipe in silence. The ready and dogmatic expression of opinion, which had characterized discussion concerning the right-of-way, was noticeably lacking in the present convulse. When the curfew sounded, their inexorable knell for d'standing, they drifted homeward, and no one noticed that the usual trail of prognostication concerning the morrow's weather had been omitted. A greater compliment could not have been paid to the man they were about to lose.

Within the doctor's cottage things went on much as usual, save for the advent of his only living relative, the son of a dead sister. John Mayhew had hastened from Boston with his newly-made wife, temporarily dropping a budding law practice, when he heard of his uncle's illness. Three days of enforced inaction, chiefly spent in striding from room to room, or around the little garden with slow, measured tread, had driven him, with avidity, to an examination of the doctor's account books, which he found on a shelf in the sitting-room. More than once his strong mouth relaxed into softened lines as he bent over the entries.

"Received from Mrs. Lomson five young galeets, in full payment for medical services rendered."

"Received from Donald Pettie, one kit of salt mackerel, in payment for medical services."

"Received from Debby Watts three dozen fresh eggs, on account."

This book bore a date many years

back. John Mayhew came suddenly upon an entry which blurred the yellowing page before his eyes.

"Received from Captain Olsen one sword-fish's sword, on account."

He had it still, that sword, hanging in his den in Boston. It had come to him in answer to a clamoring, boyish letter. Now, for the first time, he learned that it represented the labor of an over-worked man. He got up and stood looking out of the window at the deepening sunset.

His wife turned her fair head, while rocking softly near another latticed pane, as her eyes followed him. He had strong, aggressive shoulders and she liked a strong man. A soft little hum of contentment came from her lips. But her rapt gaze, which also sought the purpling sky, merely meant speculation as to the probable length of time they would be detained at Winter Cove. The place, stripped of its summer festivity, did not appeal to her.

And yet it was a scene upon which the doctor, in spite of his forty-eight years residence on the Cape, could have looked without a soul-upheaval. Under a riot of purple and gold, made more vivid by the caesal clearness of an early October day, a dying north-west breeze had left the sea deeply indigo. From a valley, where the ground fell steeply to the west of the doctor's house, the earth-shadow was already rising, dark and mysterious, turning the trees, which it enveloped, to black against a hill still softly green where the light touched it. It was no wonder, John Mayhew thought, that in such environment his uncle's soul had grown to be what it was, that it had found in the strength and passion of nature fine soil for its human pity.

When the sun dipped behind a low-lying line of coast he turned back to the books.

"Money seems to have been about the last thing Uncle Robert was ever paid in," he remarked to his wife, taking up one of more recent date. "And yet there must have been some, for here is an entry. 'Paid to Doctor West, fifty dollars for operation.'"

What operation, I wonder? I did not know he had been ill."

Elizabeth Mayhew lifted her fair head from the piece of fancy work in which, by the waning light, she was taking desultory stitches.

"Ask Sally; she'll know," she counseled, astutely.

A tall, raw-boned, Nova Scotian woman entered the room carrying a lamp. Sarah McKenzie, or "Sally Mac," the only name by which she was ever known in Winter Cove, and had been the doctor's housekeeper for over twenty years. For one swift instant her shrewd, gray eyes fastened on the soft, fair beauty of the woman near the window. Men never wondered why John Mayhew had married his wife. A few women did, and Sally Mac was among the number.

In the brief moment that it took Elizabeth to lay down her work and turn her fair head, there descended over the face of the doctor's housekeeper a vague and vacant look, that annihilation of all expression which the true Celt can draw, as a veil, over the features, and which so often hides an almost uncanny insight. Sally put down the lamp and stood waiting. Her brother-in-law, in describing her feelings at the moment, would have said that with John she knew herself to be sailing in deep water, clear and free. With his wife she was not yet sure whether it was deep water or shoal—but she strongly suspected shoal. Therefore she kept little "weight" on and took frequent soundings. Elizabeth, since her arrival, had treated Sally with that mixture of condescension and graciousness which she deemed the proper manner to servants, and therein she had wasted time with a woman whose ancestors, hundred of years before, had fought, covenanted and died among their heather-clad hills.

"Here is an entry which I can't make out"—John was tracing the line with his pencil when the brass knocker on the front door rose and fell, as though someone had reached it with a finger tip. Elizabeth, craning her head to see out of the window, beheld

a small girl, in an outgrown gingham dress, carrying a tray. Sally answered the knock.

"Mother says—perhaps the doctor—could take this—for his supper."

The child made her speech with little, breathless pauses and bounded away like some wild, primrose thing. Sally's face was twisted, as though by sudden pain, as she entered and placed the tray on the table.

"What china!" Elizabeth rose quickly and bent in ecstasy over the priceless old cup and saucer. There was a poached egg, like a ball of white stuff, on a delicately browned piece of toast, and a little cheap stone teapot of tea.

"'Twas Ellie Watson's great-grandmother's," Sally volunteered, "but that's all the child's left of it; there's none of them."

With a shrug, which conclusively settled the relative values of children and china, Elizabeth dropped into her chair. Sally took up the tray.

"He'll not be able to take it—but he'll like to know," she said a little thickly, as she left the room.

John was looking out at the deepening twilight when she re-entered. She stood beside him for a moment before he seemed aware of her presence. Then he bent again over the books.

"This, Sally—fifty dollars to Doctor West for operation; do you know what it was?" he asked.

She stooped to examine the page.

"What's the date?" she asked, slowly.

"June 10, 1900."

She was distinctly conscious of the far-seeing blue eyes across the table, regarding her intently. Deliberately she straightened herself and faced them. Elizabeth Mayhew saw only the blank stare and dropped jaw of a dull woman vainly trying to recall something.

"'Twill be the summer I was down home to Prince Edward's Island," Sally said at length. "If 'twas sick the doctor was, I didn't know it."

John did not raise his head.

"She's stupid," his wife said, con-

clusively, when Sally Mac had left the room.

He threw a quizzical glance. "If I had a tenth part of her 'stupidity' the Massachusetts bar would have gained a valuable acquisition," he said, with a wary smile.

He was perfectly well aware that Sally knew all about that fifty dollars, but for some reason, probably unexplainable to herself, did not wish to speak of it just then.

"As far as I can make out," he went on, "there is about twelve thousand dollars owing to Uncle Robert for medical services."

"Really?" A bright spot of color leaped into Elizabeth's cheeks. Her breath came unevenly.

"Of course much of that is of such long standing that it is practically outlawed, but some of it is undoubtedly collectible."

She turned away that he might not see the too evident exultation in her eyes.

"Perhaps I can do something to help Sally," she said, rising, with a sudden access of graciousness.

Within the sick room Sally, having taken the precaution to lock the door, moved about making the doctor comfortable for the night. His eyes followed her, eyes like the sea without, under the dying northwest wind; as keenly blue, as suggestive of depth, though, like it, shadowed by coming night.

"Sarah," he said, when she approached the bed—he was the only person in the village who never called her Sally—"you're a rare woman . . . you've never talked."

It was the highest meed of praise he could offer, and she knew it. The blood flashed to her rugged cheeks. To hide the sudden smart of rare tears she turned and busied herself with the sick-room accessories on a little table near the window.

But half an hour later, when John stood alone in the small garden, Sally beheld the doctor's good opinion. A sickle moon hung over the valley where the earth-shadow had deepened into night. Save for the chirp of a belated cricket the night was intensely

still. John started when she touched his arm.

"'Twas for Jane Watson," she began, without preliminaries. "'Twas the time she had the appendicitis."

"The little girl who brought the tray this evening?"

"No, the next older'n her. The doctor, he give his services free, but that's neither here nor there. 'Twas what he was doin' most of the time. But there had to be a surgeon got from Hillport an' that cost fifty dollars, an' where would the Watsons get that money, God help them?"

"So Uncle Robert paid the surgeon?"

"Yes, he paid. But Alvin West never knew whose money he was handlin', I'll say that for him!"

"It was like him—Uncle Rob, I mean."

"Like him?" Sally brought her hands together in a suddenly unloosed passion of woe. "What'll they do without him at all, at all? The men—God help the quarrymen now, when the granite gets in their eyes—and the women and the children! An' 'twasn't their bodies but their souls he saved. There's many the man an' many the woman livin' here on the Cape to-day, happy an' hearty, that he's steered through the ups an' shoals!"

Her whole body quivered. Again she was feeling the wrench of that current, so cruelly strong, from which, twenty-five years before, the doctor had saved her. She turned away but came back to lay a hand on John's arm.

"He always liked ye—fine," she said, chokingly.

He nodded. The clear cut edges of the sickle moon, in its deep bed of starlit blue, merged and wavered before her eyes. When he entered his wife's room a little later, there was that in his face which she half feared—the touch of human kinship which seemed to separate him from her so unmissably.

The brush, with which she had been grooming her abundant fair hair, fell unheeded to her lap. For the first time there rose within her a throb of desire to be the woman John Mayhew

thought her. He stooped to kiss her through the veil of falling hair, for it was his turn to keep vigil beside his uncle. With a sudden impulse she put up both hands and held his face close against her own, and John was surprised to find that the cheek which pressed his was wet with tears. He never before had seen her cry. The room was very still, but in that stillness a woman's soul awoke, and another instance of redemption by love was begun.

It was plain to Sally, when she entered the doctor's room the next morning, that he had passed a poor night. His eyes followed her with vague unrest. When John had gone up stairs she bent over the bed.

"What is it?"

"Get them—out of the way—Sarah. John—is all right—but—"

He did not need to finish the sentence. Sally Mac nodded her complete comprehension.

Her manner to Elizabeth that morning was such a subtle mixture of deference and subdued admiration, that the latter unmet sufficiently to chat with her about John, all of whose boyhood summers had been spent on the Cape. Somehow, she knew not quite how, Elizabeth found herself by noon, confirmed in an opinion which she had modestly held for some months, that John Mayhew was a lucky man when he married her. Her estimation of Sally Mac underwent a change. She decided that these Cape people only needed to be known in order to be liked.

It was a luncheon fit for an epicure which Sally, in spite of sick-room duties, served for them that day. While it was in progress she made a suggestion.

"Sammy Tarr sent up little Timmie to say ye could have the buggy an' horse any time ye liked, an' I was thinkin' ye might be takin' yer wife for a bit of a ride round the Cape. 'Tis needin' a breath of air she'll be."

Sammy Tarr was the village teamster who, beside two wagons, boasted an ancient vehicle, termed by courtesy a "buggy." Sally did not think it necessary to add that his offer

had been stimulated by a gift on her part, of two dozen freshly fried doughnuts and several pies to his numerous family.

John looked in uncertainty from the housekeeper to his wife's eager face. Elizabeth felt that any break in the monotony of the last few days would be welcome.

"Would it be safe to leave?"

"Dr. McAcker says we needn't be lookin' for any change for the next twenty-four hours." Sally quoted the morning bulletin of the young doctor from Hillport. "An' 'tis losin' her pretty color yer wife is with so much anxiety."

Again the glance of both women clashed, if anything could be said to clash with the ingenuousness of Sally Mac's gray eyes at the moment.

"I should like to go," Elizabeth said; and John's, "very well, you shall, dear," decided the matter.

When she had watched them drive away Sally entered the sick room.

"They're gone," she said, concisely. A wave of relief swept over the doctor's face.

"The books—Sarah!"

She brought them from the shelf in the sitting-room, where John had replaced them. He pointed to one and she laid the other aside.

"Now—the pen—and ink."

Again she obeyed in silence. He motioned to a seat beside the bed and she took it, keeping her eyes intently fixed on his face that she might miss nothing of what he wished. With a shaking fore-finger he drew a cross in the air. Sally opened the account book and scored a similar mark on the first page. Then her glance went again to his face. A light had broken over it.

"You're—a rare woman—Sarah?" he said, with unctious.

For some time there was no sound in the room but the scratch of Sally's pen, the little clack of steel against glass as she dipped it in the ink, and the rustle of turning pages. The doctor lay with closed eyes. Not sleeping, she knew. Nothing would have induced him to miss the music of that scoring pen.

"'Tis done."

His eyes came open in a flash, almost before the words had left her lips. He stretched out one hand.

"Can you—lift me?"

She did so with a strong arm, putting the pen between his fingers. At the foot of the last page he wrote, with infinite difficulty, "Paid in full. Robert Lee."

A week later, when John Mayhew had helped his wife on board the electric car, which was to take them to the railway station at Hillport, he said:

"I find that I was mistaken about Uncle Robert's accounts. The people around here do not owe him anything."

"Are you sure?" Elizabeth's voice was shrill with disappointment. Her full, red lip drooped.

"Quite sure."

He thought again of the group of weather-beaten faces, quarry-laborers and fishermen, which had encircled the open grave; of the sunlit road along which the funeral procession had passed, where each cottage gave forth its dole of weeping women, the children, every one of whom the doctor had ushered into the world, clinging in sturdy somnolence to their mother's skirts. Martin Rowe's young wife, with the abandon of her race, had knelt down, her tiny baby hugged close in her arms, her white face lifted in prayer, as the hearse went by.

Even now, John's eyes turned to the roadside, where the wife of a Finn quarryman, her fair skin and hair tanned to one dull yellow from exposure to wind and sun, stood arrayed in her poor best. Two small children were with her and each of the three carried a bunch of nasturtiums. Instinctively John Mayhew knew that they were waiting for a car bound in the opposite direction, and that their destination was that newly-made grave in the little cemetery by the sea. He turned again to his wife with the look which, while she loved, she still half feared.

"I am quite sure," he said, quietly. "It has all been paid in full."

How Young Married Folk Should Finance

By Melina Meland in the Home Magazine

BEFORE marriage some young men stand in respectful and loving awe of the woman they want to marry, as if she were ever daintily gowned, perched on a pedestal and could not be communicated with in a confiding way about material things until after the nuptial knot had been tied. And some young women are so very, very happy in their love and the getting ready for the triumphal procession into and out of church that it seems a perfect shame to discuss problems of living until they are to be met. Consequently, the problems do come after marriage, and they are financial problems, many of them, that the woman should understand and the male member of the household should explain, fully and frankly.

Having studied this matter long and seriously, I offer you, as the result of my observation in various walks of life and careful calculation of labor and expense, the bold assertion that every wife who performs her part, even tolerably well, in whatsoever rank of society, more than earns her living, and that this should be an acknowledged fact with both parties to the marriage contract. The idea of her dependence upon her husband is essentially false and mischievous, and should be done away with at once and for ever. It has crushed self-respect out of thousands of women; it has scourged thousands from the marriage altar to the tomb with a whip of scorpions, driving many to desperation and crime.

If you—our generic "John"—shrink from coming down to "cold business" before the echoes of the wedding bells have died in the ear and in the heart, call the discussion a "matter of marriage etiquette" and

approach it confidently. And do you, Mrs. John, meet his overtures in a straightforward, sensible way, with no foolish shrinking from the idea of even apparent independence of him to whom you have intrusted your person and your happiness.

It is, of course, your part to harken quietly to whatever proposition your more businesslike spouse may make as to the just partition, not of his means, which are likewise yours, but of the sums you are respectively to handle and to spend. Do not accept what he apportions for your use as a benefaction. He has endowed you with all his worldly goods, and the law confirms the endowment to a certain extent. You are a co-proprietor—not a pensioner. If while the glamor of love's young dreams envelops and dazes you, you are chilled by what seems sordid and commonplace, take the word of an old campaigner for it that the time will come when your "allowance" will be a factor in happiness and comfort.

A BUSINESS PARTNER.

So, John, set aside from your income what you adjudge to be a reasonable and liberal sum for the maintenance of your household in the style suitable for people of your means and position. Determine what purchases you will yourself make, and what shall be intrusted to your wife, and put the money needed for her proportion into her care as frankly as you take charge of your share. Try the experiment of talking to her as if she were a business partner. Let her understand what you can afford to do, and what you can not. If in this explanation you can say "we" and "ours" you will gain a decided moral

advantage and pride of power. Impress upon her mind that a certain sum, made over to her apart from the rest, is hers absolutely, not a present from you, but her honest earnings, and that you would not be honest were you to withhold it. And do not ask her "if that will do." Any more than you would address the question to any other woman. With what cordial detestation wives regard that brief query, which drops like a sentence of the creed from husbandly lips, I leave your spouse to tell you. Also, if she ever heard of a woman who answered anything but "yes."

Carrying out the idea of co-partnership, should your wife exceed her allowance, running herself, and consequently you, into debt, meet the exigency as you would a similar indiscretion on the part of a young and inexperienced member of your firm. Treat the extravagance as a mistake, not a fault. Not one girl-wife in one hundred who has not been a wage-earner has had any experience in the management of finances. The father gives the daughter money when she (or the mother) tells him that she needs it, or would like to have it. When it is gone he is applied to for more. She has been a beneficiary all her life, usually an irresponsible, thoughtless recipient of what is lavished or doled out to her, according to the parental whim and means.

Teach her business methods tactfully, yet decidedly. This can be accomplished in various ways, and quite often without her becoming conscious that you are making an effort to show her that even love in a cottage is not without its mathematics, and the addition and subtraction, multiplication and division of any other business. It is well to inquire now and then how the household books are balancing, and the wife should not hesitate to let the husband know just how the books are kept and what the items are that count for or against her allowance.

One young wife I know of began keeping the expense book presented to her by her husband with these entries:

"January fourth—Received \$75.

"January sixth — Spent \$70.25 shopping, etc.

"Balance—\$4.75, set down to profit and loss."

After fifteen years of married life her husband died, bequeathing the whole of a large estate to her, and making her sole guardian of three children—a confidence fully justified by her conduct of the affairs thus committed to her.

"My husband trained me, patiently and thoroughly," she said to one who complicated her financial sagacity. "I was an ignoramus when we were married." Then laughingly she related the "profit and loss" incident.

My attention was called to another case in which a young man with a small salary married a charming young lady—she was only a girl, in fact—to whom money had been freely given by her parents whenever she had asked. When she married the young man she knew absolutely nothing about the value of money. He taught her by turning over to her his entire salary and having her pay to him what they considered a reasonable allowance. With the remainder she "managed" the house. There were periods of self-denial and heart-aches, but she became a practical little woman, and, with her assistance, he became a very successful man.

Should your wife play with her allowance, as a child with a new toy, let censure fall upon those who have kept her in leading strings, but teach her gradually to comprehend her responsibilities. The sense of them will steady her, unless she be exceptionally feather-brained. Be she wasteful or frugal, the allowance you have made to her is as honestly hers to have, to hold or to spend as the third of your estate which the law will give her in the event of your death.

It is a fact that may have much significance—or none—that the bride makes no mention of endowing her husband with all or any portion of her worldly goods. It is likewise significant that laws (of man's devising) take it for granted that her property goes with her, so that in most of our States it is his without other act of

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gift than the marriage ceremony. The man who marries for money has no scruples as to the acceptance and the use of it. Sometimes it is squandered; sometimes, but not often, it is hoarded; most frequently "it goes into the husband's business" and is invested by him for the benefit of himself and his family. No investment should be made of his wife's money without her knowledge and full consent. In all that he does where her funds are involved, he should be her actuary, and what profits result from "operations" with her funds should be settled on herself and children. By this course alone can he retain his self-respect, his reputation as an honorable man, and certainly disabuse his wife's mind of any possible suspicion that his affection was not wholly for her.

The arrangement between husband and wife concerning money matters should be no more definite and businesslike than that subsisting between father and children. To be taught early the real value of money is a distinct assistance to financial integrity in later life. To have in one's possession, even as a child, a sum wholly one's own conduces to a feeling of self-respect and independence. As soon as a child is old enough to know what money is, and that for money things are bought and sold, he should have an allowance, be it only a penny a week. Suggestions, but not commands, as to its expenditure should accompany the gift. Gradually the weekly or monthly amount should be increased, and instructions should be given as to its possible use.

A child may be advised properly to divide his small funds between pleasure and charity, or between the things bought solely for his own benefit and those for the benefit of others, the value of the expenditure in each case being dependent on the freedom of his choice. As he grows older he should be taught to expend money for necessities. He should be trained to buy his own personal belongings. This sort of training, often flimsily neglected, is of far more practical value than many things taught in

the schools. The feeling of responsibility engendered in children or young people by trusting them with a definite amount of money for certain general purposes can scarcely fail of a happy result. It binds them to a performance of duty, while it confers at the same time a delicious sense of freedom. An allowance for necessities gives its recipient liberty of choice in expenditure, but the choice must be judicious or the recipient suffers. This it does not take him long to find out.

Many a man who refuses his sons and daughters allowances permits them to run up large bills at the various shops where they trade. Exactly what the amount of these bills will be he never knows, except that it is sure to be larger than he wishes. The children of such a man never have any ready money. They do not know what to count on, and, in consequence, not being trusted, they exercise all their ingenuity to outwit the head of the family and to trick from him as much money as possible. A young woman with somewhat extravagant tendencies, who belonged to the class of the unallowed, begged her father for a new gown. She pleaded and pleaded in vain. Finally he said if she had anything that could be made over he would stand for the bill. This word to the wise was sufficient. She took the waistband of an old gown to her modiste, who built upon it a beautiful frock, for which she likewise sent in a beautiful bill. Fortunately, this daughter had a father who was a connoisseur in wit, and who could appreciate a joke even at his own expense. But the example will serve, as well as another, to illustrate the lengths to which a woman may resort when not treated as a reasonable and reasoning creature about money matters.

THE NECESSARY ALLOWANCE.

"I would rather have one-half the amount of money of which I might otherwise have the use, and have it in the form of an allowance," said a young woman who was discussing with other young women the subject

of expenditures. "If I know what I am to have, I can spend it to much better advantage. I can exercise some method in my purchases. If I don't know, I am likely to spend a large sum on some two or three articles, with the hope that more is coming. Suddenly and unexpectedly father sets his foot down on further bills, and there I am with a dream of a hat but no shoes, or with a ball gown and not a coat to my back."

Money plays some part in the life of every human being belonging to a civilized nation. The question of successful and skilful expenditure is a vital question for the majority of people. It is not a question that can be solved without training. Yet we educate our children in various unimportant matters, and for the most part leave this of money untouched. In no way can a child or a young person be

tought so readily and so quickly the proper use of money as by limiting his expenses to a certain sum, which sum he nevertheless controls.

The failure to properly educate children in the economics of home management is, of course, the principal cause of so many problems which arise after marriage. It is not expected that each girl, regardless of her station in life, must know house-keeping and its economic management down to its smallest detail, but they should be aware of the fundamentals in any instance. They should be taught by the fathers and mothers of those who have learned until they understand not only what is expected of them, but what they can expect. Given such a basis, they will understand that marriage is, after all, a co-partnership, which is a happy, blessed state when rightly appreciated.

When a business girl is a failure, the reason often is that she regards the work she has taken up as only a temporary thing—something to fill up the years that lie between leaving school and the husband and home that she hopes sooner or later will fall to her lot. This is an utterly wrong principle. Even if the chances are that the girl will marry, she must work hard and gain all the knowledge she can of her calling, so that should marriage not come her way, she may, instead of developing into a complaining old maid, become an interesting and charming woman, leading a busy life—too busy even ever to think much of self, but never too busy to do a kind action or help on younger women beginning life.—Noneas.

Took Him for a Farmer

How a new page boy made a sad mistake but was freely forgiven by one of Canada's greatest sons.

By James George Tinsdale

A WAY back in the early eighties when that veteran statesman, Sir John A. Macdonald, was in power, and when, on the opposite side of the chamber sat such distinguished lights of the old Liberal party as Mackenzie, Blake, Laurier, Cartwright and others—a ludicrous incident took place one afternoon showing the childish innocence and credulity of a new page boy, while at the same time it illustrated the beautiful humility and kindly nature of one of Canada's greatest sons.

The new boy whom we shall call "Mac," for the purpose of our story—had come on duty for the first time about an hour or so before the Speaker took the chair.

He was a good looking youngster of nine or ten, and dressed like the other pages in a jaunty little suit of black. His face was red with suppressed excitement at his surroundings, and his coal black hair shone with a lustre due to a plentiful rubbing of oil.

Now the newness of "Mac's" position and everything pertaining thereto had the very natural effect of the boy keeping pretty much to himself for a while. For as he moved with slow, uncertain steps about the broad, green carpeted aisle of the chamber, he wore that air of mystery and abstraction to be reasonably expected from anyone in the same circumstances.

Congregated about the two steps of the Speaker's chair, the other pages were busily making poor "Mac" the butt and target for all sorts of random shots, each of which

was followed by either a giggle or subdued laugh.

Presently the group became very quiet, and seemed to be holding a sort of private conference. Then the biggest boy of the bunch suddenly turned round, and, catching "Mac's" eye, gesticulated for him to approach.

"Say," he began, assuming a grave face and whispering in the ear of the novice, "see that farmer over there? You'd better go and tell him the members are coming in and that the Speaker will take the chair in a few minutes."

The person indicated occupied one of the front seats on the Opposition side and not very far from "Mr. Speaker." He was a big man, his burly form bending over the desk in front of him completely hiding it from view. His face was buried between his hands, while a huge slouch hat crushed in a shapeless mass over the back of his head made a picture that, to the unshielding stranger, might have been easily taken for an intruder who had forgotten himself and unwittingly fallen asleep.

It was, therefore, little wonder that poor "Mac" thus sizing up the situation, and without a moment's doubt or suspicion crossing his mind—at once crossed over, and, tapping the gentleman lightly on the shoulder, said:

"Excuse me, sir, but the members are taking their seats and the Speaker will soon be here."

He stood expectantly waiting. Then a low, muffled voice—a voice that seemed to come from the innermost recess of the desk—answered him.

"I'm very glad to hear it, my boy."

The words were spoken without the slightest move being made, and "Mac" returned to the other boys a little disappointed.

"He just said he was glad to hear it."

"That so?" chorused some of the pages, feigning surprise.

"Well," began the big boy, resolutely, "we'll give him a few minutes more to get a move on. You see we page boys are supposed to watch that no strangers get into the chamber by mistake. And when anyone does, it's always the youngest page who sees that he must go."

Poor "Mac" was learning fast. He now realized a duty devolved upon him and that duty was, to his sensitive mind, a very delicate one.

It wasn't long before he was again urged to tackle the supposed farmer.

"The Speaker will take the chair in just five minutes, sir."

Again came that deep, muffled voice—this time in four simple words:

"The sooner, the better."

Puzzled and chagrined to think his broad hints should have failed, he once more retreated, wondering what course to pursue next.

Meanwhile, the chamber was rapidly filling with members—particularly on the Government side. The low hum of conversation, the opening and shutting of desks, the rustling of newspapers, etc., all combined to impress "Mac" that he was a small but quite important factor in the machinery of the house. Especially so as he noticed how very clever the other pages were darting hither and thither in answer to a whistle or snap of the fingers from the members.

When the big boy returned from one of these calls, "Mac" explained his second failure to move the big man.

"Just go over again and tell him the Speaker's coming right in and that he must go—or we'll have to get him put out."

"All right!"

For the third time "Mac," serving

himself for this last stroke, and feeling the responsibility of his position, approached the cumbrous figure in the same reposeful attitude.

"I'm sorry, sir; but you must really be going now. The Speaker will be here in less than a minute."

The boy had spoken more firmly this time, and his hand leaned a trifle more heavily on the gentleman's arm. At last he was to be rewarded. The supposed stranger showed unmistakable signs of moving—at least from his position. He raised his head slowly and sat back in his chair. There was a broad, amused smile on his round, genial face, as, re-adjusting a pair of gold-rimmed glasses, he inquired, kindly:

"What's your name, my boy?"

"Mac—, Sir."

"My name's BLAKE! Do you think you will know me again?"

Poor little "Mac's" surprise can better be imagined than described. He stood for a moment feeling shaky and very much humbled at his mistake. But the soft voice and affable manner of Mr. Blake quickly put him at ease.

"I hope you'll forgive me, sir? I'm sorry I made such a mistake."

"Certainly, my boy—you have my forgiveness. When did you come on as page?"

"Only this afternoon."

"Ah! I suppose your mistake was a natural one. However, you will soon become familiar with the faces and names of the members."

Saying a few other nice things for "Mac's" guidance, the Honorable Edward Blake dismissed him, telling him not to feel badly over it, and that he was a good boy.

Although it was a cruel hoax to put up on a new page boy—one that might have caused the dismissal of several pages had it not been for Mr. Blake's kindly nature—the incident was soon forgotten. And though (boyish like) "Mac" wanted to "get even" with the big boy, the opportunity never came.

Co-Operation and Some of its Beneficial Results

How the system has worked in a leading Canadian departmental store—
Employees taught to save and acquire financial interest in the business—
—Some practical lessons attained—How those employed view the plan.

FOR the amelioration of the condition of those who toil, several projects have been devised, many plans undertaken and numerous reforms suggested. Some have partially accomplished the object sought; others have proved a complete disappointment.

The study of economical problems is always interesting; sociological questions will always be an absorbing subject. As the world progresses, as civilization advances, new theories present themselves and are frequently put into practice. Once the experimental stage has been successfully passed, they generally become part and parcel of our social fabric.

The relations of the employer and employee in the great world of labor are often strained. Perhaps in the past there has been too much suspicion, too much luke-warmness, jealousy or prejudice on either side. But that day is passing, and greater confidence, more of the spirit of co-operation and unity of purpose are being manifested. Where radical moves have been tried, and apparently revolutionary plans put into execution, from these there is no turning back if the ventures meet with reasonable success. On all sides to-day the truth of the maxim, "Unity is Strength," is recognized—equally as much as the Biblical reference that "A house divided against itself cannot stand."

Within the last decade the hours of toil have been shortened, wages materially augmented, and the conditions that contribute to human comfort and happiness greatly improved. The weekly half-holiday is an institution that has come to stay. It has become

wides in its popularity, beneficial in its results, up-lifting in its influence, and general in its observance. With all these changes—shorter hours, weekly half-holiday, higher wages—what has been the result? The amount of work, the output of raw material and finished product, has increased. In large industrial or mercantile establishments employees, under the altered and better state of affairs, are generally conceded to accomplish as much or more as when the old order of things prevailed.

To trace the process of the evolution would be most interesting, but so many phases are involved that only one can be considered at a time, if adequate justice is to be done within ordinary limits on the subject. Welfare work, savings departments and co-operative plans have evidently worked well, where tried in the land across the border, and in Canada, too, the results have proved satisfactory, although such movements as yet are comparatively few. In the City of Hamilton, often termed the "Birmingham of Canada," by reason of its great industrial activity, and the varied character of its manufactures, a large departmental store has for five years carried on a Co-operative Plan, and Employees' Savings Department. It is interesting and instructive to view the results and allow them to speak for themselves. The firm in question is that of Stanley Mills & Co., Limited. They have been in business for a score of years. About fifteen years ago they took up the departmental store idea and added many new lines of merchandise. Five years ago fire wiped out their build-

ing, which was re-erected on a much larger scale. A limited liability company was formed with a capital stock of \$100,000, of which \$25,000 was preference stock, and \$75,000 common stock. The former was retained by the old company, and the latter all assumed by the new company, of which Stanley Mills is president, Robert Mills, secretary-treasurer, and Edwin Mills, managing director.

It was then resolved to allow the employees of Stanley Mills & Co., Limited, the new firm, to take a financial interest in the business, and accept per annum. This departure was guaranteed to bear 8 per cent. interest per annum. The departure was decided upon—not from any financial pressure—but solely in order to give employees an opportunity to obtain an interest in the business and to inaugurate a co-operative plan, which, it was believed by the promoters, would be mutually advantageous. One thousand shares were set apart, each share representing \$25 par value. An eight per cent. dividend was guaranteed by the firm; the accrued interest thereon being payable in quarterly instalments.

In 1903 this plan was introduced, and at the annual meeting of the company, held the other day, the benefits to be had from co-operation in business were strikingly illustrated. The old directors were re-elected, and it was decided to increase the stock of the company from \$100,000 to \$500,000, which, in itself, is a concrete argument of a very convincing character of the growth and prosperity of the firm. Mr. Mills strongly advised employees to take up more of this preferred stock, saying it was an absolutely safe investment, and that he would like to see more of the employees interested in the scheme if only to the extent of one share.

How It Has Worked.

In 1903, the co-operative plan was introduced. At first the number of shares taken by the employees of the firm was small, but the following year an Employees' Saving Department was started, where sums of 10 cents per

week and upwards were received, and interest at the rate of six per cent. per annum allowed on all deposits. The practice of regular systematic saving was encouraged and the jangling rhythm, "every little bit added to what you got makes just a little bit more," became a principle practised in daily life. As soon as the sum saved amounts to \$25, it has to remain at this figure, drawing interest at six per cent., or else it can be exchanged for one share of preferred stock of the company, bearing eight per cent. interest. Thus were the employees afforded a safe and profitable investment for any portion of their money or earnings that they might see fit to lay aside from week to week. Other simple conditions governing this feature of the co-operative plan were:

When a deposit is exchanged for a preferred share, the employee may then open up a new account in the savings department. Deposits in the savings department may be withdrawn at any time, and interest will be paid to the date of the withdrawal. The savings department is open every day (except Saturdays) from 8.30 to 11.00 a.m. Employees severing their connection with the firm, and having deposits in the savings department, will be paid such deposits with accrued interest on the day of their leaving.

The success or failure of any move after it has passed the probationary period, has to be gauged by results. Although not yet five years in operation, out of the 1,000 shares of preferred stock—each share being \$25—496 shares, or practically one-half, have been taken up by the employees, and the number is constantly growing, so favorably do those in the service of the firm regard the co-operative plan and the savings bank department. Fully one-third of the employees are now shareholders in the firm and the number has never fallen below one-quarter. Of course, it varies in number in much the same manner as do savings deposits in chartered banks. In times of prosperity and abundance of employment, deposits in the country's monetary in-

situations naturally grow, but, when a wave of depression comes and there is a stringency, the savings are withdrawn in a greater or less extent to meet pressing conditions or tide the depositors over a period of uncertainty.

The same order of things holds true in connection with the shares and savings bank accounts in Stanley Mills & Co.'s establishment. Sickness at home, some member of the family out of work or totally unforeseen demands result at times in an employee converting his or her share, or shares of preferred stock into cash or withdrawing a portion or all of his or her savings. It might here be mentioned that the preferred stockholders have not only received the eight per cent. guaranteed interest on their holdings, payable in four equal quarterly installments since the system was begun, but during the past two years the stock has carried a bonus of two per cent., so satisfactory has been the outcome. The stock can be held only by an employee, no outsiders being allowed to participate. Many of those in the service of the company have, by systematic saving, increased their holdings in five years from one or two shares, to ten, fifteen and twenty shares. Some lay up ten cents a week, others twenty-five or fifty cents, while older employees and heads of departments, who are in receipt of good salaries, set aside one, two or three dollars or even more.

SOME MANIFESTATIONS.

In four years there have been 89 depositors whose savings have aggregated \$2,600. On June 30th, 1903, there were 266 shares held by employees; to-day, as previously stated, 466 shares are held. Since the system was started only one shareholder has attempted any dishonest act, and only one employee who was a shareholder, has left the firm to take another position. A number of lady shareholders have resigned and have been paid the amount of their savings, as well as selling their holdings in stock to the firm, but the positions

they have secured have been as queens of households, or, in other words, they have become happy, contented life companions of honorable, industrious husbands.

When interviewed, several clerks, representative of every department, unhesitatingly expressed approval and appreciation of the co-operative plan. They all remarked that it had been helpful, beneficial and useful in every particular. One prepossessing head of a department observed: "Before the system here was begun I was in the habit of spending all my spare money on ice cream, candy and trolley car jaunts. To-day as a result of this easy, simple and practical method of saving something every week, I have nineteen shares of preferred stock. I consider the co-operative plan a grand one, indeed."

Another clerk, who occupies a subordinate position, said: "I have been saving thirty cents a week out of my salary. It seemed like a mere pittance—so I thought at first—but with the interest added it was quite a tidy sum. I feel as if I had a personal interest in the firm, and I hope the system will continue. I have been here two years now, and during that time I have not heard one word of unfavorable criticism or any fault-finding with the plan or its administration."

A manager of another department—the head of a household and a large family—said that he had recently received two advances in salary, and that he drew only the old figure. "I leave the raises," he remarked, "to be put in the savings department, and if there was not such a department to encourage saving, I do not know what I would do. I feel certain I would have been but little better off. Now, I have something tangible to show—these stock certificates."

One of the apprentices in the dress goods branch modestly observed that he was getting \$5 a week, yet he was depositing 40 cents out of this sum in the savings bank each pay day, and he confidently added: "I will soon

have enough there to own a share in the business."

And thus the story ran varied somewhat in manner of expression, but the voice of one was evidently the voice of all—a chorus in unison and harmony in praise of co-operation.

There are two sides to every story, and the promoters of the proposition—the members of Stanley Mills & Co., Limited, declined to discuss at any length their version of the economic problem. "We are, never have and do not intend to, seek publicity over what we have seen fit to carry out," declared one of the proprietors. "We simply feel that we are getting a little more in direct touch and contact with our employees than the average business establishment. It has brought our employees nearer to us and has increased their interest in the business so that not only they, but we have benefited by it."

"What about results?" was asked of another member of the firm. "We are perfectly satisfied. Our trade in five years—since this plan was undertaken—has nearly doubled in volume. We have no grievance or misgivings whatever. We have simply tried to do by others as we would like to be done by in the event of our positions being reversed."

One or two more points and the story is told. There is neither red tapeism nor technicality about the co-operative plan or savings bank department. Everything relating to their

management, control or operation is simple, direct and plain. Only the good and welfare—individual as well as collective—of the employees is the animating motive or underlying principle of the enterprising departmental establishment in the Ambitious City.

Least it might be pointed out by some one, that favoritism or partiality might be exercised by the promoters of the co-operative plan, in dismissing, promoting, or giving increases to employees, and some discrimination practiced in favor of those who are not shareholders, one fact may be plainly stated. The person who engages, advances or dismisses the employees, has nothing whatever to do with the savings bank or preferred stock features of the business. He is not even aware who are or who are not stockholders, and, consequently, all increases in salary or elevations in position are based solely on efficiency, qualification and faithfulness in the discharge of duty—and on no other ground.

The Busy Man's Magazine in future issues hopes to present in a strictly fair and impartial manner other features along industrial and sociological lines, such as Welfare Work, Employees' Mutual Benefit Associations, etc., believing a dispassionate discussion of such matters and the presentation of concrete facts—exemplification of the practical working out of plans—are far more forceful and impressive than all the theses or theorizing that may be offered.

Be thou not held in thrall of Yesterday.
Fling off his rusting chain of tyrannies.
Then up! Draw breath in freedom; and away
To rule thy servant,—the strong Hour That is!

Seed for French Canned Peas Raised In Canada

Thousands of bushels grown for the foreign trade—Soil and climate favorable for propagation of seed—Beans are cultivated for French canneries—New varieties constantly introduced.

PICTURES and bon-vivants may not know that seed for peas, which are canned in France, is largely raised in Canada, yet such is the case. From the Province of Ontario fully 50,000 bushels of fancy peas, embracing some sixty or seventy varieties, are annually shipped across the Atlantic. The climate and soil of Ontario vary to a degree sufficient to allow the raising of even tropical fruits; vegetation is, indeed, of a diverse character. For several years in what is called the Midland district of the Province, extending from Lake Ontario to Lake Simcoe, and from Durham County to Frontenac, including Peterborough, Northumberland, Hastings, Victoria and other counties, hundreds of farmers have been raising fancy seed peas for the French market.

In the City of Peterborough the firm of Houdry & Sons, whose headquarters are at Dol-de-Bretagne, France, have for the last decade and a half received from across the ocean consignments of fancy peas which are distributed to progressive farmers. Varieties suited to the quality of the soil are given, and deliveries must be made to the storehouse by September. Some of the peas are of the late variety, some early and others medium. Some are sweet, juicy and tender, while other kinds are firmer and not so delicious.

The firm will this year extend their operations and begin the cultivation of seed beans in the vicinity of Chatham, Ontario, the soil and climate in that district being propitious for the propagation of this leguminous plant. Thus will Canada not only supply the seed for French canned peas, but for

canned beans as well. In France the seed raised in Canada for the firm of Houdry & Sons is, after being thoroughly hand picked, given out to farmers and gardeners, who raise crops for the large canneries in that country, while some peas are sold for immediate table use. The French are noted for relishing the pea, and the industry in that land is a highly important one. Houdry & Sons have a large estate at Dol-de-Bretagne devoted to the culture of fancy peas, beans and all kinds of vegetables and their seeds. They also have employed specialists who devote their time to improvements of the seeds by methods known only to experts in this particular art.

The company do not sell their peas on this continent. Europe is their market, and an immense yearly business is done with Germany, Belgium, Norway and other countries.

Seed from France does well in Canadian soil, and the business of growing for the foreign canneries is greatly increasing. In Algeria, Africa, the members of the firm have another large warehouse, and distribute seed there for cultivation.

It may be asked why the seed peas raised here are not canned in Canada instead of being sent to France. The reason is that the latter climate is more favorable for raising green peas. They ripen more slowly. Two crops can be gathered in the one season from the land, while in Canada only one could be harvested. In the country of the Gaul seed is sown in January and the first yield of green peas for the canners is gathered about the middle of March. A second crop is immediately put in and garnered

during the latter part of May or early in June. After that, if he desires, so mild is the climate, the farmer can still raise a crop of buckwheat on the soil. Peas raised for canning factories in Canada are planted early in May and must be harvested about the middle of June, as they ripen rapidly. In France the process of maturing is very slow and peas can be harvested for several days and taken to the canning factories without any perceptible difference in consistency.

In France labor in the canneries is cheaper than in Canada, and French canned peas are shipped to many places in the Dominion and sold at a less figure than the output of some of the pea factories in this country.

The Frenchman dearly loves green peas, either from the garden or canner, and judging by the augmented output each year other people also find that this succulent delicacy goes a long way in tickling the palate and satisfying gastronomic desires.

How Hardships Were Made Easy

By George McRobert in the Young Men

HOW frequently it has happened that lads and youths of outstanding powers, and even geniuses, have had to undergo great hardships in early years. Owing to circumstances, they have been obliged to toil for a livelihood, engage in labor which, though affording sufficient wherewith to live, dwarfed their energies, and retarded their mental growth.

Many a promising youth, whose coming greatness was unmistakable, through the crushing weight of that over which they had no control, have been deprived of the blessings of education and the privilege of following after their heart's desire. Instead they have had to turn early to toil and been doomed to serve a hard apprenticeship to the plough, the loom, the anvil, and stock.

It is very cheering and encouraging to note how that in a large number of instances lads of genius, notwithstanding hardships and disadvantages, have had a patience that refused to be conquered, and a diligence that never tired. Through the seemingly hopeless jungle that blocked their early hopes and aspirations, they made a clear path to success and even fame.

Another thing worthy of note is

the fact that they were invariably hard workers. Laborare est orare, said the old monks, "Work is worship." In this sense they were truly religious. Meeting the stern necessities with a faith and purpose that possessed them, they brought, as it were, honey and oil from the flinty rock. Thus they triumphed.

There was no slack hand, but the hand of the diligent. Believing in the dignity of toil, and manifesting a worthy independence, they faced it like men, and made it a stepping stone to higher things. In their hardship and obscurity, patience and labor, they were men in the making. The end, however, was not yet. Therefore they diligently toiled.

It is also noticeable that almost all such youths, however obscure, and whatever their toil, maintained their life's ideal. "Hard times" and even "short commons" nourished their purpose or fanned it to a purer flame. Was it scholarship to which they aspired? then they read and thought the more. Did their mind go towards being a capitalist? then they were careful of everything, leaving nothing to take care of itself. Or was their heart set on some nobler course? then body and mind were bent in that direction.

The story of Hugh Miller's early battles is an eloquent illustration. Though weak physically and in poor health, he toiled in a quarry among strong men. His boyish visions, day-dreams, and amusements, were exchanged for hard work. Yet he cheerfully buckled to the labor, the while keeping eye and heart open for everything that would minister to his higher hopes and purposes. Whilst he plied the hammer he was also bringing to light the wonders of the earth. Whilst acquiring a knowledge of his trade, he was also cheerfully and earnestly fitting himself for the great mental toil which he afterwards overtook.

The renowned missionary-traveler, Livingstone, was another who could not command the full benefit of even the common school, but was early earning his bread by hard toil. He, too, faced the situation with a stout and cheerful heart. Dirt and drudgery had no terrors for him. Difficulties did not intimidate, but rather stimulated to wholesome endeavor. His growth physical, mental and moral came by way of hard work. His success emphasizes the remark of a noted writer: "It is not that which is done for a young man that is most valuable to him and others, but that which he is led to do for himself." Many, because they were afraid of the toil that soils, and neglected doing that which

would have been their making, have been relegated to uselessness and obscurity.

The other day the writer stood on a bridge at which the famous engineer Telford toiled as an ordinary mason, and also traversed some of the scenes of his struggling apprenticeship. Even yet tradition tells how that, amidst all, he was a rollicking and a thorough lad. He had privations and difficulties many, but he had also a heart above them all. Thoroughness, patience, and perseverance were features in his life. The smallest piece of work was undertaken with care. What was given him to do was done heartily. No scamping or shoddy work with Telford. Thus he laid the foundation for the great work he afterwards accomplished.

But cases like the above might be indefinitely multiplied. Men of this class, many in the firing lines to-day, have experienced hardships, but made them easy because of their will to work. They had little regard for ease or dignity. Their very hardships were privileges, promotive of happiness, and brought them success of the noblest and purest kind.

"The brae, I brawly ken, is steep,
But steeverly plant your rung:
An' bear in mind when ae door stoeks
Anither's open flung."

There is a democratic soul of truth in every stubborn aristocratic prejudice. "The humping fleeth because he is an humping and careth not; but the Good Shepherd lays down his life for his sheep." And the cognate of this principle loses nothing by lapse of time; the man that works because he wants to, is bound to have a better earnings than the fellow who takes hold because he wants to let go. There isn't a ghost of a show for the Hired Man, when once the Master of the House shall have decided to make an issue.—Charles Ferguson.

The European Business Man in Retirement

By Andre Taldan in the American Review of Reviews

THE fondest dream of every European mother is to marry off her daughters and to see her sons provided with government positions. When the first of those wishes is left unfulfilled, a convent may conveniently open its doors to the forsaken wallflower. But when the heir either decides to be a free lance or fails to come up to the requirements of a civil service examination, lamentations are the response of the entire family. As a makeshift, and if the father happens to be a prominent merchant, his son may succeed him in the management of his affairs. To the average European mind, however, nothing is sweeter to think of than a desk and a stool for life in the offices of some public or semi-public organization.

Why should such "dry drudgery at the desk's dead wood," as Lenn puts it, appeal so strongly to Europeans, or, to be more exact, to Continentals, for the British have remained comparatively immune against the civil service microbe? The answer is: Because of the old-age pension. Almost every one on the Continent who is able, physically and mentally, to pass an examination, may in time become a pensioner, for not only the governments, in most of the European countries, but banks, railroads, large business houses as well, pension off their employees after twenty-five or thirty years of continuous services.

When an American realizes the exact amount of these old-age pensions he may express some surprise. Few are above \$800 a year, and the majority are below \$400. That paltry \$400, however, is a thing perfectly assured, a pittance which cannot possibly fail to be doled out to whomsoever has held a steady position for a

quarter of a century or so. This pittance does away with all the worries concerning the future, and the humdrum office holder may sleep peacefully, satisfied that after years of toil he will be able to rest and enjoy life, if life then be granted him.

It is at this point that Anglo-Saxons and Continentals have disagreed radically since the days of the Reformation. Puritanism taught that profitable suffering and work were the foremost accessories of a Christian life, work being not only a necessity, but a duty as well. Catholicism, with its Greco-Roman tinge of paganism, has steadfastly refused to forget the carnal deities, and while countenancing suffering of a rather unusual sort, such as asceticism, has permitted contemplative anchorites to set an example of indifference to strenuousness, an example of blessed idleness. Of course, it will be understood that I do not oppose Catholicism to Protestantism, but to Puritanism, for, although England and North Germany are both Protestant countries, they differ as much on the subject as pre-Shakespearean England differs from the England of, say, George Bernard Shaw.

The result of such widely different teachings is that to Anglo-Saxons work is an end in itself, praiseworthy and even enjoyable. To the Continentals it is only a means to an end, the end being an independent life of idleness, or, as we might prefer to put it, elegant leisure. According to Continental views, whoever can secure for himself a daily pittance without toiling for it, ought not to toil, and no credit is given to the wealthy young man intent on increasing his capital by engaging in some trade, nor to the man of fifty or fifty-five

who remains at work after amassing a small competence.

Therefore, we meet in every Continental city a large class of idle men, who, having dismissed for the balance of their life the care of money-making, have no ambition beyond that of living and enjoying life. That their enjoyment includes but a measure of life's material comfort is evident, but this gives them a peculiar charm.

There is, however, a real value to the state in their view of life. Many devote themselves to intellectual pursuits which routine work made an impossibility in the preceding years. A large number of interesting works on military matters, science, history, biography, and memoirs, are due to the pen of "retraites" from the army or navy, who, owing to the importance the army plays in European life, form a large contingent of the retired class.

Some of the retired Continentals engage in minor political activities. Town councillors are in the majority of cases retired officers or former civil service men, who, with their indifference to money questions, make perhaps rather poor administrators, but public-spirited and of an unimpeachable character.

The influence of this great leisure class in the shaping of the nation's tastes and ideals is a thing an untraveled Anglo-Saxon can hardly realize. Thanks to this "idle" class, literary and artistic salons after the fashion of the eighteenth century are still a possibility on the Continent of Europe. In the late afternoon the "retraites" gather either around the marble tables of some cafe and play cards, or preferably meet at the fireside of some hospitable hostess. These men of a mature age, who have ample leisure for thoughts of the past and can converse the present without haste, make the most delightful conversationalists.

The retired army man, to whom a wandering gipsy life or cruises on the seven seas have revealed every part of his fatherland and its distant colonies; the clerk, who has scribbled many sonnets on official note paper and is busy publishing them, the

financier, who, from the battlefield of the money market, has brought perhaps only his knowledge of human psychology; the college professor, who, forsaking the teaching of one specialty, may look at life from a broader angle, and apply to actual events his critical faculty; the diplomat who has bid an eternal good-bye to lands afar off—all those men, from whose minds and from whose lives hurry and bustle are definitely exiled, make the European drawing-room an intellectual paradise.

What peerless advisers they become for the young! The Anglo-Saxon grandfather is generally the exhausted ploughhorse, which pith alone keeps housed and fed in a back stable. He is not and cannot be "up to date." He is rarely exhibited to strangers and his opinions are usually held in scorn. The Continental grandfather, leisurely and serene, is the educator of the young and often the arbiter of the family's destinies. This makes for conservatism. Not infrequently, it must be confessed, it blights useful initiative in the younger generation. But those men who take their time before deciding and acting give the family life a wonderful balance and repose.

The man who, in order to earn the pension granted to employees of twenty-five or thirty years' standing, has been compelled to stick to one line of work, and put up silently with all the little worries of his position, is not likely to yield very often to temporary excitement. The "retraites" are, indeed, to the active business workers of Continental Europe what the Senate is to the Chamber of Representatives.

Much of the quietness, mellowness and unconventionality of European life can be traced to the influence of the care-free, independent, slightly cynical "retraites." And the artistic life of the country cannot but thrive under that influence. What a blessing it is for the actor to play before men who have not come in quest of relaxation, but simply with a desire to give their minds some literary exercise. Printers and novelists have some one to cater to besides prudish

old maids, and their art fears not to become a thrall to women's effete taste. Poets find patient listeners to whom no pressing business affords an excuse for hurrying away.

If the European mother's dream of a thirty-year desk servitude for her

son explains many of the Continent's shortcomings in the business field, it is also responsible to a large extent for the development of civic cleanliness and of art, refined and manly, among the Latin, Germanic, and Slav nations.

The Man Without a Chance

From the Young Men's Magazine

THERE is a peculiar fascination attached to the beginning of successful commercial enterprises, but it is always the personality of the founder which rivets our attention. How did he conceive the idea? Where did he obtain the necessary capital? Was he a born genius? and a thousand other questions crowd into our minds and demand a satisfactory answer.

With few exceptions the great newspapers of to-day had as humble origin as the men who started them. Their capital was brains and perseverance, their genius was the genius of hard work, of doing one thing well.

A bankrupt shipper and coal merchant is a fair specimen of "the man without a chance." One hundred and twenty-two years ago John Walter was reviewing his career on the banks of the Thames. He was ruined—irretrievably ruined, according to the beliefs of his friends. The fleet which had brought him wealth had been captured by a rascally French gunboat; he was practically penniless.

Water has a peculiar fascination for those who find fortune a fickle mistress. Every little wavelet seems to beckon to them and whisper, "Come, we are Nature's tears; we will weep for you, and the winds will play a funeral requiem over your grave."

But John Walter had a stout heart. He determined to plunge into the thick of the fight for existence once

more, and not into the Thames. Moreover, he made up his mind to seize the first opportunity for employment that came his way.

"Birds of a feather" flocked together in the eighteenth century as much as they do in the twentieth. One of the first men John Walter met was Henry Johnson, a poverty-stricken printer with an invention that was "bound to make a fortune." As is the case with most inventors, he believed in the child of his brain as implicitly as ever when capitalists dubbed it "impracticable."

Johnson's logotype was the father of the modern linotype. Instead of setting up a number of single letters to form words he had conceived the idea of casting the words complete.

The two men managed to raise a sufficient sum to have the process patented. Now began the weary struggle against prejudice and precedent. A type foundry was started and proved fairly successful, but something was needed to bring the logotype to general notice.

They decided that the best advertisement would be a newspaper composed by the new process. In 1785 the Universal Daily Register made its appearance, and was continued for three years, when its title was changed to The Times, No. 1 of which appeared on January 2, 1788. It was a single small sheet, and contained one column of home news, half a column of domestic news, and a number

of advertisements of more or less efficacious pills.

Walter's editorial chair was upholstered in thorns. His fiery paragraphs about members of the Royal Family and the aristocracy in general won for him not a baronetcy but the pillory.

To-day the Times is the most influential paper in the world, and its editor is a monarch amongst his journalistic brethren.

The publication of Lloyd's Weekly Newspaper was a no less daring venture. At sixteen years of age Edward Lloyd, another man "without a chance," set up in business for himself as a news agent. He turned author and wrote a booklet on short-hand, which he printed on his own press, inscribing the signs with a pen because he had not sufficient money to have them engraved.

This was but a step to higher things. He began to publish all kinds of popular books, to culminate in the production of Lloyd's Illustrated London Newspaper, on November 27th, 1842.

Edward Lloyd had brains and used them to the best advantage. To-day "Lloyd's" has a circulation of over a million and a quarter per issue, and is read in every part of the world where a Britisher is to be found.

America's greatest and most influential daily was started with £100 in ready cash, the savings of twelve long years of assiduous toil, and unlimited capital in the way of ambition. The paper was born in a cellar, but is now housed in a palace, and its proprietor, the son of the founder, is a millionaire.

Here is another instance of a man "without a chance." A young fellow in a large city entered the building

of its chief newspaper to inquire if he could rent an office.

He obtained his information and something else—his dormant ambition was kindled by the magnitude of the undertaking. Here was a practical example of the pen being mightier than the sword.

Meeting the proprietor on the steps a short time afterwards he said: "Some day I would like to buy your paper."

The man was profoundly astonished at the audacity of the youth, but ventured to reply: "You'll have gray hairs before you do."

Day and night, every week and every month, the youth kept his mind fixed on his great purpose. For twenty-eight years he toiled. It was slow and depressing work at first, but as he found his pounds, shillings and pence growing he took fresh courage. Looking at his bank pass-book one morning he came to the conclusion that it was time for him to have a second interview with the proprietor of the newspaper. Thirty minutes later the prophecy he had made in his youth was fulfilled, and the elder man left the building with a cheque for £200,000 in his wallet.

How often, in speaking of a man who has achieved conspicuous success, do we hear the remark, "Ah, well! He was fortunate, his opportunities were greater than mine. True, his opportunities may have been greater, but this should not be attributed to fortune. The successful man prepares for, and makes, his own opportunities. He leaves nothing to chance. What may seem to others his good fortune, is the certain result of previous preparation. Depend upon a single night," has spent months or years preparing for the event.

Another "Original" Has Been Shattered

Samuel Jackson of Maine, who claimed to be "Sam Slick the Clockmaker" the famous production of Judge Haliburton of Nova Scotia, is no more—How the quaint story was written.

EVERY few months one reads in the press about the death of the final survivor of the Battle of Waterloo, the sole living representative of the famous "Light Brigade Charge," or the last existing link of the War of 1812-13.

Now comes a despatch from Bangor, Maine, to the effect that Samuel Jackson has died, and that he was the original of Sam Slick, the Clockmaker, a shrewd Yankee, portrayed in a series of sketches by Judge Haliburton. The despatch contained further intelligence that this alleged "Sam Slick" had died of heart disease, that he was 87 years old, and had been a seller of clocks for years.

But, alas, for many "originals," how quickly they crumble to dust when brought under the search-light of investigation. Judge Haliburton wrote the articles, which depicted the Yankee peddler in 1835, and if Samuel Jackson was the original Sam Slick, he would, at that time, be only 14 years old, a rather juvenile creation for such a shrewd, humorous and important personage as Sam Slick.

Thomas Chandler Haliburton, who was born in Windsor, Nova Scotia, on December 17, 1796, and became famous as a humorous, descriptive writer, never expected that his name would become known in connection with Sam Slick. On visiting England, Lord Abinger remarked to Judge Haliburton: "I am convinced there is a veritable Sam Slick in the flesh, now selling clocks to the Blues-ones."

"No," replied Judge Haliburton, "there is no such person. He was a pure accident. I never intended to describe a Yankee clockmaker or Yankee dialect; but Sam Slick

slipped into my book before I was aware of it, and once there, he was there to stay."

Thus, the story in the newspaper paragraph, that Samuel Jackson, of Bangor, Maine, was the original of Sam Slick, is wide of the mark, and so far as can be ascertained, not founded on fact.

Yet, strange as it may seem for a story that has become famous, and has been read with interest, amusement and instruction, in nearly every land, in the hovels of the poor and in the mansions of the great, Judge Haliburton, its author, received nothing from its publisher.

Sam Slick first appeared in a series of anonymous articles in a Nova Scotia newspaper in 1835, then edited by Mr. Joseph Howe. Judge Haliburton made use of the Yankee peddler as his mouthpiece. The character proved to be a "hit," and the articles greatly amused the readers of that paper, and were widely copied by the American press. They were collected together and published anonymously by Mr. Howe, of Halifax, and several editions were issued in the United States. A copy was then taken to England by General Fox, who gave it to Mr. Bentley, the publisher. To Judge Haliburton's surprise, he found that an edition, that had been favorably received, had been issued in England. For some time, the authorship was assigned to an American gentleman in London, until Judge Haliburton visited England and became known as the real author.

Since Sam Slick's day, the itinerant vendor of wooden clocks has moved far west, and when met with there is a very different personage from Sam Slick. Within the past forty years,

however, the veritable Sam Slick has occasionally paid a visit to Canada. One of them sold a large number of wooden clocks throughout Nova Scotia and Cape Breton. They were warranted to keep accurate time for a year. Hundreds of notes of hand were taken for the price. The notes passed by endorsement into third hands, but, unfortunately, the clocks would not go. Actions were brought in several counties, by the indorsees, and the fact that Seth's clocks had stopped caused as much lamentation and dismay as a money panic. The first case that came up was tried by Judge Haliburton, much to the amusement of the public and the edification of the Yankee clockmaker, who had a long homily read to him on the inferiority of cheating Bluesoes with Yankee clocks that could do anything sooner than keep time.

Speaking of Sam Slick, the Illustrated London News, of July 15th, 1842, says, in part: "Another reason for Sam Slick's popularity is the humor with which the work is overflowing. Of its kind it is decidedly original. In describing it we must borrow a phrase from architecture, and say that it is of a 'composite order,' by which we mean that it combines the qualities of English and Scotch humor—the hearty, mellow spirit of the one, and the shrewd, caustic qualities of the other. It derives little help from the fancy, but has its groundwork in the understanding and affects us by its quiet truth and force, and the piquant satire, with which it is flavored. In a word—it is the sunny side of common sense."

Will Teach Young Men Housekeeping

"WOMEN folks no longer have a monopoly on domestic science." This is what casual visitors to the Harlem branch of the New York City Young Men's Christian Association say when they see the score and a half "benedicts" and "prospects" hard at work on the problem of "How to Make a Happy Home." As for the men who are particularly interested, they say: "There is nothing like it."

This is something like the way it came about. It occurred to the educational director, who, like all of those men in that interesting profession, are casting about to find out what men need most, that surely they could stand some "coaching" in the rudiments of housekeeping.

After looking up statistics about how late men marry these days, and what the difficulties evidently are, he quickly came to the conclusion that it was mere lack of intelligence. The

result was a course of instruction and the idea was received with open arms. Enrollment began with a rush. These are some of the subjects they are studying: "The Ideal Husband," "The Ideal Wife and Her Characteristics," "How to Save on the Gas Bill," "What Kind of Furniture Lives Longest," "How to Entertain Company," "What to Do With the Dog," "How to Behave in Case of Emergencies."

Seriously speaking, this is an attempt to meet a real need to-day. There is no reason why young men, especially young men of the city who are not fully acquainted with the problems of home keeping, should not have an opportunity to inform themselves on matters which in establishing a new home are important. Thousands of young men marry without having any adequate idea of the demands upon them, financial and otherwise, in the new way of living.

The Humanity of the Canadian Indian

A tale of devotion, privation and sacrifice.

By Elbert Hubbard in the Photoplay

AT Winnipeg a man came down from Edmonton to attend my lecture. Edmonton is eight hundred miles from Winnipeg. It takes two days and a night to come and the same to go back. The man's name is Vance. He said he didn't want to miss the chance when I was so close. He was an Irishman. "Doubtless," I hear the merry chorus chime, "the Irish are such a fond, foolish and impulsive people!"

Vance arrived the day before the lecture so as to make sure of securing a ticket and get accommodations at a hotel. He had no trouble in getting his ticket, and was accommodated all right at a hotel. An hour before the lecture was to begin Vance was there holding down a front seat. The church seats twelve hundred—only eight hundred were at the lecture.

Many people in Winnipeg did not go. Vance was amazed at empty pews. He thought it stood for Winnipeg empty heads. I tried to tell him that Winnipeg people in point of intelligence were far above the average—that people interested in advanced thought were very few—and that if one's virtue consisted in outstripping popularity, it was quite absurd to expect to be popular. He could not quite see it.

Vance came eight hundred miles to see me, and some day I'll go eight hundred miles to see him. But no matter how far Vance travels, he'll never find a man any finer than he sees when he looks into a mirror.

With Vance was a Scotchman by the name of MacDonald, of course, well turned seventy, who had spent thirty years as agent for the Hudson

Bay Company in the North. These men had met on a literary basis—they both loved Robert Louis and read "Little Journeys." Each had worked out in his own mind a clear-cut scheme of philosophy, a well-defined idea of right and wrong.

The thirty years with the aborigines had not deprived MacDonald of his burr, which was as ripe and choice a specimen as you can hear in Glasgow. But he, too, had grown silent by nature, and had taken on a good deal of Indian reserve. Between many lightings of his pipe and long pauses MacDonald told us this story, as we sat in my room after the lecture. I have too much respect for Vance's old friend to try to imitate his dialect. That is his own. But this is the story. Said the old man after a long, thoughtful pause:

"No, Indians are not bad people if you treat them about half right. They may be savages, but they are not as savage as white men. I never had a gun argument with an Indian. He is a child by nature, and responds to kindness. It pays to tell the truth to children, and I may be wrong, but I believe in keeping faith with Indians. This was always my policy, and Indians for hundreds of miles around were my friends. They even told me unusual things for an Indian to do."

"The last few winters have been very severe, and my Indian friends have suffered greatly. Two squaws came into the Post last spring, just when the leaves had begun to come out. One of them had a popoose on her back, and with her was an eight-year-old girl. I remembered the year before when she came, her husband

was with her, also a grown up boy and several children beside.

"The squaws sat around all day and said nothing. I guessed they wanted to tell me something. At night they disappeared, but in the morning they came back and told me a tale of hardship that really melted my stony heart, used as I am to suffering.

"Winter had set in early and the snows fell. This woman, with the grown up boy who had just killed his first deer and, therefore, was a man, had laid in quite a stock of frozen rabbits, but a wandering band of trappers coming along and needing food, she had given them all the rabbits. She was sure that her husband and boy could get more. But the snows kept falling, and the winds blew and drifted the snow so that it was unsafe to leave the teepee. They had eaten the dogs, all save one old favorite. The food was all gone, and after waiting two days the man and boy started forth to hunt. Not a track could be found for the snow was falling and drifting beside. They did not return, and during the night the dog came back alone. The mother left her children and went forth, following the dog to find her husband and boy. They had been famished for food and were overcome by the cold before they had gone a mile. The boy was dead, but the man was

still alive. The woman carried and dragged him home.

"Something must be done. She placed the man upon a toboggan, strapped the five-year-old child on top of him, and, carrying the papoose on her back, and with the eight-year-old girl helping to pull the toboggan, she started for her nearest neighbor's, ten miles away. All day she moved steadily forward. She arrived and entered the teepee of her friend. One glance told all—her neighbor was even in greater distress than herself, for all of her household were dead and the woman was alone, just ready to let the fire go out and lie down and sleep the long sleep. The woman who had just arrived killed the dog, and this kept them alive for a few days. But the man and the five-year-old child died, and then the woman, the papoose and the eight-year-old girl were alone. The snow ceased to fall, and they caught rabbits and ate bark for food.

"At last spring arrived and when the ice melted they came to the Post to tell me of their loss. There were no tears—just a plain recital of the facts. They wanted nothing, only that I should know. They did not even wish me to condole with them, for after telling me their tale they disappeared in the forest and I sat there, dumb."

How a Wife is Kept in the Background

After sacrificing beauty, health, and personal ambition, to help her husband realize his ideals, she is thrust out of the Eden of her dreams, to give place to a silly butterfly, who has done nothing whatever toward making the home or fortune which she is to enjoy

By Oliver Brett Marden in *Society Magazine*

ONE of the most pathetic spectacles in life is that of the faded, outgrown wife standing helpless, in the shadow of her husband's prosperity and power, having sacrificed her youth, beauty and ambition—nearly everything that the feminine mind holds dear—to enable an indifferent, selfish, brutish husband to get a start in the world.

It does not matter that she burned up much of her attractiveness over the cooking stove; that she lost more of it at the wash tub, and in scrubbing and cleaning, and in rearing and caring for their children during the slavery of her early married life, in her unselfish effort to help him get on in the world. It does not matter how much she suffered during those terrible years of poverty and privation; just as soon as the selfish husband begins to get prosperous, finds that he is getting on in the world, feels his power, he often begins to be ashamed of the woman who has sacrificed everything to make his success possible.

It does not matter that the wife sacrificed her own opportunity for a career, that she gave up her most cherished ambitions in order to make a ladder for her husband to ascend by. When he has once gotten to the top, like a wily, diplomatic politician, he often kicks the ladder down. He wants to make a show in the world; he thinks only of himself. His poor, faded, worn-out wife, standing in his shadow, is not attractive enough for him now that he has gotten up in the world.

Many wives look with horror upon

the increasing fortunes of their husbands, which their sacrifices have helped to accumulate, simply because they fear that their stooped forms, gray hairs, calloused hands, and the loss of the comeliness which slipped from them while they were helping their husbands to get a start, are likely to deprive them of the very paradise of home and comforts which they had dreamed of from their wedding day. They know that their hard work and sacrifices and long hours and suffering in bringing up a family are likely to ruin their prospects, and that they may even drive them out of the Eden of their dreams.

The world will never know the tortures, a thousand times worse than death itself, endured by wives of prosperous husbands, who prefer suffering to scandal, and who endure a living death rather than expose their husbands, who have been fascinated by younger and more attractive women.

I watched for a long time the treatment a vigorous, stylishly dressed millionaire accorded to his wife, who, though about his age, looked fifteen or twenty years older. I knew these years before, when the wife took in washing, kept boarders, and took care of several children, without any servant, just because she wanted to assist her husband in getting a start in the world. She was then a woman of great charm and beauty; but her hard work and monotonous life (for she rarely went anywhere or had any vacation or recreation) had aged her rapidly.

I have been in the home of this

Thank God every morning that you have something to do that day which must be done whether you like it or not. Being forced to work and to do your best will breed in you a hundred virtues which the idle never know.—Charles Kingsley.

couple when the husband showed the greatest indifference to his wife, and treated her more as a menial than as a companion. If she complained of a headache, or of feeling unwell, he never showed any sympathy for her, but, on the contrary, appeared to be provoked, and often made sarcastic remarks.

He never tried in any way to lighten her burdens, nor showed her any special attention. He was not even polite to her. He would take no part of the responsibility of training the children or of conducting the household. He said he would not be bothered with such things.

He spent most of his evenings at the clubs, or in the company of women whom he considered more attractive than his wife, and upon whom he spent money freely; but he was extremely penurious with his wife, and made her give an account of what she did with every penny.

He became so brazen in his open association with other girls and women that he often took them to his own home, where his wife, who was suffering tortures, tried to receive them graciously and to treat them kindly.

In short, this man's interest in his wife declined just as his prosperity increased, until a separation resulted. The wife, heartbroken, was actually driven from her home by the most heartlessly cruel treatment.

It would seem as though some of our wealthy millionaires, who have discarded the wives of their youth because they are unattractive, must have strange nightmare visions. Beautiful young brides who gave their lives for years to help them get a start in the world, and who, when the wealth-dream of their early life had been fulfilled, were thrust out of the luxurious homes, which they had made possible, to give place to younger and more attractive women, who never lifted their fingers to accumulate the fortune or to make the reputation, must haunt their slumbers.

Why is it that so few men make mental comrades of their wives? It is because of man's consummate

selfishness and egotism, his conviction that he is a lord of creation, that, in spite of all his vapors and flattery to the contrary, he is a little better than his wife—is mentally, as well as physically, her superior.

The selfish husband thinks that he should have a clear track for his ambition, and that his wife should be content, even grateful, to be allowed to tag on behind and assist him in every possible way in what he considers the grand life-work of both of them—to make him the biggest man possible.

It is very difficult for the average man to think of a woman's career, except in terms of his own interest. In other words, he has the idea that woman was made to be man's helpmeet, that she was made to help him do what he wants to do. He cannot conceive of his being made as a helpmeet for her, to help her to carry out her ambition, unless it is that of a housekeeper. It does not even occur to him that she could have an ambition welling up within her heart, a longing to answer the call which runs in her own blood, and a yearning to express it in some vocation as well as his.

I do not believe that the Creator has limited one half of the human race practically to one occupation, while the other half has the choice of a thousand.

"But," many of our men readers will say, "is there any grander profession in the world than that of home making? Can anything be more stimulating, more elevating, than home making and the rearing of children? How can such a vocation be narrowing, monotonous?"

My only answer would be, "Let these men try this kind of life themselves."

Of course it is grand. There is nothing grander in the universe than the work of a true wife, a noble mother. But it would require the constitution of a Hercules, an infinitely greater patience than that of a Job, to endure such work with almost no change or outside variety, year in and

year out, as multitudes of wives and mothers do.

The average man does not appreciate how almost devoid of incentives to broadmindedness, to many-sidedness, to liberal growth, the home life of many women is.

The business man and the professional man are really in a perpetual school, a great practical university. The strenuous life, however dangerous, is essentially educative. The man has the incalculable advantage of a great variety of experiences, and of freshness of view. He is continually coming in contact with new people, new things, being molded by a vast number of forces which never touch the wife in the quiet home.

I believe most women feel this terrible depression of the monotony of their lives, the lack of that stimulus which comes to the man from constant change.

A stagnant life is never an interesting or a progressive one. Nothing that is desirable will grow in a stagnant pool. There must be action in the water, or there will be no life or purity. Slimy, scum, and all sorts of loathsome insects and creatures breed in the stagnant pool. But open it up, give it vent, let it rush down the mountainside through the valley, and it will take on new life, new meaning. The muddy water will clear up and sparkle like a crystal, when it is set to work.

Everything in the whole environment of tens of thousands of American wives is discouraging to growth and tends to strangle a broader, fuller life. There is something narrowing, shriveling in a mere routine life. Monotony is always narrowing, strangling, shriveling.

If the husbands could change places with their wives for a year, they would feel this contracting influence. Their minds would soon cease to reach out, they would quickly feel the pinching, paralyzing effect of the monotonous existence, of doing the same things every day year in and year out. The wives, on the other hand, would soon begin to broaden out. Their lives would become richer,

fuller, completer, from contact with the world, from the constant stretching of their minds over large problems.

"I do not propose to marry," said a young man to me, recently, "until I can support a wife without her working. I do not propose to make a drudge of my wife."

The wives who have been paralyzed by marrying men who do not believe that a wife should work, form almost as pitiable a picture as the wives who have become household drudges.

Multitudes of women in this country to-day are vegetating in luxurious homes, listless, ambitionless, living narrow, rutty lives, because the spirit of necessity has been taken away from them, because their husbands, who do not want them to work, have taken them out of an ambition-arousing environment.

Think of the thousands of wives, who live in our great cities, who have no children and no social duties, no great life motive to take up their attention, who, not knowing what to do with themselves, sit or lie around the house all day, waiting for their husbands to come home in the evening! Is this the way sterling character is made? Are these the conditions for stamina building? Is it thus power is generated?

Is it any wonder that, under such strangling conditions, women brood over their ailments, their fancied weaknesses and inherited tendencies, and that there should be hatched in their idle brains a mischievous brood of discontent and dissatisfaction, or that their imaginations should suggest all sorts of unbecoming, unlawful things?

Is it any wonder that women often become despondent and sometimes insane in such a monotonous, ambitionless, listless environment?

Let a man, even a normally active one, feel that there is nothing special to call him up in the morning, that there is no pressing need of his doing anything in particular, that he can do just what he feels like doing when he feels like it, that he can lie abed in the morning or get up when he likes,

go riding, read a novel, or do anything else he chooses to do, and how long will it take him to lose his initiative, his ability to do things, after he has allowed his brain cells to atrophy? How long will it be before his life becomes completely demoralized, before he loses his ambition, before the main zest of living dies? What will become of his originality, his resourcefulness, when he ceases his creative activity? How long will it take him to become a namby-pamby, nervous, indifferent and indefinite sort of person, without individuality or forcefulness?

A healthy mind must be an active mind. Vigor and strength cannot be built up in man or woman by inaction or a life of indolence. There must be a purpose, a vigorous, strong aim in the life, or it will be nerveless, insipid and stale.

Now, if the aim is personal pleasure, the mere gratification of our vanity or pride, the indulgence of our whims; if life is narrowed to the question of dress, of eating and drinking, and selfish pleasure; if all larger, worthier interests have been shut out of it, how can there be growth or development for the individual?

There is a disease called "arrested development," in which the stature of the adult remains that of a child—all physical growth and expansion stops. Arrested mental development is a form of disease from which many wives are suffering, and they have been condemned to that condition by the mistaken idea of husbands who think that they love them.

Thousands of our divorces are caused by the fact that the wife has stopped growing, and has not kept pace with her husband.

I believe in marriage, but I do not believe in that marriage which paralyzes self-development, strangles ambition, and discourages evolution and self-growth, which takes away the life purpose. Nor is it necessary that the wife should work like a slave in order to grow. There is a certain class of men who go to the other extreme and make slaves of their wives—work

them half to death. But physical drudgery does not develop power. The slave wife is as badly off as the doll wife.

A wife should neither be a drudge nor a dressed-up doll; she should develop herself by self-effort, just as her husband develops himself. She should not put herself in a position where her inventiveness and resourcefulness and individuality, her talent, will be paralyzed by lack of motive.

The result of the average husband's repression of his wife's talent is that girls with ambition for art, for literature, for music, for the law, medicine, or business; girls who have special talent in any particular line which peculiarly fits them for marked achievement are afraid to marry a man who is not willing to be as generous with his wife as he expects her to be with him. A great many girls will not take chances of having their ambitions smothered, their ideals and hopes shattered, by selfish, inconsiderate husbands.

We hear a great deal about the disinclination of the college girl to marry. If this is so, it is largely due to the unfairness of the man. The more education girls get, the more they will hesitate to enter a condition of slavery, even under the beautiful guise of home.

I do not blame a girl for remaining single who feels that she has been peculiarly fitted for a career of her own just as well as the selfish man who wants her to marry him merely to make a home for himself. I do not blame her for hesitating before she takes a step which may cramp her whole life and bring her bitter disappointment, for there is nothing more demoralizing outside of vice itself, than to be obliged to carry through life a stifled ambition.

I believe that the woman who has freedom to express herself in the complete way knows better how to make an ideal home and to be an ideal wife than does the woman who has been repressed and narrowed by her husband's selfish, one-sided views of marriage. I have no sympathy with this narrow view of a wife's duties, this

slavery view of the woman who precedes over the home.

When men get ready to regard the wife as a full, complete partner in the marriage contract instead of as a dressed-up doll, a toy, or plaything, or else a sort of housekeeper for the home and nurse for their children; when they are willing to regard their salaries or their income and property as much the wife's as their own, and do not put her in the position of a beggar for every penny she gets; when men get beyond the idea that a woman must fall in with their plans and opinions without question; that they were not intended for independent expression, no matter how much ability or even genius they may possess, we will have more true marriages.

In his practical relations with his wife the average husband treats her like an inferior, more like a servant than an equal partner; and, when he does condescend to recognize the partnership, it is in the manner he would assume toward an employee who happens to have a share or two of stock in his million-dollar company. He does not recognize the relation of equality.

Not one man in a thousand treats his wife fairly in money matters. If his business partner attempted to treat him in the same way, there would very quickly be a rupture.

I know a man who is poor, but who always manages to get money enough to buy his tobacco and drinks, and to dress well, even when his wife is obliged to go without the necessities of life, and to dress shabbily. He does not seem to think that she needs very much.

It is a rare thing to find a man who does not waste ten times as much money on foolish things as his wife does, and yet he would make ten times the talk about his wife's one-tenth foolishness as his own tenths.

On the other hand, thousands of women, starving for affection, protest against their husband's efforts to substitute money for it—to satisfy their cravings, their heart-hunger, with the

things that money can buy. How gladly they would exchange all of their luxuries for the plainest and humblest home with a husband who loved them!

It is an insult to womanhood to try to satisfy her nature with material things, while the affections are famishing for genuine sympathy and love. Women do admire beautiful things; but there is something they admire infinitely more. Luxuries do not come first in any real woman's desires. She prefers poverty with love, to luxury with an indifferent or loveless husband.

How gladly would these women, whose affections are blighted by cold indifference or the unfaithfulness of their husbands, exchange their liberal allowance, all their luxuries, for genuine sympathy and affection!

The whole attitude of most men toward women is wrong—the idea that they are secondary in the scheme of creation; that they are calculated to walk behind the man, in his shadow; that they are not his equal, but a sort of supplement, to help him do the great things he is capable of, to minister to his wants and comforts and convenience; that they are a sort of expensive necessity to make a family and the rounding out of man's career possible.

For centuries women themselves accepted man's estimate of them, and were content to walk in his shadow. But since the higher discovery of woman in the last century a new order of things is being brought about. Women are becoming less and less dependent upon men and more inclined to live their own lives. They are beginning to see their own possibilities, that they can have careers and ambitions as well as men. The girl of to-day expects a liberal education and looks forward to a career of her own. Women have at last learned that men have not monopolized all the genius, that ability knows no sex. And the wife is beginning to realize that there is one thing she should guard as the very jewel of her soul; that is, the determination to keep pace with her husband.

Wonderful Power in the Advertising World

The brilliant career of Wareham Smith who has started England with money of his boldly successful schemes. The reason of a man with a purpose, possessing energy, confidence and executive ability.

By J. W. Stansand in System Magazine

SEVENTEEN years ago a youth of fifteen was addressing the envelopes in which were to be distributed the current issues of "The Mining News," a journal published by an outside stockbroker in the City of London. Wareham Smith was beginning his newspaper career.

To-day he is a director of the biggest newspaper combination in the world, and the most aggressive power in the development of modern advertising in Europe.

The combination of publishing concerns familiarly known as "Harmsworths," and officially as "Associated Newspapers, Limited," demands a standard of excellence in its employees that few men ever attain. Like a huge automatic reaper, it sifts the chaff from the wheat, the valuable from the valueless, retaining the former and casting aside the latter. All the time the sifting process goes on. The man who passes the preliminary test is no more permanent than the man who has yet to pass it. He must come up to the Harmsworth standard, not only before he can become a member of the organization, but so long as he remains a member. And should he at any time fall below that standard he ceases to be "a Harmsworth man."

Herein lies the secret of Harmsworth success. Lord Northcliffe—more familiarly known as Sir Alfred Harmsworth—is a man of tremendous energy, fearless self-confidenc and remarkable executive ability; and in the development of his huge business he has sought for the men who could nearest approach his own tem-

perament. The finding of them has been difficult, and the weeding-out process is deliberate and conscientious. Only a small minority passed the test, but the few represented the best brains and the strongest personalities in the publishing world in Great Britain.

In this Harmsworth organization Wareham Smith, in ten brief years, rose from almost the humblest position to a seat on the directorate. Wareham Smith is an advertising man to his finger tips. No proposition is too big for him to tackle; none too small to deserve his attention. There is no bluster about him, no trumpet blowing. I was one of the first to secure an interview from him. That was in the summer of 1906; and when the interview was written, he stopped its publication because it was too much Smith and too little Harmsworth! It was characteristic of the man.

It was about seven years ago that Wareham Smith became a real power in British advertising. At that time he had reached a position where he could put his ideas into action, and with the Harmsworth organization behind him, he set out to do things. The first difficult proposition he tackled was store advertising. At that time the only London dry goods house using big spaces was D. B. Evans & Company, who, once a year, showed out into a single full page in the Standard and the Daily Telegraph. Wareham Smith set himself to change this; and that he did it, and did it thoroughly, the pages of both his own paper—the Daily Mail

—and other London dailies, have amply proven for many years past.

He next began a campaign on the railroads. It was a proposition that few Americans can appreciate; and, further, one that few would care to handle. The inherent conservatism of the Britisher is proverbial, but it is nowhere more rampant than in railroad management. The directorates of British railroads are made up, for the most part, of titled personages, men of the most conservative traits. To even approach these men with an advertising proposition was a feat bordering on the impossible; but not only to reach them, but to prove to them that their whole policy was wrong, was a proposition that British newspaper men believed to be entirely outside the bounds of possibility.

It speaks volumes for the inherent doggedness of Wareham Smith and the trust reposed in him by his employers, when it is known that for eighteen weary months he carried on his campaign for the enlightenment of British railroad men before even the first glimmer of success dawned. Then came his opportunity. It was the first, and had he failed to make the most of it, it would probably have been the last; for railroad advertising at that day was almost inextricably tied up with the regulations imposed on each road by the Railway Clearing House, out of the clutches of which even the most progressive railroad advertising men never hoped to be able to remove the advertising policy of their roads. How it came to pass I have never learned; in fact, I am doubtful if Wareham Smith ever learned the cause, either; but the fact remains that the young Harmsworth assistant one day received an invitation to appear before the directorate of one of the leading English railroads for the purpose of expounding his views on railroad advertising.

What happened at that meeting only those who were present ever learned. But the results were evident, for Wareham Smith returned to the Daily Mail office with the first full page railway advertisement ever published in England! Since then

such announcements have been frequent, especially in the holiday seasons; but more to the unrelenting energy of one man is due the progressive policy of railroad advertising in Great Britain to-day, than to any other cause.

Nor is that all. To those who have been able to keep a finger on the pulse of British advertising conditions during the past few years, the columns of the Daily Mail, the leading Harmsworth daily, have been a continual source of surprises. Wareham Smith believes in big spaces. But he also makes everybody else he comes in contact with believe in big spaces, too. Firms who have never advertised before; industries that nobody ever thought would break out into advertising; conservative houses that have persistently refused to even consider advertising propositions of any kind; magazine advertisers who could not be persuaded to enter the newspaper advertising field—the Daily Mail has had them, not in small two or three inch spaces, but in quarter, half and whole pages at a time.

An old established, conservative tobacco house which rarely, if ever, advertised its products, and which no publication ever hoped to get any business from, appeared one day last year in the Daily Mail with a whole page advertisement on the front page, \$1,750 for a single insertion! Advertisers, agents and newspaper men alike, gasped with astonishment. It was unbelievable. Wareham Smith got that advertisement. It was written, set and thousands of copies were printed in the Harmsworth offices weeks before it appeared. And many, many times its cost had been taken by the advertisers in profits from increased sales to dealers before it occupied the front page of the Harmsworth daily. It had done its work before publication. Everybody in Great Britain knows the Daily Mail, its enormous circulation, its tremendous influence. And the circulation of advance proofs of this advertisement among dealers throughout the country brought orders for increased stocks so fast that long before publi-

cation the advertisement had been paid for over and over again.

That is but one instance. They occur almost every week; and behind the scenes is the man who is doing more for the development of British advertising than half the advertising organizations in Great Britain combined.

Slowly—yet how very slowly—

British publishers are awakening to the fact that under modern commercial conditions success is not built up on conservatism, but initiative. Alfred Harmsworth knew it long ago. That is why he is the outstanding character in the British publishing field to-day. It is why he has been able to gather around him men of the calibre of Wareham Smith.

Your Swelled Head Will Ache

By Bert Kennedy in Chicago Tribune

SUCCESS is by no means the greatest test of talent. The man who wins the race is not always the wisest man, nor does it always follow that the bottle is won by the best fighter.

I have known so many good and sound and clever men who have gone under, and I have seen so many bluffers and fakers come up on top, that I am forced to the conclusion that success is mainly born of qualities that are not the best in a man's character. You may be as talented as you please, but if you lack push and brag and bounce you will find yourself in a poor way. You must be ready with the quick and skillful lie at the psychological moment, you must be an adept in the fine art of double dealing, and, above all, you must have the faculty of explaining how wonderfully clever you are to other people.

CUTE LIAR WINS OUT.

I have watched the game through the whole of my life. I watched it when I was a laboring man. And even then, when my head was thicker than it is now, I noticed that the finest and the best men were never picked out for promotion. Rather was it the ready and swift and cute liar. Indeed, I have watched the thing that

is called success through the whole of my varied career.

And I think I can afford to say a word or two about the matter, for I am not a soured failure. I have achieved success myself. You may think that my labeling myself as a success is indiffident and not quite modest. It is. And let me tell you that if you are to become a success you must leave diffidence and modesty far behind, indeed.

My ambition was never to make money. My ambition was to become known and to live without injuring myself with rude toil. To be successful is to do what you want to do in the world. And being a moneyed nobody would not have suited my book.

Real success has sometimes a good effect upon a man's character. For, curious to relate, there are some decent fellows who have been successful. If you are a decent fellow people won't be so apt to be jealous because you have beaten them in the race. And if you have fairness enough and humor enough not to be continually making it out that you are successful simply because of your transcendental talent, the world will be grateful.

For the world knows as well as you know in your heart that it wasn't altogether your talent that did the trick.

The fact of your being a shrewd, smart, unscrupulous fellow helped you immensely. But for your ability to handle people you would still have been an unrecognized genius. You were able to please people. You were able to make people feel how wise, and clever, and noble they were. And so you got your chance.

All this the world knows. For the world is wiser and shrewder than the wisest and shrewdest man. It has lived longer. And it, therefore, likes you to take your success easily. It likes you not to put on airs about it. It likes you to be courteous enough to realize that likely cleverer men than you have never achieved success.

If you act fairly about your success the world will be pleased and grateful. And here let me break a lance on behalf of worldly people. I so often hear them run down by noble and lofty and good and pure people that occasionally I feel vexed.

Worldly people are often blamed for going on the other side of the street when they see the woful and broken down failure coming slowly along. Noble philanthropists are apt to call these worldly people snobs and cads. But the reason that people go on the other side of the street when they see the abject failure coming along is not mainly because they are snobs and cads.

It is rather because the abject failure has upon them the effect of cold water being poured down their backs. They are afraid of him. Just as they would be afraid of anything cold or wet or miserable. I am not talking now of the man who is merely unsuccessful. I am talking of the abject failure.

Worldly people like a successful man who is a good sort. For there comes from such a man a stimulation. It is good to know him, to see him, to shake hands with him. His success has made his personality bigger

and broader. There is something in his eye and in his smile that is file-able. He is a man of sense and fairness. A good, jolly, fine, generous fellow. And he is all the better, and is liked all the better, because he looks the reason why he gained success straight in the face.

A successful man who is stuck up and unpleasant about his success is really half a failure. People perhaps know how to have to know him, but in reality they hate the sight of him. For he is one who is not fair and honest. He does not play the game. He is that worst liar of all—the liar by implication. His manner implies that he is a big and wonderful person, who honors the world just because he lives in it. He has the discourtesy to be forever making people feel that he has beaten them in the race. He knows how he won the race, but he is not honest enough to own it.

For such a successful person I have the most utter contempt. Yes, I have it, even though he were a man of genius.

DON'T FORGET YOUR CAGROKENESS.

So if you are that rare person, a successful man, take it easy. Don't go along without noticing people. If a man wants to talk to you, let him. And try to realize that you are not altogether successful because of your lofty and commanding talents. Try to realize that you would be nowhere did you not possess within you sharpness and cuteness. Try to realize that were you an exactly scrupulous and honest man, you would never be where you are. You had to master the art of blowing hot and cold.

You owe a great deal to the devious side of your character. Had you been a finer and a better and more honest man you would have failed.

So don't give yourself airs. Don't be stuck up.

How Nominations for President are Made

By Victor Roonwater in the *American Review of Reviews Magazine*

EVERY fourth year the national committees of the great political parties meet, usually in Washington and usually in the month of December, to formulate the calls for the Presidential nominating conventions. Almost before the signatures to the calls for these conventions are dry the State committees and the district committees of the various parties are called together to arrange for State and district conventions to select national convention delegates.

As soon as the calls for these State and district conventions are out the party committees of the different counties, or other sub-divisions of the State, get together and provide for the choice of delegates from their respective counties to the different State and Congressional conventions. The calls of the county committees are issued to the different precinct committees or precinct heads, who in turn summon the voters of their respective voting districts to assemble in caucuses or at primary election to choose the delegates who are to speak for them, and to instruct them how they want them to speak.

The promulgation of the calls of the national committees, therefore, like the pressing of an electric button, starts up the whole gigantic machinery of party organization, communicating the motion from the top down, from wheel to wheel and cog to cog, until it reaches the individual elector of each party, who in theory, at least, decides the destinies of candidates as well as of the nation.

Every intelligent American citizen knows that he never casts a vote for President or Vice-President. He knows that the President and Vice-President are chosen by Presidential

electors, bound by some sort of unwritten law to vote for the nominees of their respective parties. But few realize just how the force of public opinion is centred and fixed to bring about this result—namely, that all the Republican Presidential electors shall vote for one and the same man, and that all the Democratic electors shall vote for one and the same man. The power behind this unwritten law is the party organization representing the great political divisions of the people, made effective by their nominating conventions.

When the national committee, which is the board of directors, of one of these great political parties convenes to arrange the details of the nominating convention, great emphasis is laid upon the fact that the Republicans are to meet in Chicago on June 16, or that the Democrats are to meet in Denver on July 7, yet the time and place of holding the convention are the least important points to be determined.

THE NATIONAL CONVENTION AN AMERICAN INSTITUTION.

These nominating conventions of the great political parties are institutions peculiar to our American Republic, gradually evolved to meet the exigencies of the unique method provided by our Constitution for choosing a new President and a new Vice-President every four years. Our first Presidents were not formally nominated at all, but received the votes of the Presidential electors of their respective parties by a sort of spontaneous common consent. Later the nominating machinery consisted of resolutions of indorsement of a "favorite son" by the Legislature of his State, or its delegation in Congress, empha-

sized by repetition in other legislatures or mass meetings; and still later it consisted of a caucus to which all the members of Congress of the same political affiliation were invited. The Congressional caucus could at best poorly represent the rank and file of the party, because it included only members from those States and districts which were represented in Congress by members of that political faith, and left entirely unrepresented those States and districts whose Congressional delegations were made up of members of other political parties. That these crude methods of choosing a party standard-bearer should prove unsatisfactory and eventually break down was inevitable.

The genesis of our national nominating convention, modeled after similar conventions in the States, dates from 1832, when the first Democratic National Convention was held, in which each State was given representation and was allowed the same number of votes as was accorded to it in the Electoral College. The first Republican convention was held in 1856, without any uniformity of representation or manner of choosing delegates—in reality a mass convention with few of the Southern States participating. Not until the convention of 1860 did the Republicans give a voice to the Territories and to the District of Columbia, which were still excluded from the Democratic organization. To-day both the great political parties are truly national organizations to the extent of participation by all who profess allegiance to their principles without regard to residence in the States of the Union, which alone have votes in the Electoral College.

BASIS OF REPRESENTATION.

It will be found, however, on close inspection, that the theories of organization back of the two great political parties differ precisely as do their theories of government. The Republican party is centralized in structure, yet with individual responsibility, while the Democratic party places emphasis upon State sovereignty and leaves to the subordinate organiza-

tions of the different States a large measure of autonomy. Mere reading of the calls issued by the national committees will show, in spite of similarity in the apportionment of delegates, a certain significant divergence. The ratio of apportionment adopted by the Republicans is four delegates-at-large from each State; two, delegates for each Representative-at-large in Congress; two delegates from each Congressional district, each of the Territories, each of the insular possessions, and the District of Columbia. The Democratic apportionment entitles each State to double the number of its Senators and Representatives in Congress, and each Territory, the District of Columbia and insular possessions, except the Philippines, to six delegates. This makes the membership of the coming Republican convention consist of 980 delegates, with 401 the necessary majority to nominate, and the membership of the coming Democratic convention to consist of 1,002 delegates, with 668 the necessary two-thirds majority to nominate.

This basis of representation has never been completely satisfactory, and is admittedly open to serious criticism. This is particularly true with respect to the Republicans, because, in almost all the States known as the "Solid South," the Republican organization is chiefly a paper organization, maintained by federal office-holders and those who aspire to federal office, together with a few negro Republicans, who are not permitted to cast a ballot in the election. It has been mathematically computed that the vote of a Republican in certain Southern districts in its proportionate influence upon the party nominations is equal to from ten to fifty Republican votes in the Northern States. This situation is likewise prolific of double-headers and contests, and charges and counter-charges of corruption, which would be largely avoided if the basis of representation were more in conformity with the numerical strength of the party in the different States and districts.

Repeated but unsuccessful attempts have been made to remedy these de-

fects by changing the basis of representation. The most serious attempt came in the meeting of the Republican National Committee, held in 1883, where two propositions were presented for consideration—one, retaining the four delegates-at-large for each State and one delegate for each Congressional district, and giving an additional delegate for a certain number of votes for the Republican candidate at the preceding Presidential election; the other, retaining the four delegates-at-large and one delegate for each Congressional district, and giving an additional delegate for each Republican member of Congress. The last proposal of this kind was submitted at the meeting of the committee in 1890, but it was not pressed, and the committee four years later took another step toward further over-weighting the provinces by increasing the representation of the Territories and the insular possessions from two delegates to six delegates—a step which was retraced by the committee at its meeting last December.

It should be explained that the proportional basis of representation thus contended for prevails in both parties within the States in the make-up of State conventions, although no party has had the courage to apply it to its national convention. It should further be explained that the defense of the present disproportionate basis rests upon a plea that in those States and districts where the party is in the minority participation in the conventions is the only privilege which its members enjoy, and that in this way alone are they able, by indirectly influencing the selection of the party nominee, to have anything to say in the choice of a President.

The unit of representation in the Democratic national councils is the State, and each State is left untrammelled to choose its delegates as it pleases and to subject them to such instruction as may be desired. The State is the unit of representation in the Republican convention only for delegates-at-large, and the Congressional district is the unit of representation for the district delegates. The

Republicans, furthermore, insist that whatever method of choosing delegates may be adopted, the Republican electors of each Congressional district must be permitted to choose the delegates to represent their district without interference by Republicans of other districts.

All this was fought out and definitely established in the Republican convention of 1880, when what is called the "Unit Rule," which has prevailed in Democratic conventions from the first, was rejected, and the principle of individual reasonableness affirmed. Resolutions of instruction, therefore, adopted by a Republican State convention apply only to delegates-at-large, chosen by that convention, and not to the delegates chosen to represent the various Congressional districts of the same State, who are subject only to the instructions duly given by the Republican electors of their respective districts. While the delegates-at-large or the district delegates are answerable to the Republicans of their respective States or districts, for fidelity to instructions, the Republican National Convention will not assume to enforce obedience to instructions by any delegate who seeks to break away from them. In a word, a delegate to the Republican National Convention may vote his personal preference on any question and have it so recorded, irrespective of conditions imposed upon him by his constituents.

In the Democratic National Convention precisely the opposite rule prevails, and the convention itself will require the execution of any mandate properly given by the Democratic State Convention by which the delegates are commissioned. To be more explicit, the unit rule which governs in the Democratic organization requires all the votes of any State, which has so ordered, to be cast as a unit as the majority of the delegates may decide, and the only record which an individual delegate is entitled to have is the record of the poll of the delegation that determines whether he is in the majority or in the minority.

Hon. James Dunsmuir

Who recently gave his assent to the Natal Act.

A MAN of homely ways and plain speech is Hon. James Dunsmuir, Lieutenant-Governor of British Columbia, who, after vetoing the Natal Act last year, quite recently gave his assent to the measure. The Natal Act imposes an educational test upon all immigrants entering the Province and was especially designed to shut out the Japanese and Hindus from the Pacific province. It has, however, been declared ultra vires by the Supreme Court of the Province.

But apart from his refusal to sign the Act and his assent subsequently, the occupant of the gubernatorial chair in British Columbia is an interesting and somewhat picturesque figure. He is a multi-millionaire, a shrewd, progressive man, a most hospitable host, and eminently practical in all things. He is fifty-seven years of age, and has lived all his life in the West. By a curious accident he is American born, first seeing the light of day on the rocky coast of Oregon. His father, Hon. Robt. Dunsmuir, and his mother were en route from Scotland to the coal mines of Vancouver Island, when their ship was driven for shelter into one of the harbors of the coast of Oregon, and the future Governor was born in that State.

As a politician, as a former premier of the Province, he was not a shining success; and was never regarded as a partisan. At best he is but an indifferent speaker, and, while occupying the office of first minister, gained the sobriquet of "The Silent Premier." He had a most pronounced dislike to appearing on the public platform. Mr. Dunsmuir has immense commercial and railway interests. He lives quietly at the Govern-

ment mansion at Carey Castle. He married the daughter of a well-known Southerner, and is the happy parent of a large family.

Mr. Dunsmuir was appointed Governor of British Columbia in 1906, succeeding Sir Henri Joly de Lotbiniere.

A recent despatch from Victoria



HON. JAMES DUNSMUIR
Lieutenant-Governor of British Columbia.

conveys the following information: Hon. Mr. Dunsmuir gives categorical denial to rumors afloat to the effect that he intended to ask to be relieved from duties of Lieutenant-Governor of British Columbia. He states that within the next few days he will ask for four months' leave, when he intends going to England to take possession of the new steam yacht *Donausa*, which is building for him there. He will then go on a yachting tour to the Mediterranean, returning here early in August.

The American Invasion of Canada

The reason that hundreds of thousands from across the border seek new homes in the fertile Dominion—Americans and Canadians are the best of friends—Prosperity and plenty abound on all sides.

By J. Olivier Cornwall in *The Circle Magazine*

IT was in 1901 that I first came into personal intimacy with what was then popularly called the "Yankee invasion of Canada." I traveled 2,000 miles in a "colonists' car" crowded with men, women and children from Iowa and the two Dakotas; drank coffee boiled over a "community" stove, ate with them, became a partner to their new hopes and new ambitions, and for many weeks after that lived among the thousands of Americans who had already settled upon the fertile prairies of Saskatchewan and Alberta. When I returned to the States, it was with the conviction that the "Yankee invasion" was inevitably tending toward annexation. Everywhere I found the old home lore among Americans; I saw Fourth of July celebrated as enthusiastically in little communities of the almost unsettled prairies as in the villages and towns of my own State; I came in contact with the unexpressed rivalry existing between the "true subjects of the king" and the patriot invaders from beyond the border—and I was satisfied then that there was more truth than romance in the argument of the Conservatives that the Liberal policy of "drumming up immigration" was bound, sooner or later, to swamp Western Canada in an inundation of Yankees whose politics and "American tendencies" would not like a bootstrapping upon the destiny of the Dominion.

Twice during the next five years I went over the same scenes. I saw the log homes of 1901 turned into cattle-sheds and my friends of the emigrant-cars happy in the possession of

modern homes; I saw hustling villages and towns where before had been only mile-posts, gazed upon thousands of acres of wheat-land where before were only rolling prairie and forest. For hundreds of miles I rode horseback through regions settled only by Americans and Canadians. There remained little of the prejudice and rivalry of five years before. A new "political idea" was taking root in the West—an "idea" that brought Americans and Canadians together in fraternal neighborliness, and made their interests one. For the third time I returned to the States, and this time with a modified conviction. There would either be annexation or a new nation would rise in the North.

Once more I have viewed the results of the "invasion," and this time, after having witnessed its various phases for a period of seven years, there is but one conclusion to arrive at: The "new idea" has taken firm root. A new form of co-education is, and has been, at work in the Canadian West, and in every phase it spells the birth of a new nation. Unnumbered thousands of Americans—not bankrupt and indigent people seeking easily acquired homes, but industrious and ambitious farmers from the West and Middle West, with their deep-seated ideas of independence and their inborn hostility toward anything that smacks of "allegiance"—are mingling in general prosperity with other thousands of Canadians, whose ideas of citizen government, of law, and of social ethics can not but meet with their approbation; and these two

forces dovetailing in every-day life, meeting in the schoolroom, the church, and the home, are bringing about that "mean level" of thought which looks neither to Great Britain nor the United States for its trend, but which, in the words of an American mayor of one of the new towns of the West, "is digging out a channel of its own." Half a dozen years ago there was a powerful opposition in Canada to the Government's immigration policy; to-day, from the provinces of the East to the Pacific coast, that opposition is practically gone. The "Yankees" were feared before they came. Throughout Quebec and the East they were regarded by half of the population as the "American peril." Now the situation is vastly different, and can be realized fully only by those who have watched this gradual change in the sentiment of a nation. The Americans have come; they have built towns and villages, and have populated the prairies, but they have proved themselves pleasantly disappointing. And just as "pleasantly disappointing" have they found their Canadian brethren.

These facts, as I will attempt to show, have built up a condition in Western Canada which exists nowhere else in the world to-day, and to see which one must travel beyond the border towns and cities. It is in these border towns that numerous writers, and especially newspaper editors, gather that "material" which never fails to portray a feeling of jealousy and resentment on the part of Canadians toward Americans, and which has gradually engendered an apparent feeling of unfriendliness between the peoples of the two countries. This is eminently unfair. It gives a wrong picture of conditions as they are actually working out in Greater Canada. The border towns of the Dominion have always been jealous of the border towns of the United States, and there are very natural reasons for this.

Before describing conditions as I recently found them in the Canadian West, it may be best to give some idea of that great human mechanism which

is now working to attract settlers from the United States, and the results it is achieving. This human mechanism works directly from Ottawa. Its campaign in America is carried on as cautiously and with as much strategy and thought as though an actual war was being waged upon the Yankees; the movement has its commander-in-chief, its "cabinet," its generals, and its officers and men of the ranks. Its "fight for people" is centred in the United States. Canada is now unanimous in its desire for new citizens—and especially for Americans. They are even preferred to the English, as one will discover in almost every town or settled community of the great West. Consequently the campaign has never been more effective in the United States than at the present time. In the chief cities of eighteen States of the Union are situated the "great captains" of the Dominion Government's campaign for settlers. In other words, in each of these cities is a chief agent, and under these captains are a host of lieutenants, who are working ceaselessly in the building of the new nation. Every moment these men are on the watch for new ideas, new opportunities. Millions of copies of descriptive booklets, millions of maps and finely illustrated brochures, are circulated among the farmers. Alluring and costly exhibits of Canadian farm products are shown at the State and county fairs. Stereoscopic lectures, in which the vast opportunities of Western Canada are graphically described, are given in rural places. Thousands of dollars are spent in newspaper and farm-journal advertising. And the campaign does not cease here. From the Far West prosperous farmers are induced to make visits among their friends in the States. Their transportation is paid by the immigration department, and, in return, they tell these friends of the free homes, the plenty and prosperity, that await them in the new land. There is no fraud about this remarkable campaign for American settlers. The Canadian West is a land of great opportunity, and, consequently, the

immigration department can go to almost any length in its inducements. One of its favorite schemes is to form a party of half a dozen or a dozen representative farmers in a certain district and send them through the West, where they are royally treated and their expenses paid. Nine times out of ten these parties return to the States enthusiastic about the new country and its people, and new settlers are the result.

Not until one has traveled from end to end of the Canadian West, not until one has actually lived among the settlers, eaten with them, talked with them, and slept under their roofs, does one realize that this campaign of the Dominion Government in the United States is not what I might call indiscriminate. In other words, Canada is, in a way, selecting her new citizens from across the border. The policy of the immigration department is to work in the most prosperous farming communities—to send into the West settlers, not poverty-stricken and indigent, but with flocks and herds, and estate of their own. Statistics go to prove this. During the years ending June 30, 1907, 50,654 American settlers went into Canada, and with them they took property valued at fourteen million dollars, an average of more than \$250 for every man, woman and child who left the States.

In view of this apparent prosperity of the majority of those who leave their American homes for a new West the questions naturally arise: Why do they go? What are the reasons or the attractions that induce hundreds of thousands of Americans to seek new homes across the border?

There are several "popular" and easily understood reasons for the exodus. The Dominion Government gives a settler absolutely free 160 acres of land, and that settler may choose the location of his own home; and when these 160 acres of land are under cultivation, with good barns and a residence upon them, this man's taxes will not exceed \$10 or \$15 a year. If there is but one settler living in a certain district, and that settler possesses

eleven or more children, the Government will build a school for him. In other words, there must be a school in any district that boasts of eleven children; and, moreover, if this school has an average attendance of six during the year, it is entitled to an annual grant from the Government, a grant which covers teacher's salary and nearly every other expense of the school.

There are other and potent reasons for the emigration. While traveling westward from Winnipeg in a "colonist" car, I became very well acquainted with a family of seven from Iowa—three strapping sons, two daughters and the parents. They were of the most intelligent class of farmers, unusually prosperous, and there seemed to be not the slightest reason in the world for their leaving their fine old farm back in Marshall County, less than fifty miles from Des Moines. I asked the head of the family for his reason, and he said:

"Well, you see, it's this way: As long as the boys were young, the old farm was big enough. But now all three of them want to start out for themselves. I didn't want to see them go to work as 'hired help,' and the farm wasn't big enough to split up into four shares. So we figured that if we sold it for \$5,000 and went up into Canada, every one of us would have a 160-acre farm with homes on them, and we'd all be together."

This is one reason that I found in almost every Western community that I have visited. In Western Canada the eighteen-year-old son is given a big farm free, and, by emigrating, the father at once sees him on the road to prosperity. The opportunities now open in the West are tending toward bringing about another interesting condition—the stemming of the rash of rural young men into American cities. Last year 14,000 of those who crossed the border were young men, between the ages of eighteen and twenty-five, and during the coming year the immigration department of the Dominion plans on making a powerful effort to draw twice that

number of farm boys into Saskatchewan and Alberta.

I have found among Americans in Western Canada another reason for their emigration, and one which it is not pleasant for an American to dwell upon. I have found considerable dissatisfaction with the States. "Back in the States the farmer has to raise five dollars' worth of produce in order to earn one dollar for himself," said an Ohio man who emigrated to Manitoba four years ago. "It's constant graft from the time you take your potatoes or your fruit to the station until you receive your check; and while apples, for instance, are selling at panic prices in the city, the farmer isn't offered enough to pay him for picking them up from the ground. The American farmer who is near enough to a big city to market his own stuff can make a mighty good living, but it's hard for the fellow who has to ship. Up here it's different. Every man owns his own farm, and it is big enough to enable him to make a good living even if prices should go low." But the dissatisfaction of American colonists in the Canadian West does not go beyond conditions. I do not wish to imply that our emigrating people, the expatriates in the true sense of the word, have lost a whit of the love for the land they are leaving. But, at the same time, one will not find five settlers in a hundred who favor annexation, and I do not believe there is one out of fifty of the older settlers but who would vote against it were such a proposition put before them. This is not because they prefer British citizenship, which in reality is a thorn in their side. I do not believe that it is generally understood in the States that the American emigrant who takes up a homestead in Canada must become a British citizen. This, however, is true. Before a settler is given his patent or deed, he is compelled to discard American citizenship and swear allegiance to the crown, thus becoming, in word and fact, "a subject of the king." As a result of this, the voting power of Americans in Western Canada is becoming tre-

mendous. For nearly 1,000 miles westward from Winnipeg, along the line of the Canadian Pacific, the population of the towns and country is more generally American than that of the State of New York, and Alberta, especially from the border northward to Edmonton, might be regarded as a typical American State. Between Calgary and Edmonton, a distance of 200 miles, one may travel along the line of the railroad from house to house and five out of every six people encountered are Americans. Forty thousand people from the States have settled the country between these two towns. Both Calgary and Edmonton are hustling American cities, and so are a score of smaller towns ranging northward from the Montana border. Many of these places, from Winnipeg to the Far West, have reeves and councils made up of men who four or five years ago were tilling the fields or keeping store in the States, and in church and school life, as well as in politics, American influence is everywhere apparent. There are at the present time between 375,000 and 400,000 American settlers from Winnipeg west, with a possible voting population of 100,000, a percentage which is naturally high because of the fact that thousands of men without families are seeking their fortunes there. Of these 100,000 males above 21 years of age, it is estimated that at least 40,000 have already become British citizens, and the others will undoubtedly "swear allegiance" as soon as their three years of residence in the country expires and they are ready for their patents.

And what does this great army of American voters in Western Canada signify? What will be the ultimate result of the controlling influence they are now exerting in Western Canadian politics, and which they will continue to exert more and more each year? These are questions of tremendous interest to the people of the States, and they bring us at once to the unusual condition which now exists beyond the border. The hundreds of thousands of Americans in the

West do not consider that they have merely adopted a new country; instead, the sentiment is general among them that they are making a new country, and that they are co-partners, on equal terms of ownership and rights, with their Canadian neighbors who have emigrated from the Eastern Provinces of the Dominion. They do not regard themselves as aliens, but as pioneers—the first conquerors of the soil; and, singular as it may seem, they even speak of the foreign immigration that is coming in as a steadily increasing flood from Europe into their country. Their Canadian neighbors have ceased to regard them as invaders, and both are unanimous in the opinion that the immigrants from Europe are the most undesirable of all that are coming into the country. The Canadian prefers an American, and the American a Canadian, to any other neighbor—unless it is one of their own people.

Everywhere through this new West one finds prosperity and plenty. In no better way is this proved than by the building of railroads. In 1881 there were only seventy-five miles of railroad in Manitoba and the West. To-day 8,000 miles are completed and in service, and despite the fact that her railway mileage per capita is already greater than that of any other country on earth, there are to-day 9,000 miles of new lines under contract or construction in Canada, and most of it in the West.

All along these lines new towns and cities have sprung up, and are springing up, with remarkable rapidity. And these are "colonist cities" in every sense of the words. They have little in sympathy with the Eastern Provinces, and even less with the States. Their "builders" already regard the West as Greater Canada; the towns and cities are of their own making, and the work has aroused a new national sentiment in both Americans and Canadians, that sentiment which will ultimately give birth to a great republic on our north. Municipal ownership is triumphing to a marked degree, and the liquor question is being handled as in no other place in

the world. Every American and Canadian townsman and farmer in the West is interested in this liquor question, and, as a result, the traffic is absolutely in the control of the people. From Manitoba to the Rockies, a distance of 800 miles, there is not a single saloon! The only place where one can get liquor is at a hotel bar, and a hotel must be of a certain size, with a certain number of rooms, before a license will be issued to it.

Perhaps the most striking proof that I have encountered of the amalgamation of the Canadian and American colonists into one people, with the same interests, and to a great extent the same ambitions, is in their social intercourse. When I went into Western Canada seven years ago, the national prejudices, bred and encouraged by the Eastern newspapers of both countries, was very manifest, and I found Canadians preferring the English, and the Americans mingling socially almost exclusively among themselves. Such things as "American clubs," Fourth-of-July cliques, etc., were quite common, and the Canadian sons of the soil were prone to regard the "Yankees" as aliens, immeasurably less to be preferred than their English cousins. During the course of seven years, however, this feeling has completely changed, and I have met scores of colonists, both American and Canadian, who believe that they should join in setting aside a "great day," to be celebrated in the manner of Fourth of July or the Queen's Birthday, but which should be exclusively typical of the West. In many of the towns there are now business and social clubs made up both of Canadians and Americans, and in the rural districts neighborhood organizations promote good fellowship.

I believe the strongest and the truest epitome of the situation in the Canadian West to-day was given to me by a Canadian settler at Moose Jaw. For five years he had lived in the States, and he said to me:

"If they say back in the States that Canadians and Americans are not the best of friends out here in the West,

tell them that they are mistaken; and if they won't believe that they are mistaken, tell them that they are fools, or—that they lie!"

This is pretty strong, but it paints the picture as it exists to-day—the

picture of a great nation in the making, a nation which will neither care annexation nor pride itself on allegiance to a crown, but which will, sooner or later, take a front seat among the republics of the world.

Another Band of Steel Across the Dominion

Trans-Canada railway project has by no means been dropped — Character of the country through which this road will pass — Place and traffic for more transcontinental lines.

THE railway development of Canada has been enormous. Great as have been the ramifications of the lines of steel in the past, it is confidently expected that the total mileage will double in the next ten years.

The Dominion has now over 22,000 miles of railway lines, and some figures relating thereto may not be amiss. The C. P. R. mileage in Canada, according to the last return, was 10,830; the G. T. R. mileage in Canada is 5,228 miles; the Intercolonial Railway, owned by the Government, is 1,859 miles in length, while the Government owned road in Prince Edward Island is 287 miles. One-third of Canada's railroad mileage is in the West. In addition to the foregoing, there are numerous other lines, notably the Canadian Northern, not taken into consideration, except in the aggregate. Think of over 22,000 miles of road to-day, and only 3,000 at the time of Confederation, forty-one years ago.

In a few years the broad Dominion will be spanned from ocean to ocean by three great railways. One has been completed for several years, and two others are being pushed rapidly forward—the Grand Trunk Pacific, which will be 3,600 miles long, and will cost \$125,000,000, and the Canadian Northern, which two years ago had 2,100 miles of road in operation. While we may talk of tariff policies, fiscal reform, and legislative measures

of various kinds, yet, after all, the most important problem, which Canadians have to face to-day, is that of transportation. Men, who gaze into the future, who dream beyond the horizon, believe that there will be business a-plenty for all the transportation systems now finished, in process of construction, or in contemplation. The vast yield in the West will keep all lines busy, and furnish business faster than promoter, capitalist or government can provide railways.

In an address recently delivered by the Canadian Prime Minister, he declared that another road to the Pacific Ocean would be commenced before the Grand Trunk Pacific was completed. This is believed to be the Trans-Canada. A few years before the Grand Trunk Pacific policy was announced, the Trans-Canada road was originated. The line has by no means been abandoned, although in a rather quiescent state for some years.

By an Act of the Parliament of the Dominion of Canada, passed in the year 1895, a charter was granted for the construction of this railway from a point at or near Quebec to the Pacific Ocean at Port Simpson or Port Esquimaux. This charter was amended in 1897, chapter 65, so as to provide for the commencement of the works not later than 29th June, 1901, and for their completion within ten years from the passing of the Act, and

granting power for the construction of a branch line to Montreal.

In February, 1901, the president and other representatives of the Quebec Board of Trade and of the company, had an interview with Sir Wilfrid Laurier and submitted a memorial, setting forth the advantages of the railway at considerable length.

The Government recognized the merits of the project and submitted to Parliament a subsidy bill, which was duly ratified, granting a subsidy of \$3,200 per mile—or \$192,000—in aid of the first sixty miles of the railway from Roberval westward, to be increased to \$6,400 per mile, should the cost be in excess of \$15,000 per mile to that extent.

In a recent interview, Mr. J. G. Scott, of Quebec City, one of the original promoters, declared that the Grand Trunk Pacific had not dealt the Trans-Canada project a death-blow as many supposed. Mr. Scott is most enthusiastic and optimistic over the enterprise, and remarked: "If carried out, as we hope it will be, it will form another steel band uniting Western and Eastern Ontario, thus helping to prevent the breaking apart which the influence of a railway system concentrated on the United States boundary at Winnipeg might otherwise bring about."

"We are asking Parliament to extend the time stipulated for the expenditure of fifteen per cent. of the capital, it happening that our expenses, although very considerable for surveys and other matters, have not yet reached the amount fixed by the charter," added Mr. Scott. "If Parliament accedes to our demand, we hope that the Trans-Canada will be built, and as the route selected by its promoters is from one to three hundred miles to the north of the Grand Trunk Pacific, it will consequently be the shortest one between the head of navigation on the Saguenay and the Pacific Ocean.

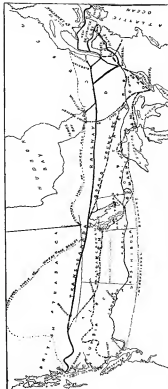
"It may seem extravagant to talk of another transcontinental, but we are assured that there is still a place and traffic for another. As a matter

of fact, the wheat zone in the Canadian Northwest extends four hundred miles north of the proposed line, which passes to the north of Lake Winnipeg and some three hundred miles from the American frontier, so that, as a military line, it would be surer than any other means of communication between the east and west of our Dominion."

The promoters have agreed to construct the road with steel rails and steel bridges of Canadian manufacture, and, in a petition to the Dominion Government seven years ago, on certain financial conditions being stipulated, they further covenanted to carry wheat from all points on its line in the Province of Manitoba to the ocean steamer at Chicoutimi or Quebec for nine cents per bushel, thus saving the farmer of Manitoba about seven cents per bushel on present freight rates to the seaboard, and also to give free transportation from Quebec to any point on its line for all immigrants and bona fide new settlers and their effects.

Other interesting facts have been set out in the prospectus of the company. Regarding soil, recent explorations prove in the James Bay territory the land is equal to that of the St. Lawrence valley. That of the immense Peace River valley is well known for its fertility, and present information goes to show that the country between James Bay and Lake Winnipeg, and between Lake Winnipeg and Peace River, is also excellent. So that it may be said that the whole country from the Saguenay to the Rockies is fit for settlement and for the raising of cereals, and could support a population of many millions, sufficient, in fact, if the zone between this line and the C. P. R. were settled, to raise breadstuffs for the British Isles, and make them independent of all foreign countries.

The reports of the Geological Department indicate that this country is rich in minerals. The best of iron is found in the James Bay country, together with lignite coal and copper. The district north of Peace River



The Proposed Route of the Trans-Canada Railway.

abounds in petroleum, and the country between the Rockies and the Pacific coast in bituminous and anthracite coal, gold and copper, and a branch from this line would offer the shortest route on Canadian soil to the Yukon gold fields should a railway ever be needed to that country. The James Bay district and the country east and west of Lake Winnipeg are timbered with the best of spruce, and the rivers abound in water-powers to convert this timber into pulp and paper.

In the event of hostilities with our neighbors, which it is sincerely to be hoped may never occur, the present C.P.R. line could be broken in twenty places in a week, and communication would never be restored. The proposed line being from 300 to 600 miles from the frontier, protected by fleets at Quebec, Saguenay, Nottaway and Port Simpson, would be impregnable, and for this reason should receive the support of the British Government. This support need not be costly, as the price of a battleship per annum would pay the interest on the cost of the whole undertaking.

The distance from Quebec to Vancouver, B.C., by the C.P.R., is 3,078 miles. When the Trans-Canada road

is undertaken and completed—as those who have faith in Canada believe it will be before the next decade—the distance from Quebec City to Port Simpson will be 2,830 miles, or from Chicoutimi to Port Simpson, 2,705 miles.

The main feature in connection with the presentation of the foregoing facts is that Mr. J. G. Scott, acting general manager of the road, as well as the original promoters, do not intend to allow the project to drop. Its benefits and advantages might be more fully pointed out, but enough has been presented to demonstrate that the undertaking—vast as it is—is not visionary in character or impossible of achievement. The scheme is still very much alive, and, ere many years roll by, another band of steel will traverse a portion of Canada, of whose possibilities too little has been learned.

New agricultural, mineral and forest regions will be opened up, and each year we will know more of that great heritage with which we have been so richly endowed, and the blessing of which succeeding generations should enjoy and more fully appreciate.

You must originate, and you must sympathize; you must possess, at the same time, the habit of communicating and the habit of listening. The union is rather rare, but irresistible.

—Bensonfield

The Place Where Your Money is Made

The Royal Mint at Ottawa now in full operation—Machinery is of most modern type—Different processes through which coins pass before they are put in circulation.

THE new sandstone and granite Royal Mint, surrounded by a fence of regulation height, is now in operation. All the machinery is the best that money can buy, and the accuracy of each machine is its strong point. The machinery is of the most modern type, and embraces many improvements which are not to be found in any other similar institu-

tion used to melt nickel or aluminum. Fig. 1 is a view of the melting furnaces showing condensing chamber and acid and water tanks. Before melting, the metal is granulated by being heated and poured into tanks of water, which are situated under the iron plating at the left of the foreground. The condensing chamber baffles the gases, reduces their veloc-



Fig. 1—Melting Furnaces, Condenser Chamber, Acid and Water Tanks

tion in the world. The ideas of A. H. W. Cleave, mechanical engineer and mint superintendent, have been incorporated in their design.

As the material is required it is weighed on scales which weigh accurately to one one-hundredth part of an ounce, mixed in proper proportions, and is placed in a crucible in one of the four Rockwell furnaces. These crucibles are made of clay and plumbago, and hold ninety pounds. The furnaces burn crude oil with a steam blast, and the temperature can be regu-

lated, and the dust is deposited and the particles of gold and silver which have been carried from the crucibles are recovered. At the mint in Philadelphia no less than \$12,000 was saved in this way last year.

A trolley above the furnaces facilitates the handling of the metal, which is poured into a set of molds. These molds are plunged into nitric acid and then into water. The molds are trimmed by shears and rotary files and each one is tested before operations are proceeded with. Fig. 2 shows the

interior of assay department and the furnaces where the tests are made. After the crucibles and their covers have been used about twenty times, they are ground up, and the precious metal adhering to them is recovered.

THE ROLLING PROCESS.

The bars, when approved by the analyst, are sent to the rolling mill, made by Taylor & Challen, and passed through fifteen ton rolls from eight to ten times. This rolling mill is a great improvement on some of the cumbersome machines

right of Fig. 3. They are carried on three revolving chains and become red-hot. The fuel is crude oil, with steam at sixty pounds pressure. When the bars emerge from the furnace they pass under a sheet of water and do not oxidize. They are then passed through a thinning mill, shown in the foreground in Fig. 4. Adjustments on these rolls allow the machine to be adjusted so that the coins do not vary more than two ten-thousandths. The bars are then drawn through small rolls to an accuracy of one ten-thousandth of an inch. This machine



Fig. 3.—Copel and Melting Furnaces in Assay Department.

now in use in some mints. The rolls are fourteen inches in diameter, sixteen inches long and run at forty revolutions per minute. This rolling mill is shown in Fig. 5. The greatest possible care was taken in the design and manufacture of this massive machine, and rolls to within five ten-thousandths of an inch. A thirty horse-power motor furnishes the power for the operation of this machine.

The rolling renders the metal brittle, and the bars are passed through an annealing furnace, shown on the

right of Fig. 3. They are carried on three revolving chains and become red-hot. The fuel is crude oil, with steam at sixty pounds pressure. When the bars emerge from the furnace they pass under a sheet of water and do not oxidize. They are then passed through a thinning mill, shown in the foreground in Fig. 4. Adjustments on these rolls allow the machine to be adjusted so that the coins do not vary more than two ten-thousandths. The bars are then drawn through small rolls to an accuracy of one ten-thousandth of an inch. This machine

is known as a fillet, and is shown in the foreground of Fig. 5. It is supplied by Greenwood & Bately, Leeds, England. The coins are then ready to be blanked. A trial blank is made and if satisfactory this work is proceeded with. Fig. 6 affords a view of the three automatic blanking presses, each of which has a capacity of three hundred per minute. The machine shown in Fig. 7 raises a ridge around the coin to protect the impression and has a capacity of six hundred per minute.

The punching hardens the metal,

THE PLACE WHERE YOUR MONEY IS MADE

and it is passed through another Rockwell annealing furnace with oil as fuel. The coins are passed through the heat by means of a rotating screw

THE COINING ROOM.

The finishing operation is in the coining room proper, where the impressions are made on the coins.

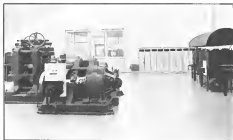


Fig. 5.—Breaking-Down Mill and Fillet Annealing Furnaces.

and drop into water, so do not tarnish.

The next operation is to revolve them in a solution of sulphuric acid in a pyramid revolving mill and then passes them through hot and cold water baths. They are dried by roll-

There are three Taylor & Challen presses, shown in Fig. 8, running at from thirty to one hundred revolutions per minute, the speed being controlled by electric controllers. They can be run by gear or belt drive from

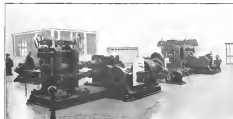


Fig. 6.—Rolling Mills, Fillet Annealing Furnaces on Right.

ing in sawdust in a rotating tumbling barrel for ten minutes, and are then separated by screens and the sawdust is dried and used again.

their motors, and a five horse-power motor furnishes the power to each. In machines of this kind, built previous to these, if the blanks ran out the

dies would come together and be destroyed. The Canadian coining presses machines are automatically stopped. This press is the first of its kind ever



Fig. 3—General View of Rolling and Adjusting Room, Showing Draw-Beach, Automatic Press, Cutter and Anneal Room.

to avoid accidents of this kind, have been fitted with non-clashing attachments, the invention of Superintendent in a Government mint. The capacity is one hundred coins per minute.

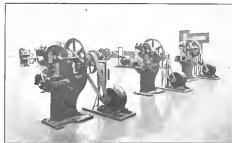


Fig. 4. Machines in Cutting, Adjusting and Marking Department.

dest Cleave, so that should the supply of blanks accidentally give out, the After the impression has been given to the coins they go to the testing

room, where every coin is separately weighed to one-hundredth part of a minute, and those of proper weight are dropped in one compartment,



Fig. 5—Marking Machine and Stronghold Door.

grain on automatic weighing machines. There are four and they are of a very delicate character, mounted on a solid bed of concrete ten feet while the others are dropped into another to go through the process again. These are passed through the de-lining machine shown on the right of



Fig. 6—The Coining Press.

thick to prevent vibration. Each machine will weigh twenty coins in a Fig. 9, so that they cannot by any mistake become current coin. Be-

fore being weighed they are placed on the revolving belt shown in Fig. 9. This reverses the coin and on separate combinations open the doors. The doors, though they weigh 7,500 pounds, swing easily. A counting

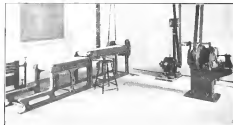


Fig. 9. Overlooking and Defining Machine in Weighing and Examining Room.

operator can see that both sides are perfect before they go to the weighing machines.

The good coins, when weighed, are dropped into bags, ready for deposit

machine counts the coins into bags; and this is unique, as in London the coins are counted by weighing.

Power is received from the Ottawa Electric Company at 2,140 volts, and



Fig. 10. Baker House and Smith's Shop.

is reduced through oil transformers to 500 volts. The current is reduced to 110 volts for lights, and by a two-

folded through oil transformers to 500 volts. The current is reduced to 110 volts for lights, and by a two-

THE PLACE WHERE YOUR MONEY IS MADE

phase Canadian Westinghouse motor-generator set is changed to 220 volt, generated by two Leonard multi-tubular boilers. These are shown in

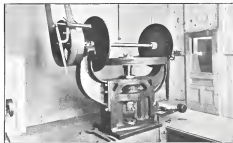


Fig. 11. The Slaking Press in the Department.

direct, for the motors. All the machinery, except in the machine shop, is driven by individual motor drive.

Fig. 10. Water is fed automatically by a Fairbanks-Morse pump. An injector and feed from city mains are

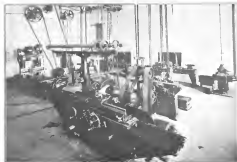


Fig. 12. Machine Shop, Showing Grader in Progress.

The steam used in the annealing and die-hardening furnaces, as well as that for heating the buildings, is also attached, forming three independent sources of boiler feed.

Adjacent to the boilers in the base-

ment is the southy, where is located a one-hundred-pound Fairbanks hammer, a Buffalo large and a Bersch shear, all shown in Fig. 12.

A forty-ton Taylor & Challen friction reversing die-sinking press, shown in Fig. 11, is used for making the dies. Each die is given three blows and after each blow it is annealed in an oil furnace. The die room is in an apartment alone. This press reverses automatically and is the only one yet installed where the operator does not have to watch the return motion. A light or heavy blow, as desired, may be struck with this friction screw press. Adjustments can be very accurately made and provision is made by means of collars for the wear of the screw.

In another department is the machine shop. This includes a Norton wet grinder, which is shown in the foreground in Fig. 12. This machine grinds accurately the rolls for the rolling mills and will grind a roll seventy-two inches long and fourteen inches in diameter. It is built especially for the work in the mint, as are

all the machines in the various departments. The equipment also includes a No. 13 Brown & Sharpe universal grinder, a No. 2 miller with a dividing head, a Bertram five horsepower planer, an automatic back saw, Barnes 21-inch drill, a Hamilton Tool & Optical Co. sensitive drill, McDougall heavy 16-inch gap-lathe, Pratt & Whitney 14-inch light lathe, and an R. A. Kelly shaper.

In each department special precautions are taken. The floors are of a special character, and the walls are two feet thick, reinforced with layers of steel, and even dynamite will not be able to disturb them.

Those in charge are Dr. D. Bonar, deputy-master; Mr. A. H. W. Cleave, M.I.M.E., superintendent; Mr. P. S. Roe, foreman of mechanical department, who installed the machinery; Mr. T. Mansell, foreman coining department, who has had twenty-seven years' experience in the Royal Mint, London; Mr. D. P. Bateman, foreman of melting department, who has had twenty years' experience in this line of work.

If thou wouldst fathom how love may
Its greater heights and depths reveal,
Ask neither joy, nor offering,
Nor service of another's zeal.

But give, give always, hour by hour,
No matter what the pain or price,
So shalt thou gain love's strengthholds, since
The heart of love is sacrifice.

—Charlotte Becker

Lively Reminiscences of the Backwoods

Narrative touching on the life of some sturdy specimens of manhood—Rough of speech and uncouth in manner their hearts are in the right place—Most thrilling experience at a funeral.

By F. M. De la Fosse

IT is to be regretted that no novelist or descriptive writer has as yet treated in a really intelligible manner the life of that sturdy specimen of manhood, the Canadian backwoodsman. From the days of Marryat and of Mrs. Moodie, down to the present, tales purporting to be descriptive of life in the backwoods have indeed emanated from the press, but they have dealt to a large extent with the doings of isolated families, and little is to be gleaned from their pages of the trend of existence in the forest homes of the Dominion.

Although the settler, to those who know him best, is a being somewhat below the heroic level where certain hysterical rhapsodists have tried to place him, he is, in the main, a fair representative of what is physically, if not morally excellent in man. His character partakes of the nature of his surroundings. He is often rough of speech and uncouth in his manner and bearing, and can, on occasion, run amuck of the Ten Commandments with as great skill and address as any of his more civilized brethren of the towns and cities; but his kindness and hospitality are proverbial, and in his daily battle for a livelihood he stands forth, the very incarnation of the twin virtues, Perseverance and Pluck. I know him well, for force of circumstances more than inclination caused me, at the outset of my career, to pass many years in the northern woods, where actual experience taught me something of the vicissitudes and trials of a settler's life. Fresh from England, and with insular ideas and prejudices deeply

rooted within me, the new life was a revelation. The section of land allotted to me was in a free grant district. It was situated forty-five miles from the terminus of a railway, and could only be reached on foot or by ox-wagon over the most villainous



A TYPICAL EARLY SETTLER

Who used to think nothing of carrying a load of fire on his back for twenty miles. His wife ran away from him several times but he always gave her as he expressed it, "a new welcome home."

road in existence. Many of my neighbors, new arrivals like myself, were in a state of the deepest poverty, and subsisted as best they could on a fare in which bread very often did not form one of the component features. Turnips and tea were the daily sustenance of more than one family, and

in order to procure even these necessities, the poor souls were obliged to tramp seven miles through the woods and carry them in on their backs. Often this task was allotted to the lady of the establishment, the husband being too busily employed in clearing the land to spare time for the errand. Women, also, and young girls chopped in the woods alongside their husbands and fathers, and helped, together with the smaller children, in the heavy labor of logging in the burnt fallows. But in every way possible, the settlers formed a community of interest, working shoulder to shoulder in the erection of their humble shanties and in getting small acreages ready for crop. In certain cases, two or three families shared one domicile and the filth and degradation engendered by such close association almost passed belief. One shack, at a liberal measurement, not more than six feet by twelve in size, held a family of seven. Their only furniture was a stove and the culinary outfit was limited to a frying pan, a pot with a hole in it and two or three cracked cups and saucers. The domestic arrangements of this household may be well left to the imagination.

ILLNESS ALMOST UNKNOWN

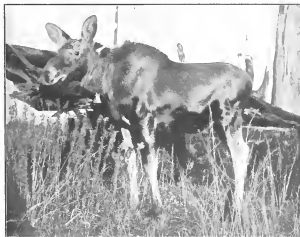
Doctors very rarely penetrated to our section. Illness was uncommon, and even when the need arose for the services of a practitioner there were individuals in plenty living amongst us ready and eager to fill the gap. There is nothing that appeals so much to the taste of your true backwoodsman as prescribing for another's ailments or participating with him in his woe. Some of these forest gnomes have been known to apply beef omentum to a cancer and to practice dentistry by the simple but effective use of a hammer and a three-inch nail. Men acted as obstetrical experts to their wives, and here and there a woman was to be found who dabbled in occult science and exorcised "the evil eye." Their diagnoses and prescriptions were of a nature to make an undertaker smile.

Many of them were hopelessly ignorant. Sprung from God knows where, many of them went to God only knows where, but here and there amongst them there certainly shone forth spirits of a superior type—men and women of education and refinement—for whom it was only a question of time ere the wretchedness of poverty should be transformed into the brightness of a prosperous and happy farm life. They were flowers of fragrance in a wilderness of weeds. That there were criminals and fugitives from justice living amongst us was early made evident. One quiet, unobtrusive gentleman, in particular, whose amiable disposition had made him a favorite in the section, caused quite a sensation by suddenly disappearing. But it was nothing to the excitement caused by the subsequent discovery that he had been spirited across the border on the charge of murdering a fellow workman, found guilty and executed.

Sunday services used to be held in different shanties which were generally well attended, and a certain wild-eyed being of heterodox ideas used to preach in the open air, and baptize his victims in the river, leaving them to dry themselves as best they could by a brisk walk through the woods. Amongst his flock was a shrewd-looking old hag who pretended to a knowledge of witchcraft and for a small consideration offered to remove the baleful influence of the "evil eye." The "evil eye" in one particular section was supposed to be operated by a certain Mrs. Patrick O'Brianigan, a detestable creature, who could have held her own in cursing and blasphemy with any blackguard in Christendom. If lovers proved faithless, butlers refused to churn, children died, or husbands levanted, Mrs. O'Brianigan was supposed to be at the bottom of the trouble, and the old bel-dame already mentioned was the one to whom sufferers turned for succor in their different afflictions. Her mode of procedure was a simple but horrible one. It consisted in the tying of knots in a rope and in the muttering of mysterious incantations dur-

ing the process. Every knot tied was supposed to cause a spasm of pain in the offender's diaphragm, and poor, disreputable Mrs. O'Brianigan would have had a hard time of it, indeed, had there been any virtue in the charm. There is much pathos, much humor in the settler's existence. How can it be otherwise when he leads a life of such unimaginable incident?

hills. But under those storm-worn crusts of earth lie also the remains of many a noble and heroic man, many a patient and long-suffering mother, who fought the battle of life prayerfully and well, and sank peacefully to their slumbers after the successful struggle. Unmarked by monument or inscription these graves stand on the bleak hillsides bearing



A young and vicious moose who got tangled up in a neighbor's wire fence. It was captured and kept in a small enclosure for a long time.

One has but to travel along any of the northern roads to note in many a clearing a little grass-grown plot surrounded by a picket fence. These mounds contain the tragedies of the backwoods. Heartbroken mothers of a bygone day, little infants, and suicides who found the strain too great to bear their strength and perished in their despair, lie under those desolate

eloquent testimony to the storm and stress of forest life.

HUMOR AT A FUNERAL

Occasionally the pathos and horror get so intermingled that it would be hard to distinguish which of the two preponderates. It was my fate once to be a participant in a funeral in which, although I could not see where

the humor came in, others held a different view altogether. A young fellow who had been married only a short time had died of consumption. It was in the early spring, the lakes and rivers had only been free of ice a few days and the low-lying lands lying between the cemetery and the lake habitation of the departed, were deeply flooded. In one particular place the lake had overflowed its banks to such an extent that there were from six to eight feet of water covering the road. Feeling that the mourners knew nothing of the real state of affairs, I rowed across the lake and poled my boat through the bushes to the flooded portion of the road to await the funeral cortege. Long before it came in sight the rough lumber waggon bearing the remains could be heard bumping over the rocks as the horses were driven slowly down the steep declivities. At last it came in sight with three or four mourners holding on to the coffin in order to prevent it jumping out on the road. When the party arrived where I was stationed, consternation sat on every face. At least one hundred yards of flood lay between them and the dry land on the opposite side. The horses could not possibly attempt to ford it; the only thing to be done was to transfer the shell to the boat and have it ferried across. The boat was a small one, and after some hesitation the party asked me to ferry the remains across. It was one of the hardest tasks I ever encountered. In some places the road had to be abandoned for a course through the bushes flanking it, owing to the presence of little raised ridges which caused the craft to strand in mid-stream. Submerged stumps and fallen timber obstructed my progress, but by constant use of an axe and by dint of alternate poling and pulling at the bushes, I managed at last to strike the opposite bank. Now came the great difficulty. It had taken four men to lift the shell into the boat and only one man was available to help me get it on shore.

Placing the boat alongside the bank we got each at one end, and with one foot on shore and the other in the boat lifted the shell. Just as we did so the boat shot away from the bank. There was no way out of it. It was a case of throwing the coffin into the water or going in ourselves, and we naturally chose the latter alternative. In we went, up to our necks, much to the joy of certain small archers and men who had arrived on the hillside just in time to see the mishap, but to the dire indignation of the mourners who looked upon the misadventure as a gross indignity to the dead. The man who had helped me scrambled out as quickly as he could and the first words he uttered, as soon as he had recovered from the shock of the cold water, were not words of Scripture.

Shivering as though seized with fifteen agues, I, too, got out and looked ruefully at the boat now some twenty feet away from the roadway. "How are we going to get it back?" I inquired. "Blamed if I know and blamed if I care," said the man wraithfully. "I wouldn't go into that water again, not if there was twenty coffins." No help was to be got from my friend, so, plunging into the icy water again I swam to the boat and towed it ashore. The hillside watchers had now arrived on the scene, and with very little trouble we unloaded the craft. Four separate trips had still to be made to fetch the mourners across, and when this task had been successfully accomplished there was still a walk of half a mile to the little wayside cemetery, partly along the road and partly through the forest. Sometimes through wet snow that took us to our knees, and at others over fallen planks and brushwood that lay thick in our pathway. But we got to the cemetery at last, and after the impressive funeral ceremony had been concluded, left our late companion to his long repose.

The Only Mound in the Dominion

Located on picturesque shores of Rice Lake—Visit paid to this interesting spot—Did race of Mound Builders ever exist?

AMONG archaeologists, antiquarians and even among the ordinary business men of to-day, much interest is centred in the history and development of the past. From time to time, there have appeared in the columns of the news-

Mr. David Boyle, referring to mounds, says: "There is apparently no more fascinating belief than that which attributes the construction of our American mounds to a semi-civilized and peacefully disposed race, which was ruthlessly exterminated by



THE OTGONAHK SHERPENT MOUND

Located at Mississauga Point, Rice Lake, and the only known mound in Canada. The serpent's tail is seen to the extreme right.

papers, announcements from various centres, that traces of the original Mound Builders have been discovered.

The history of mounds is an interesting one, has never failed to excite curiosity and to stimulate study. In an archaeological report for Ontario,

the savage Indian. It is a poetic belief. It affords material for homilies on man's inhumanity to man, and those who are fond of repeating the silly saying, that history repeats itself, find here a new world parallel to numerous old world events. It gratifies the survivors among us who de-

place the departure of the good old times, and affect to regard with deepest grief present-age degeneracy. It appeals to man's mythologic sense very powerfully; and it pleases people who are morbidly minded to picture to themselves the awful horrors that must have been inflicted on the poor, industrious, and happy mound-builder whose reeking scalp was torn from his head by blood-thirsty human fiends, who also destroyed homes, farms and gardens, and drove away herds of domestic cattle.

It seems vain to explain that the mound-builders could not have had cattle, for they knew not how to temper copper, that in mechanical skill they were not superior to Indians as we know them, and that a similar statement may be made regarding them as tillers, that morally and socially they do not appear to have been a superior people, and that they did not possess at all an elevated kind of religion.

It is probable that the majority of those who entertain so much reverence for the mound-builders and corresponding regret for their disappearance will die in the faith, and, indeed, it seems a pity to deprive them of what yields so much comfort.

Even, however, some of those who agree that the mass of evidence favors acceptance of the view that Indians were the mound-builders, write and speak as if the mounds were constructed by the same tribe of Indians. There is no more reason to believe this than that all the mounds were built at the same time. Face to face, as we are, with facts accumulated mainly during the last half century, if, indeed, it would not be more correct to say during the last quarter, we conclude that American mound-builders were not of one nation, nor were they of one way of thinking, even in the construction of the tumuli.

The musing of mounds, cairns and pyramids seems to be inseparable from human nature, embodying ideas of safety, strength, advantage, superiority, dignity, honor or worship, con-

nected with the living or with the dead.

In the pyramids of Egypt, we see the most marvelous examples of a proclivity which is typified in the children's game where one takes possession of a bank or sand heap, announcing that he is "king of the castle," and each of the other players is a "dirt rascal."

It is, perhaps, safe to affirm that the largest number of mounds have been made for burial purposes which were supposed to be the original motive in the construction of such earthworks, yet some of us are very much puzzled to account for the other very large number that do not appear to have had anything to do with human interments, and here, of course, are excepted such as were most probably defensive entrenchments. But there are people who without much hesitation prate fluently about "beacon mounds," "sacrificial mounds," "temple mounds," "sacred mounds," and so on, as if by the book. There are only two kinds of tumuli respecting which it is sometimes possible to speak with assurance as to their purpose and one as to its appearance. The former are burial and fortification works, and the latter what is known as "effigy," respecting an animal of some kind, man, beast or bird.

OTONABEE SERPENT MOUND.

The Busy Man's Magazine has much pleasure in presenting its readers with a picture of the Otonabee Serpent Mound, which is beautifully situated on Mizang's Point, near the mouth of the Indian River, on the north shore of Rice Lake, about ten miles east from Peterborough. This is the only mound of its character known in Canada, and has attracted widespread interest, not only from local residents, but from outside points. Mr. Boyle tells of a visit to this mound some years ago. He says the situation is one of the most commanding on the shore, the land rising with a sharp acclivity to a height not less than seventy or eighty feet from the water. Mr. Boyle says, as a

summer resort the situation is unsurpassed, and the laying out of a small park enclosing the Serpent Mound would add materially to the natural attraction. The interest that attaches to such work is of a general character. It extends even beyond the country in which they are found, and it would be shameful to either neglect them utterly or to let them remain in private hands. Unique as this Serpent Mound is, as far as the archaeology of Canada is concerned, there can be only one opinion with respect to its maintenance from disfigurement, and, perhaps, from demolition.

Mr. A. F. Hunter, M.A., in speaking of the widely-known Rice Lake Mound, says: "I visited Serpent Mound at Mizang's Point in Otonabee Township. A brief inspection was sufficient to convince me that Dr. Boyle's identification was the true one. Its artificial origin is quite obvious, because the surface of the ground in the neighborhood is regular and undisturbed by any glacial agency. Some questions might arise as to whether the zig-zag stretches which are equal in length were intended by the builders as the convolutions of a serpent, or were the result of accumulations of burial. This question was soon answered satisfactorily. First, the head is broadened and the tail is narrowed and ends in a point. Second, the entire mound is easily seen to be homogenous, having all been made at one time, and, therefore, not the growth of burials made at different times. So that every feature points to the conclusion that a serpent was the design intended to be formed. Fortunately, the mound is in a good state of preservation, and its chief features may be recognized without difficulty. The serpent appears to have been quite a common idea among the mound-building Indians. They often made use of the design in their ornaments, and there are several well-known effigy mounds. It should be added that one of the adjoining burial mounds is placed in front of the serpent so as to have the appear-

ance of an egg, the usual accompaniment of the serpent in aboriginal representations of that animal. The serpent mound is 138 feet long. To one feature in connection with all the Rice Lake mound groups, attention is directed to the fact that they are at the important points on the water-courses. To the question who were the builders of these Rice Lake mounds, Mr. Hunter says he can give no satisfactory answer. The only aboriginal occupants of this Province in historic times have been the Huron and Algonquin nations. If the mounds were the work of either, it is more probable that they were made by the pre-historic Algonquins amongst whom we may look for traces of the Mound-Builders, either as being direct descendants or as incorporating remnants of that lost race. In the Rice Lake region, I saw indubitable proof that there had lived in this Province aborigines who attempted construction of mounds having other shapes than the ordinary conical burial mounds or than earth-work fortifications.

As to the mound at Mizang's Point, Otonabee Township, taking the form of a serpent, it seems that a phenomena of the lower civilization was the spectacle of a man worshipping a beast. For various motives, the inferior animals, says a well-known authority, have become objects of veneration, ranking among the most important in the lower ranges of religion. Serpents held a prominent place in the religions of the world, as the incarnations, shrines or symbols of high deities. When it comes to be closely examined, the worship of the serpent does not seem so strange as it might, at first sight, appear. As was well remarked by an ancient author, the serpent alone of all animals, without legs or arms or any of the usual appliances for locomotion, still moves with singular celerity, and he might have added—grace, for no one who has watched a serpent slowly progressing over the ground with his head erect and his

body following apparently without exertion, can fail to be struck with the peculiar beauty of the motion. There is no jerk, no reflex motion, as in all other animals, even fishes, but a continual progression in the most graceful curves. The general form, too, is full of elegance, and their colors varied, and sometimes very beautiful, and their eyes bright and piercing. Then, too, the serpent can exist

for an indefinite time without food or apparent hunger. He periodically casts his skin, and as the ancients fabled, by that process renewed his youth. Add to this his longevity, which, though not so great as was often supposed, is still sufficient to make superstitions forget how long an individual may have been re- vanced in order that they may ascribe to him immortality.

The Greatest Inventor in the World

Brief glimpses into the marvelous career of Mr. Edison—
 Traits of his boyhood and reputation in early life
 —His wonderful perseverance and indomitable pluck.

THE dominance of mind over matter, the eternal persistence and stick-to-itiveness of an energetic nature under most trying and untoward circumstances are strikingly demonstrated in the marvelous career of Thomas Alva Edison, who a few weeks ago, celebrated his sixty-first birthday.

Edison is known by many names: "The Wizard of Menlo Park," "The



THOMAS ALVA EDISON

Electrical Genius," and "The World's Greatest Inventor."

A pocket edition of his life would send something like this: "At twelve a newsboy; at fifteen, telegraph operator; at twenty-one, inventor of the

stock-ticker, expecting \$5,000 from his invention, receiving \$30,000, fainting for the first time in his life, getting the cheque cashed, and stuffing every pocket full of money; at sixty-one, the highest honors conferred upon him—such is the record of the "famous American magician."

Edison flung an arm Titanic into the Everywhere and snatched that which none understood. That Great Mystery—electricity—which none can touch, nor see, nor hear, nor smell, nor taste, Edison harnessed. He made it yield light and heat and power for all the civilized world.

He first saw the light of day in the little town of Milan, Ohio. It is not generally known, perhaps, that his father, Samuel Edison, was a Canadian, being a native of Nova Scotia. He emigrated to Ohio in 1838, having, as a recent biographer says, "fled rather from Canada where he had fallen into disgrace through taking too active a part in the Papineau Rebellion. He owned land in the Dominion which he had received as a gift from the British Government, and when it became known that he also was among the rebels, the grant was forfeited, and Mr. Samuel Edison found it wise to make hasty tracks for the St. Clair River. In his flight

from Canadian territory he walked 182 miles without sleep, for his powers of endurance were no less remarkable than those which afterwards characterized his son.

On reaching Milan, Samuel Edison found that it was a town which would serve him well as a retreat, and he thereupon decided to adopt it as his future place of residence, eschew rebellion, and live in harmony both with government and neighbors. A few years later he married a pretty school teacher named Nancy Elliot, whom he had known in his Canadian days, rented a small house, busied himself in various enterprises and settled down to a peaceful, industrious and contented life."

Canada has, therefore, the honor of being the birthplace of the renowned inventor's parents, who did much to shape his character and mould his destiny. It is said that his father was fond of a good story, and that Edison inherited the humorous phase of his nature from him. The serious side came from his mother, for, during his early years he was always with her.

A MOTHER'S INFLUENCE.

"I did not have my mother very long," he said on one occasion, when talking to a newspaper representative, "but in that length of time she cast over me an influence which has lasted all my life. The good effects of her early training I can never lose. If it had not been for her appreciation and her faith in me at a critical time in my experience I should very likely never have become an inventor. You see my mother was a Canadian girl who used to teach school in Nova Scotia. She believed that many of the boys who turned out badly by the time they grew to manhood would have become valuable citizens if they had been handled in the right way when they were young. Her years of experience as a school teacher taught her many good things about human nature, and especially about boys. After she married my father and became a mother, she applied the same theory to me.

I was always a careless boy, and with a mother of different mental calibre, I should have probably turned out badly. But her firmness, her sweetness, her goodness, were potent powers to keep me in the right path. I remember I used never to be able to get along at school. I don't know what it was, but I was always at the foot of the class. I used to feel that the teachers never sympathized with me and that my father thought that I was stupid, and at last I almost decided that I must really be a dunce. My mother was always kind, always sympathetic, and she never misunderstood or misjudged me. But I was afraid to tell her all my difficulties at school, for fear she, too, might lose her confidence in me.

"One day I overheard the teacher tell the inspector that I was 'addled' and that it would not be worth while keeping me in school any longer. I was so hurt with this last straw that I burst out crying and went home and told my mother about it. Then I found out what a good thing a good mother was. She came out, as my strong defender. Mother love was aroused, mother pride wounded to the quick. She brought me back to the school and angrily told the teacher that he did not know what he was talking about, that I had more brains than he himself, and a lot more talk like that. In fact, she was the most enthusiastic champion a boy ever had, and I determined right then and there that I would be worthy of her and show her that her confidence was not misplaced. My mother was the making of me; she was true, so sure of me; and I felt that I had some one to live for, some one I must not disappoint. The memory of her will always be a blessing to me."

BOYHOOD PURSUITS.

When he was about eleven years of age it occurred to him that he might assist the family exchequer by engaging in some work, and after considerable opposition on the part of his parents he applied for and obtained the privilege of selling newspapers, books, magazines, candies, etc., on the

trains of the Grand Trunk Railroad. Even at this early age his inventive genius was to the front, and he appropriated an unused compartment of the train for a printing office and chemical laboratory, and here he published the first newspaper printed on a train. "The Weekly Herald," described as a little bit of a thing about the size of a ladies' handkerchief. This portion of the book, treating of the inventor's early upward career, though, perhaps, not the most important, it certainly was most entertaining. The author's chatty and agreeable style renders the record very interesting indeed. One day Edison unfortunately set fire to the compartment in which his printing office was, with the result that he, his laboratory, and printing press were checked out on the platform.

John Thomas, a well-known telegrapher, and a former resident of London, Ont., who died some time ago in Detroit, gave the "electrical wizard" his first start in life.

Shortly before his death, Mr. Thomas told the story of his acquaintance with the great inventor, a story that is of peculiar interest. The two first became acquainted when Thomas was a telegrapher at Fort Gratiot, now known as North Port Huron. Edison was about 15 years of age at that time and was selling papers on trains.

GAVE EDISON HIS FIRST LESSONS.

"He would run in and out of the station," said Thomas, "and in that way I grew to know him and to like him. I always called him Al and he called me Johnny. One day while I was copying a message, I noticed that he was observing my work with more than ordinary interest. I asked him if he would like to be a telegrapher and he replied that he was very anxious to learn.

"I gave him a few lessons and he learned the game like greased lightning. I saw that he had the makings of a first-class telegrapher and I informed the superintendent of my discovery. Edison was at once given a station at Stratford, Ont. That was

his start as a telegrapher. In 1876 I visited him at his home in Menlo Park, N.J., where he was living with his first wife. I was there for three days and he was the same old 'Al' we boys had used to know. The last time I visited him was at his home in Llewellyn Park, Orange, N.J. He had just completed the phonograph at that time and I remember what a comparatively crude affair it was.

HIS FIRST INVENTION.

"The first serious thing I invented," says Edison, "was a machine which would count the votes in Congress in a very few moments. It was a good machine, too, but when I took it to Washington they said to me:

"Young man, that's the last thing we want here! Filibustering and the delay in counting the vote are the only means we have of defeating bad legislation."

"My next practical invention was the quadruplex telegraph. I started in to work it on the Atlantic and Pacific telegraph line between Rochester and New York, but there was a chump at the other end of the wire, and the demonstration ended in a fizzle. It was years before the quadruplex was adopted.

"That landed me in New York without a cent in my pocket. I went to an operator and managed to borrow a dollar. I lived on that for a week, but I had to 'park it' a little. Oh, I didn't mind it and I never did care much about eating, anyhow.

"Then I hustled for something to do. I could have got a job as an operator at \$50 a month, but I wanted a chance to do something better. I happened one day into the office of a 'gold ticket' company which had about five hundred subscribers.

"I was standing beside the apparatus when it gave a terrific rip roar and suddenly stopped. In a few minutes hundreds of messenger boys blocked up the doorway and yelled for some one to fix the tickers in their office. The man in charge of the place was simply flabbergasted, so I stepped up to him and said:

"I think I know what's the matter."

"I simply had to remove a loose contact spring which had fallen between the wheels. The result was that I was employed to take charge of the service at \$300 a month. I almost fainted when I heard how much salary I was to get.

"Then I joined hands with a man named Callahan and we got up several improved types of stock tickers. These improvements were a success.

"When the day of settlement for my inventions approached I began to wonder how much money I would get. I was pretty raw and knew nothing about business, but I hoped that I might get \$5,000.

"I dreamed of what I could do with big money like that, of the tools and other things I could buy to work out inventions; but I knew Wall Street to be a pretty bad place, and had a general suspicion that a man was apt to get beat out of his money there. So I tried to keep my hopes down; but the thought of \$5,000 kept rising in my mind.

AN EXCITING MOMENT.

"Well, one day I was sent for by the president of the Gold & Stock Telegraph Company to talk about a settlement for my improvements. He was General Marshall Lefferts, colonel of the Seventh Regiment.

"I tell you I was trembling all over with embarrassment, and when I got in his presence my vision of \$5,000 began to vanish. When he asked me how much I wanted, I was afraid to speak. I feared if I mentioned \$5,000 I might get nothing.

"That was one of the most painful and exciting moments of my life. My, how I beat my brains to know what to say! Finally I said:

"Suppose you make me an offer."

"By that time I was scared. I was more than scared, I was paralyzed.

"How would \$40,000 do?" asked Gen. Lefferts.

"It was all I could do to keep my face straight and my knees from giving way. I was afraid he would hear my heart beat.

"With a great effort I said that I guessed that would be all right. He said they would have the contract ready in a few days and I could come back and sign it. In the meantime I scarcely slept. I couldn't believe it.

"When I went back the contract was ready and I signed it in a hurry. I don't know even now what was in it. A check for \$40,000 was handed me and I went to the bank as fast as my feet would carry me.



Detail of Edison Concrete House.

"It was the first time I was ever inside of a bank. I got in line and when my turn came I handed in my check. Of course I had not endorsed it.

"The teller looked at it, then pushed it back to me and reared out something which I could not understand, being partly deaf. My heart sank and my legs trembled. I handed the check back to him, but again he

pushed it back with the same unintelligible explosion of words.

"That settled it. I went out of the bank feeling miserable. I was the victim of another Wall Street scam. I never felt worse in my life."

"I went around to the brother of the treasurer who had drawn the check and said: 'I'm skinned, all right!'"

"When I told him my story he burst out laughing, and when he went into the treasurer's office to explain matters there was a loud roar of laughter at my expense. They sent somebody to the bank with me, and the bank officials thought it so great a joke that they played a trick on me by paying me the whole \$40,000 in ten, twenty and fifty dollar bills."

AN ENORMOUS PILE.

"It made an enormous pile of money. I stuffed the bills in my inside pockets and outside pockets, my trousers pockets and everywhere I could put them. Then I started for my home in Newark. I wouldn't sit on a seat with anybody on the train nor let anybody approach me. When I got to my room I couldn't sleep for fear of being robbed."

"So the next day I took it back to Gen. Lefferts and told him I didn't know where to keep it. He had it placed in a bank to my credit, and that was my first bank account. With that money I opened a new shop and worked out new apparatus."

"My automatic telegraph, which handled a thousand words a minute between New York and Washington, was brought out by Jay Gould and the Western Union Company. It is in litigation yet."

"Then the quadruplex was installed. I sold that to Jay Gould and the Western Union Company for \$30,000. The next invention was the mimeograph, a copying machine."

"When Bell got out his telephone the transmitter and receiver were one. Prof. Orton, of the Western Union Company, asked me to do something to make the telephone a commercial success."

"I tackled it and got up the present transmitter. The Western Union Company eventually made millions of dollars out of it. I got a hundred thousand dollars for it."

"At last President Orton sent for me and said: 'Young man, how much do you want in full payment for all the inventions you have given the Western Union Company?'"

"I had \$40,000 in my mind, but my tongue wouldn't move. I hadn't the nerve to name such a sum."

"Make me an offer," I ventured.

"How would a hundred thousand dollars seem to you?" he asked.

"I almost fell over. It made me dizzy, but I kept my face and answered, with as much coolness as I could muster, that the offer appeared to be a fair one. Then another thought occurred to me, and I said that I would accept a hundred thousand dollars if the company would keep it and pay me in seventeen yearly installments."

"I knew that if I got it all at once it would soon go in experiments. It took me seventeen years to get that money, and it was one of the wisest things I ever did. By putting a check on my extravagance I always had funds."

DISCOVERY VS. INVENTION.

The commonly accepted idea of Edison is that by brilliant flashes of intellect inventions spring fully developed from his brain, or that he has the singular good fortune to be the instrument whereby Nature communicates her discoveries. Neither of these views is correct. Edison draws a broad line between "discovery" and "invention." In his parlance a discovery is a "scratch"—something that might be disclosed to any one, and for which he thinks little or no credit is due. Invention, on the other hand, is the result of that peculiar faculty which perceives the application of some phenomenon or action to a new use. As an inventor, therefore, Edison possesses two qualifications preeminently. First, the inventive faculty, or the special intuition by which the adaptability of some observed result to a useful end is pre-

sented; and, secondly, the physical energy and patience necessary for the investigation by which that result may be ascertained.

Edison once made a comical experiment on a German boy employed by his father at Port Huron. He liked chemistry and his father's woodshed was filled with bottles filled with about everything of any value in that study. One day he called the boy to the woodshed and gave him two glasses, one containing the white portion of a seedlitz powder and the other the blue portion. He ordered the boy to drink one at a time. The result is best left to the imagination. It was a long time before Edison tried another experiment in chemistry."

Mr. Edison's deafness is directly due to his early love of science. When he was a newsboy on the train he used to carry on experiments at leisure moments.

One day a bottle of phosphorus became uncorked and set the car on fire. The indignant conductor boxed the ears of the youthful scientist and threw the boy and his paraphernalia off the train. It was this box on the ears which caused the deafness which has troubled him ever since.

To Edison nearly a thousand inventions are credited, and as a famous writer so well expresses it, "To tell of his inventions in a few lines is like seeking to condense a library into an epigram; but mention must be made of multiplex telegraphy, incandescent electric lighting, the phonograph, moving pictures, the microphone, the tinsmith, the odoscope, electric pen, his storage battery, the megaphone, which list faintly suggests a host of others."

EDISON'S CONCRETE HOUSE.

Edison's latest invention is a plan for producing concrete houses for working men to cost \$1,000 each.

"Rent strikes" in the cities, inspired by overzealous agitators, at least serve this purpose: they bring the housing problem home to the minds of the people. Fortunately, too. The old story of eviction, as true and poi-

nant as ever, lacks life as it is written briefly in the day's newspapers. The reader passes it over with the trite reflection that the poor we have always with us. But wholesale evictions, following a "rent strike," make better copy; they rouse the jaded interest anew.

One thinks of the pertinence of such happenings just now, when Thomas A. Edison is perfecting his plans for building in wholesale lots concrete houses for working men for \$1,000 apiece. Mr. Edison is clear in the statement of his purpose. He wants to make his \$1,000 concrete houses successful for the single reason that they may help to abolish city slums. He does not claim an inventor's credit for working out the idea. "There's nothing essentially novel in my plan," he says. "It's like making a complicated casting in iron, with the difference that concrete is not so fluid as molten iron. Some one was bound to work this idea out, and I thought I might as well be the one."

It is fortunate that Mr. Edison took up the problem. Once he demonstrates that habitable, well-appearing houses can be built by use of his molds for \$1,000, he will license without cost any responsible builder who wants to use his patents to build such houses. Again, Edison's mere announcement that he can build good houses to rent for \$75 a month will set many a man to wondering if he might not live decently at the same price he now pays for squalor.

When asked in what particulars his idea was novel, Mr. Edison said: "There is nothing particularly novel about my plan; it amounts to the same thing as making a very complicated casting in iron, except that the medium is not so fluid. Some one was bound to do it, and I thought that I might as well be the man, that's all."

The method consists in the use of molds, costing \$25,000 the set, made of $\frac{3}{4}$ -inch cast iron, planed, nickel-plated, and polished. The different pieces vary in size, some of the interior parts being but two feet square. When in position, the units are held

in place by trusses and dowl pins. Into the top of these molds concrete is pumped continuously by compressed air, using two cylinders. The concrete itself acts as a piston, and the two cylinders are alternately filled and emptied. The delivery of the mixture must be continuous, for wherever it is stopped a line appears. To secure this rapid and continuous flow, at the rate of 175 cubic yards per day, a very efficient mixer is required. It has not yet been decided whether a Ransome or a specially designed machine will be used. No rubbing up is necessary, although a few flaws may be present, owing to the difficulty of expelling all air. The escape of air is permitted by the special design of the house, or, when necessary, by a temporary pipe, which may be removed later.

The concrete used is mixed according to the ordinary proportions of one part of cement high in lime, three

parts of sand, and five parts of crushed stone. The cement is so finely ground that it readily takes up the requisite quantity of water to make it flow. Another result of the fine grinding, to which the possibility of reproducing minute details is due, is the absolute water-tightness of this material, since there are none of the intergranular openings that are present when coarse ingredients are used. Great strength is assured at the points of stress by wire reinforcements set in the body of the material.

Bath-tubs and similar fixtures will be cast in place. Pipes for the steam heat, conduits for the electric wiring, and the iron tubing through which the lead pipes for the plumbing are to be afterward drawn, are all set in the molds before the cement is run in. The only wood present will be the doors, window sashes, and, perhaps, a few strips to which to attach carpets.

Some Old Proverbs

Everybody's business is nobody's business.
Deeds are the fruits; words are but leaves.
Constant occupation prevents temptation.
Business is the salt of life.
Better to be alone than in bad company.
Conscience is the chamber of justice.
Dependence is a poor trade to follow.
An honest man's word is as good as his bond.
A guilty conscience needs no accuser.
A fool can make money, but it takes a wise man to
save it.
A contented mind is a continual feast.
An idle brain is the devil's workshop.
He laughs best who laughs last.
Honest confession is salve to the soul.
Do not whistle till you are out of the woods.

A Scholar, a Statesman and a Diplomat

Sir William MacGregor, the esteemed Governor of Newfoundland—A brilliant man, who takes the deepest interest in the affairs of Canada's "Cousin to the East"—His splendid services on behalf of the Empire.

By A. J. Clark in the Westminster Magazine

THAT many Newfoundlanders chafe under last year's renewal by the Imperial Cabinet of the *modus vivendi* with the United States, governing the West Coast fisheries, was shown by the recent debates on the question in the Colony's Legislature.

Whether an era of internal development for the island, to which other acts of the same body seem to point, will serve to detract, in some measure, from the importance of an issue so long paramount in her political life, remains to be demonstrated. The most sanguine cannot expect that this matter of when, where, and by whom Newfoundland's fish may be taken, is likely to suffer an eclipse in the near future. There are those, however, who hope that a greater exploitation of the Colony's vast resources, other than those of her coasts, may serve as the best of all arguments in the securing for her of greater recognition in the future councils of the Empire.

At the beginning of this latest effort to reach out toward a more evenly balanced and consequently a more thoroughly prosperous condition of her affairs the colony is extremely fortunate in having as her Governor one of the most distinguished men in the British Colonial Service.

That the splendid qualities which have made Sir William MacGregor so valued by the Colonial Office have not escaped the notice of royalty was once more pleasantly shown when His Imperial Majesty's list of birthday honors in June, 1907, an-

nounced that to the elder colony's Governor had come, as an added honor, the bestowal of the Grand Cross of the Order of St. Michael and St. George. An added honor it may well be termed for he received his C.M.G., in 1881; his K.C.M.G., in 1889, and his C.B., in 1897.

Though possessed of an enviable intellectual breadth of view, Sir William is, at the same time, an Imperialist of the most practical class. He believes that where British authority has assumed control of territory, to indicate which a part of the world's map has been marked red (and he has done his share in such marking) that territory should in its every need be so intimately understood, so practically assisted toward making the most of its resources, in a word so well governed and protected in its rights, that no other color will ever be thought necessary.

Much of the widening of his experience in matters of Colonial Government was gained in the hard school of the Empire's South Sea possessions and dependencies. There he came face to face with humanity emerging from the dark shadows of barbarism. There he saw hitherto untrammelled races introduced to the restraints of organized rule and thus at first hand he embodied, as it were, the very elements of government from the problems and difficulties to which the strange transition gave rise. Among the coral-reef islands he also learned the greatest of all diplomatic lessons; that of unwavering and never-ceasing vigilance on

behalf of his sovereign. He learned it, too, at a period when the political geography of the South Pacific was undergoing rapid changes; when unclaimed territory was the prize and governments the contestants, and yet so linked were his official acts with coolness of judgment and urbanity of temper, that not in a single instance did they cause a breach of that great world-desideratum, the amity of nations.

The broad foundation upon which this practical knowledge rests was laid at the great seats of learning at Aberdeen, Glasgow, Berlin, Paris, and Florence, and in the field of scientific research no less than in that of diplomacy has he won many of the most coveted awards. To enumerate these it is necessary to go back to 1874, for which year he was the Watson gold medallist. The same year brought him his M.B. at Aberdeen, and two years later at the same university he received his M.D. At later dates have come in varied succession a fellowship of the Faculty of Physicians and Surgeons, Glasgow; LL.D. from Aberdeen and Edinburgh, and D.Sc. from Cambridge. Among scientific bodies he holds honorary membership in the Royal Anthropological Society of Italy, the Royal Geographical Society of Berlin, and the Royal Geographical Societies of England (of which he has Founder's medal for 1896). Scotland and Australia. Nor do his honors end here for as a memento of his Southwest Pacific service he wears the Albert medal (the civilian counterpart of the Victoria Cross) of the second class, and the Clarke gold medal of the Royal Humane Society of Australia for saving life at sea on the occasion of a wreck near the harbor of Suva Fiji.

At the close of his university life the future empire-builder served for a time as resident surgeon and resident physician at the Glasgow Royal Infirmary and was later resident physician at the Royal Lunatic Asylum, at Aberdeen. From that time for-

ward his career has been a colonial one.

Starting with his appointment as assistant Government medical officer at Seychelles, the Colonial Office list records an almost bewildering array of positions held at such Imperial outposts as Mauritius, the Fiji-Islands, Tonga, New Guinea and Lagos, which, with the other British West Africa protectorates, he represented at His Majesty's coronation in 1902.

Standing out prominently among the services performed for King and country in these various fields of labor is the part he took in 1876 in the suppression of the native disturbances in the mountains of Viti Levu, Fiji, for which he was voted a gratuity of £200. After ten years of intimate connection with the administration of the affairs of the West Pacific Islands, of which at different times he was Receiver-General and Administrator and Acting High Commissioner and Consul-General, he represented the Fijian group at the first session of the Federal Council of Australasia, held in Hobart, in 1885. On Sept. 4th, 1888, he declared Queen Victoria's sovereignty over British New Guinea, with its area in square miles of almost double that of England. He was later made administrator of this new territory, and then its first Governor, and so well did he succeed in the latter difficult post that he was recently asked by the Australian Commonwealth, under whose control it is, to return and resume the gubernatorial duties there. His appointment as Governor of Lagos was made in 1899, and his coming to his present station dates from July 23, 1904.

With his accustomed grasp of his surroundings, Sir William has taken an active interest in Newfoundland affairs and that, too, in a helpful way, as was evidenced by his address at the opening of the Newfoundland Agricultural Exhibition, at St. John's, in October, 1906. While by no means ignoring the importance of the Newfoundland fish-



SIR WILLIAM MACGREGOR
Governor of Newfoundland

eries, he predicted a great future for the colony in grazing and general agriculture. His suggestions were those of a man who gets much of his information by personal inquiry. Among these were the outlines of a plan for securing a better quality of oats by the import of basic seed from Scotland; a plea for cultivation of the native strawberry; an

appeal for the adoption of the Torrens System of title registration; a hint as to the advisability of some form of State advances to rural industries, and a strong recommendation for the employment of traveling agricultural teachers.

On Newfoundland's summer his striking comment has an interest for those unfamiliar with its pe-

cularities, and displays at once his interest in agriculture and his keen observation. He said: "I must frankly confess that I did not in the least understand the Newfoundland summer climate the first year I was here, owing to the fact that I spent the most interesting part of the season in Labrador. The summer just past was thus both a surprise and a lesson to me. At the end of June and up to quite the middle of July it seemed to me that every crop in the country was to be a total failure. The growth that suddenly set in then was comparable only to what one sees in a well-conducted forcing bed. The whole country seemed to be transformed in a few days into an enormous green-house. The contrast between the beginning and the end of July was such that I doubted that I had ever seen greater vegetable growth in the same time in the tropics. There can be no doubt whatever that the vegetables grown in this country for human food are of very superior quality. This they probably owe to some extent to the extraordinary rapidity of their growth, which favors the development of the cellular elements, and gives little time to the fibrous tissue to toughen and harden. From the point of view of health, on the other hand, the climate gives an atmosphere of something like arctic purity, to which is added the aroma of extensive pine forests." Following this has come an exhaustive report of the Foreign Trade and Commerce of the Colony for 1905-6, and other official papers.

Along entirely different lines and thus demonstrating the versatility of the scholarly Governor, was an address on Bible history delivered at the 1906 meeting of the Newfoundland Auxiliary of the British and Foreign Bible Society.

In reply to a vote of thanks on that occasion, Sir William told of his part in the sequel to the well known story of the presentation of a Bible by the late Queen Victoria to an African potentate as her answer

to his inquiry: "What is the secret of England's greatness?"

Four years ago Sir William had the honor to receive the command of the King to present an African chief to His Majesty at Buckingham Palace. The King received the African Prince in state, seated on the throne, and during the audience addressed him in words of approval and encouragement. The chief made a brief reply couched in loyal and picturesque terms, and among other things mentioned the fact that the King's royal mother, Victoria, had presented a Bible to his (the chief's) father, and that the gift had been treasured by the recipient and his people. It later occurred to Sir William that it was strange that though he had often visited the chief in his own home he had never seen the Bible. Inquiry revealed that it had been burned during an invasion of the chief's country by the King of Dahomey. This became the subject of conversation shortly after between Sir William and the Hon. Maude Stanley, sister of the late Dean, and Miss Stanley remarked, "Why do you not ask the King to give a Bible to this chief also?" To this Sir William gallantly replied by stating that his questioner was just the person to bring the matter to the King's attention. That she not only undertook the mission, but was also successful was later proven. The chief was to leave for Africa four days after this conversation. Sir William and the chief were in their seats in the railway carriage at St. Pancras Station, London, ready to start for Liverpool, when a parcel containing a Bible was handed to the former. It was suitably inscribed and was accompanied by the following note:

"General Sir Dighton Probyn, Keeper of the Privy Purse, presents his compliments to Sir William MacGregor, and sends him, by command of the King, the accompanying Bible, which His Majesty requests Sir William will be good enough to give to the Alake of Abeokuta as a present from His Majesty to replace

the Bible given to the Alake's father by Queen Victoria, and which was destroyed by fire some twenty years ago. July 7, 1906."

The Bible, it may be added, was formally presented by Sir William to the chief when they arrived in Liverpool, and it is now treasured as the most valuable possession of the Alake and people of Abeokuta.

Sir William was born in Scotland in 1847, and is consequently in his 61st year. He is a man of splendid physique; so commanding, in fact, that it has been hinted that his stature, coupled with his strength, has frequently contributed in no small degree to impress the savage peoples over whom he has been called upon to exercise control, with a due sense of the magnitude and power of the British Empire.

In 1883 he was married to Miss Mary Cox, and his home life is a singularly happy one. His family consists of one son and three daughters.

A glimpse behind the official scenes at Government House, St. John's, reveals that books, the scholar's treasure-houses, are favored possessions. A well-stocked library finds place on its shelves for a goodly assortment of works in Italian, French, German, Latin and Greek, in addition to those in English, while on the sitting-room table the traveler or literary visitor may find not only all the familiar English and American periodicals, but as well the best of similar publications from France, Germany and Italy.

Sir William, as Governor of Canada's "Cousin to the East," has so far devoted much of his time to her internal betterment, but he has by no means been uninterested in her foreign relationships. He may accordingly be safely trusted to give good account of his Imperialism under any circumstances which the future may unfold, for while a son of Scotland, he is in the broadest sense a citizen of Greater Britain.

To-night, before you retire, when the fire is burning low, you are to sit down and count all the people who have helped you, just as a miser opens his chest and takes out his gold and lets it clink, clink, piece by piece.—Ian MacLaren.

In the Matter of Reading

By Edith L. Hedge in Putnam's Monthly

IT may perhaps seem like an extravagant statement to say that three persons out of five do not know how to read, but there are many long-suffering individuals who would subscribe to it, nevertheless. This does not, of course, refer to the people who are able to recognize the letters of the alphabet in whatever order or combination they may be placed, but to the general reading public. That dear, discriminating public that is ever ready to give its ultimatum on any piece of literature in a careless and artless manner. Up to a certain point it is amusing. A high-school pupil, not a hundred miles from Boston, in setting forth her views on "The Merchant of Venice," wrote: "Portia's father left it in his will that she should abide in three caskets, one of gold, one of silver, and one of lead."

A child, forbidden to read "The Scarlet Letter," lost no time in procuring a copy of the book and secreting it under the mattress, to be dragged forth in moments of delicious solitude. It was not to be expected that she should understand it, but after pondering deeply she surmised that Hester Prynne had committed some absolutely original sin. She was, therefore, labelled A. The next person to offend in like manner would be ticketed B, the next C, and so on.

Such things as these make life worth living. Even to a point beyond this we are hardened to endurance, and can bear to hear the works

of George Eliot called immortal and those of Browning obscure. But the next stage is almost insupportable. The people who approach Jane Austen as they would approach Anna Katherine Green, and complain because they are not thrilled; the readers who go conscientiously through the Celtic Revivalists with a diagram, and insist upon explaining every curve and angle; the sleuths who ferret out historical inaccuracies in "The Tale of Two Cities"; the monsters who chortle if they can discover a grammatical lapse in Mrs. Deland—upon these and such as these how may we wreak our vengeance? No one looks for a plot in a dictionary, or insists upon discovering the meaning of a glorious sunset; and we have not yet discarded Lewis Carroll because he narrated improbable adventures. Why cannot these dullards worship their own gods, if worship they must, and cease to profane our temples?

Books should be dispensed like medicine! The man with certain mental symptoms should be restricted to such printed matter as the symptoms indicated, and prohibited the use of any other. Or the people with these symptoms should be quarantined, and not let loose upon more sensitive organisms. If they could be shown, gently but firmly, how to take a book for what it is, and not for what it was never intended to be—then indeed might existence be tolerable.

Old Poets Amended

GOLDSMITH—

"Man wants but little here below,"
But this was written long ago.
The saying now has little worth,
For in these days man wants the earth.

TENNYSON—

"How'er it be, it seems to me
"Tis only noble to be good."
If this is true, how very few
Care to be noble if they could.

SHAKESPEARE—

"Love looks not with the eyes, but with the mind;
And therefore is wing'd Cupid painted blind."
Great pity 'tis; if he could only see,
The world would hold far less of misery.

DRYDEN—

"Happy the man, and happy he alone,
He who can call to-day his own."
But by the time he gets his title to it,
'Tis out of date; next day he must renew it.

CONGREVE—

"Thus Grief still trends upon the heels of Pleasure;
Married in haste, we may repent at leisure."
A better plan, and one that saves much sorrow;
Repent to-day; leave marriage till to-morrow.

—A. M. MACY.

The Government and Miss Shirie A. W. As-
dence—Albion's.
Clothes and the Mrs. C. Phillips—Albion's.
A Very Ordinary Adam. C. Hamilton—Albion's.
Easy as Kissing: M. E. Kane—Albion's.
The Battle That had no Name: J. F. Will-
son—Barnes.
The School Household: R. Mackay—Society.
The Red Cross: C. Thomas—Society.
Lilies and Lilies: M. Peabody—Society.
The "Shamrock" Homestead: Bounding. Wm.
H. Hodgson—Putnam's.
"Just a Little" Miss Her Favourite: C. Morton—
Putnam's.
The White Rabbit: W. L. Alden—Putnam's.
Among These Presents: E. Flower—Put-
nam's.
A New Dialogue: M. P. Robinson—Putnam's.
The Last Days of Belgrade: M. E. Sewell—
Appleton's.
Description of Officer. Mrs. Kelly—Appleton's.
After Silence: F. Roberts—Appleton's.
The Relations of Russell H. C. Baker—Ap-
pleton's.
The Spirit of the Day: H. Peabody—Ap-
pleton's.
The Good Goodies: R. H. Brown—Metropoli-
tan (Shortened Edition). The L. Manna—Metrop-
olitan.
Napoleon Patterson's Conspiracy: R. French—
Metropolitan.
The Good Goodies: F. Baker—Metropolitan.
The Burgess: J. Day E. Ward—Metropolitan.
The Manna's Luck: W. B. Holland—
Freeman's (Reg.).
A Day for Protection Only: Anne Varnet—
Freeman's (Reg.).
Sunny and the Kid: C. G. D. Roberts—Pear-
son's (Reg.).
The Thyme Mystery: H. Daniels—English Ed.
The House: F. H. Francis—English Ed.
Letters From the Wind: E. Young—English Ed.
The Lovers: A. Cochrane—London.
My Wife's Visit: A. Perrin—London.
Labeled London: G. V. Starr—London.
The World and the Bear: G. Henry—London.
The Army of Democracy: A. D. Pearson—Pear-
son's.
The Rector's Curious: A. V. Pearson's.
The Girl from Acadia: Amy Abbott—Pear-
son's.
The Witness Own Kidder—Pearson's.
In the Shadow of Deans: R. MacManis—Rich-
mond.
Times After: A. Farnell Performance: Y.
Thru—Lippincott's.
The Affair of the Outworn: R. V. Cooke—
Lippincott's.
A Gentleman's Name: M. E. Sewell—Lip-
pincott's.
When Miss Lora Had the Mischief: L. Cooper—
Lippincott's.
Murch and the King: F. H. Es—Lippincott's.
People and the King: F. H. Es—Lippincott's.
The Metropolis: M. E. Sewell—Lippincott's.
How We

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My Dear Dismemo. E. Bliss—Apostrophe
The Making of a Hero. W. Dunaway—Argosy
A Heroic Feat. S. A. Morris—Argosy
The Exceptional Girl. M. G. Dunaway—Argosy
The White Light of Publicity. Chas. B. Davis—
—Saturday Eve. Post (March 14).
A Fortune in Smoke. G. R. Chatter—Saturday
Post (March 14).
The Furthest. S. E. White—Saturday Eve.
Post (March 14).
When Mary Kiler Left Home. B. M. Bacon—
—Western Home Monthly.
Festivities at Hollywood. S. W. Farver—West-
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Dead Masterman's Peavry. S. Howard—Hercules
Goliath.
Ann Goring. A. H. Benson—Crescent
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—Woman's Home Comp.
Garden Lesson. A. French—Woman's Home
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A Good Friend and a Head. Geo. A. England—
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Mance.—Money's.

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A Machine Clock, Home-made A. B. Bead—
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Sports and Pastimes.

Florescence and Faints of Water Towing in India. F. Faggett—Huntsman.
Knots, Past and Future—Technician.

The Ranks of the Rider. W. H. Ogilvie—Technician.
Photography at the Inter-Varsity Sports. A. Alcock—Technician.

A Fall Shooting Trip in British Columbia. R. Leslie—Living Age.

A Hint to Horse-Breakers. J. Noyes—Technician.
The South Desert East. P. Pilgrim—Technician.

The Dark Hunter. R. Duke—Canadian.
Horsepower Sea Mice. Wm. Todd and R. Appleby—Canadian.

Laying out a Private Golf Course. C. Q. Turner—Subscriber Life.
War on the Tiger. W. G. Fitz-Gerald—Pittman's (Eng.).

Underground Matchmaking. C. E. Emmes—Pittman's (Eng.).
A Pleasant Hobby. N. T. O'Mahony—Irish Monthly.

A Java Day at Lake Joseph. Ont. Rev. A. Marwick—Rod and Gun.
The Molecatchers. Robin D. Wall—Rod and Gun.

The C.P.R. Wolf Hunt in 1881. L. O. Armstrong—Rod and Gun.
Fishing in Alberta. Grasshopper—Rod and Gun.

Our Vanishing Deer. T. M. R.—Rod and Gun.
A New Species Fishing Lake. T. M. R.—Rod and Gun.

Fishing Experiences in New Brunswick. C. S. MacDonald—Rod and Gun.
Baiting on the "Lake of Tears." H. Sherwin—Rod and Gun.

Ghosts and Their Patrons. Adam Moore—Rod and Gun.
Moose Hunting in the Ceiling Season. G. H. Stuart—Rod and Gun.

Trout Fishing Through F. C. G. C. Hocking—Rod and Gun.
Deer Preservation. E. J. McVighe—Rod and Gun.

Government Regulation of Moose Hunt—Power Boating.
About Ignition. W. C. Willard—Power Boating.

A Mississippi River Boating Expedition. W. S. Ferguson—Power Boating.
Fly-Catching and Catfish Fish. D. C. Shuck—Bureaucrat.

Perceivable Automobile Accidents. H. L. Temple—Bureaucrat.
Debtors and Debtors. P. Prime—Bureaucrat.

Selecting a Shot Gun. C. Adams—Bureaucrat.
Master of Fast Trout Fishing. C. Camp—Bureaucrat.

What Does Your Camera Miss to You? G. W. Kelly—Bureaucrat.
Influences at Bridge—Sat. Rev. (March 7).

The National Bill Tournament at Duluth. S. W. Matheson—World To Day.
The Meeting of Specter. L. E. Sch—World To Day.

The Passing of the Florida Alligator. A. W. Gilcock—Harper's.

The Stage.

The Drama of Today. J. H. Brown—Living Age (March 1).
The London Stage. Oscar Parker—English II.

Beautiful Stage Costumes. Mrs. E. Pritchard—London.
Travel and Description.

The Passing of the Old New Orleans. W. Hale.—Under Review's Map.
The Dramas of Paper Sound. A. Curtis—Pacific Monthly.

Jeas, Traps and Pranks. Catherine E. Daid—Cornhill.
An Appeal From London. W. Spina—Cornhill.

The Streets of London. E. Currier—Idler.
Aqua Central Africa by Boat. E. A. Forbes—World's Work.

A Foreign Tour at Home. Henry Hall—Pittman's.
The Defense of the Golden Tree. R. H. Russell—Idler.

West Point Before the War. Gen. S. W. Ferguson—Metropolitan.
A Modern Robinson Crusoe. D. Morrison—London.

Royal Wiltshire. L. Willsingham—Connoisseur.
Vernon. Stephen Chapman—Travel.

A Summer's Walk in Switzerland. F. B. Stead—Travel.
A Residence at Edinburgh. Dr. Geo. T. Stupple—Travel.

Strasbourg Cathedral. M. N. Hyde—Travel.
Some British Crescents and Calvarias. R. K. Pate—Travel.

A Geneva Trip. G. Phillips—Travel.
The Spell of Geneva. as Revealed in Its Monuments—B. Hubert—Century.

Glimpses of Japanese Village Life. C. Lorré—Travel.
A City of Illusions—Chambers's Journal.

In Search of an Arctic Continent. A. M. Harris—Geographical Journal.
The Gorge and Dams of the Rhine. G. W. Loomphrey—Geographical Journal.

Life. Coma's Survey of the Finner River.—Geographical Journal.
Wall Street in the Days of the Dutch. F. T. Hill—Harper's.

The Courtyards of Paris. V. H. Butler—Harper's.

Woman and the Home.

Women in Business Life. H. W. Brown—Am. Business Man's.

The Girl in New York. G. M. Gould—Smith's.
What Makes a Woman Charming? F. Augustine—Smith's.

The Girl Who Comes to New York. James L. Ford—Smith's.
The Neglected Girl and Others. J. Fields—Boston.

A Woman's Success with Men. C. J. Sheppard—Bostonian Life.

Factors of Decision: The Wife's Most Decisive. I. M. Saunders—Argosy's.
A Woman's Adventures in a Ballroom. Mrs. J. P. Thomas—Metropolitan.

More Thoughts About Mothers. M. E.—Irish Monthly.
Mrs. Ellen Woodcock—Irish Monthly.

Stykes in Hardening. Sarah Henry—Home Mag.
Spencer's Home Map.
Huntsman. My Darling—Woman's Home Comp.

A Woman's Home. An English Emancipation—Oxford Monthly.
The Working Woman and the Ballot. J. Adams—Pittman's Home Comp.
How I Learned Light Housework. N. S. Howell—Woman's Home Comp.
A Complete Master Dinner. P. M. Farmer—Woman's Home Comp.

Has Great Fear of a "Mad President"

J. PIERPONT MORGAN'S North American Review has prepared an article by Dr. Allan McLane Hamilton, the well-known expert on insanity, in which the expert makes a most sensational outline of what may be feared from a possible insane president.

The evil of attempting reforms is spoken of as "Paranoia Reformatoria" and the writer discusses the great leaders of the world who have been afflicted with it and whom he believes to have been insane.

Dr. Hamilton apparently believes that the man who attempts to work reforms against the will of certain classes of society must be afflicted with this peculiar form of insanity. Most people, according to the learned doctor, think such a person a bore.

Dr. Hamilton says:
"His ideals may be high enough, and he may strive to cultivate a personal altruistic life, yet his studied desire to help and reform others often ends in mischievous disregard of those who do not need development or protection or correcting, and he may be even looked upon as a mischievous meddler. Should he be invested with power, he may imperil the peace and safety of those over whom he rules."

This kind of altruism is in some ways quite as offensive and dangerous as actual self interest or immorality, and as detrimental in some instances to the welfare of the community as actual wrongdoing. It would, therefore, seem that the apparent usefulness of the mentally unbalanced is almost as much fraught with danger to a people as corrupt self-interest. Persistent effort, energy and fixedness of purpose, even for the accomplishment of seemingly important results, of

course do not in themselves of necessity indicate sanity. An erroneous fixed idea, no matter how lofty, if irrational and obstinately entertained, may be highly dangerous in its consequence, as all psychiatrists know.

"No longer does reasonable contentment prevail. The strenuous and extreme life of excitement and unrest is expressed in general discontent, and the alleged interference with the rights of the unreasonable workmen who in turn find warm sympathizers in high places. What is really wanted is an example of unquestioned dignity, and the logical and unvarying administration of justice which requires absolute mental lucidity and poise."

"The power vested in a President of the United States is so great that if there be not sanity, self-control and self-respect, and a regard for the rights of every one, its immediate and irrational use may be easily directed in a way which may be compared with the tyranny of any of the worst monarchs of other ages. President Roosevelt has elsewhere said:

"The President of the United States occupies a position of peculiar importance. In the whole world there is probably no other ruler, certainly no other ruler under free institutions, whose power compares with his. Of course, a despotic king has even more, but no constitutional monarch has as much."

"The investiture, therefore, of power in an unstable person is likely to lead to an abuse of privilege and a quasi-delusional assumption of the right to regulate in an arbitrary way the affairs of a great nation with a total disregard of individual rights."

What Men of Note are Saying

EFFECT OF GOOD ROADS.

By Baron Speck von Sternberg, German Ambassador to the United States.

"THE real basis of German prosperity is the energetic exploitation of Germany's traffic possibilities, and primarily of the possibilities of production afforded by natural conditions."

"The situation relative to the world's traffic on the high seas is sufficiently favorable to greatly further and advance German economic conditions, if the proper amount of labor and capital is expended."

"The favorably located natural waterways of Germany have been improved and supplemented at great expenditure of money. The number of post offices and the extent of her postal traffic have grown enormously and take second rank in the world. Her telephone and telegraph systems have also been rapidly and efficiently developed. The statistics confirm this."

"Based on natural foundations, and furthered and supported by the excellent system of traffic upon an efficient banking system, and extensive and technically superb equipments for production and means of production, the German people so pursues its labors that it has developed to the utmost the two main branches of the production of wealth, the agricultural and the non-agricultural."

THE AIM OF EDUCATION.

By St. Hans Jørgen Bryon, Danish Ambassador.

"ALL education has two sides. It is meant to impart the knowledge, the skill, the habits of diligence and concentration which are needed to insure practical success. It is also meant to form the character, to implant taste, to cultivate the imagi-

ination and the emotions, to prepare a man to enjoy those delights which belong to hours of leisure and to the inner life, which goes on, or ought to go on, all the time within his own heart."

"Every one of us ought to have a second or inner life over and above that life which he leads among others for the purpose of his vocation. He ought to have some pursuit or taste to which he can turn from the daily routine."

"Whatever the taste or pursuit may be, whether of a higher or commoner type, it is good for him, but, of course, the more wholesome and elevating the taste or pursuit is, so much the better for him."

THE CREDIT OF CANADA.

By Byron E. Walker, President of Canadian Bank of Commerce.

"IT must be plain that the credit of Canadians as borrowers rests upon the opinion held regarding us by the lender, and not upon the opinion we have of ourselves. And this lender or investor in our securities is in the main advised by his banker, his broker or his lawyer. All of these are greatly influenced by the press; indeed, it is largely through the press that opinions regarding foreign countries are formed by most people in Great Britain."

"As our expansion has been coincident with a great rise in prices everywhere, the man who works for a stated sum, whether a daily wage or a yearly salary, too often finds himself no better off when the wage or salary is increased, and worse off when it is not. These things have brought us labor troubles and some of that bitterness toward all success which, when

encouraged by the press, leads toward the most violent aspects of democracy. If the press attacks franchise-holding companies for violating the conditions of their franchises, or wealthy men for wrong-doing, or wealth generally for being blind to its duties, we cannot blame our journalists; indeed, if they do it fairly and temperately, they deserve every good man's praise.

"But if we desire to maintain the splendid credit we now enjoy, and if we reflect on the quantity of new capital we shall require year after year as we build our country, then it behooves every good citizen to see that this incipient hatred of success which is being encouraged every day by hundreds of daily inexperienced writers in our daily press be stopped, otherwise we must certainly suffer severely in credit."

SOCIALISM IS A LUXURY.

By H. C. Wells, the widely known novelist.

"I LIVE in comfort and as pleasantly as I possibly can, so that I can work without stress. I want everybody to have at least as much ease, leisure and freedom as myself, and that is why I am a Socialist."

"I cannot see the sense of making myself and wife uncomfortable and inefficient and risking the lives and education of my children by going to live in some infernal slum or other at a pound a week. What possible good would that do? I don't believe in any one living like that. Why should I make the example?"

A HEAVEN ON EARTH.

By Prof. W. B. Eells, of University of Missouri.

"THE earth during the coming century will become many times more fruitful and finally 'a heaven and new earth will appear.' Every village, town and city must have a public physician, who must not only cure people, but keep them well; the government must supply lawyers who will give legal advice free; the clergy must take a brace and quit imitating; the colleges should print and

edit the newspapers; insurance should be a function of government; railroads should charge no more than one-fourth of a cent a mile; the cook question must be solved by gigantic eating clubs, and labor must keep on organizing."

TRUSTS ARE NECESSARY.

By Albert J. Beveridge, United States Senator.

"WHEN we stopped the robbery of the nation's forests the robbers called it paternalism; when we stopped the sale of poisoned food and diseased meats, the sellers called it socialism; when we are trying to stop stock juggling, criminal rebates and the like, the jugglers call it a raid on prosperity; when we try to stop government by graft and politics by purchase, those who grew rich by graft or got high places by purchase call our work interference with private affairs in the one case and assault upon respectability in the other case."

"Yet such of these things as we have already done are now agreed to, and it is found that nobody is hurt, but that everybody is helped by them. Even those businesses which for the moment sold less of their goods soon sold more of their goods than ever, and instead of selling harmful things they are now selling wholesome things. Months ago when certain men were saying that we had gone too far, I pointed out that these very men did not even suggest a repeal of any of these statutes. The moral making of the nation is catching up with the physical making of the nation. If we have gone too far, is it not strange that nobody proposes that we shall go back?"

"All students now know that the big businesses called 'trusts' are necessary and that trade can hardly be carried on without certain railroad and business combinations. The law must be changed to permit these when they are reasonable and honest."

"We must have a law that will stop the watering of stocks. Ultimately all interstate railroads—that is, all national highways—must come under

WHAT MEN OF NOTE ARE SAYING.

exclusive national control, but the necessity for this is only ripening. Our labor legislation must be brought up to date. We are a quarter of a century behind Europe in the matter of laws for the safety and general benefit of workmen."

EFFECT OF FIVE O'CLOCK TEAS.

By Francis Mann, noted French Food Expert.

"I WARN my compatriots against over-indulgence in the five o'clock tea habit. I admit that tea arouses intelligence and aids conversation, but stomach and heart troubles follow. In France so alarming has been the growth of tea drinking that in the last 24 years its consumption has increased by 150 per cent. Plants, like men, are obliged to get rid of certain injurious products which they cannot assimilate. These residues reach extreme parts, like the bark and leaves. In tea plants they are alkaloids and are comparable with uric acid in their effects on the system. Nevertheless, feminine Paris continues to feed at 5 o'clock or any other hour that it feels like it, and to drink tea."

ONLY THE TRUTH IN TRADE.

By John D. Rockefeller, jr.

"ONE of the highest standards for us to follow is truthfulness. Shall we tell the truth, regardless of consequences, because it is right to tell the truth, or shall we, like the young man in business, who finds his competitors getting on by misrepresenting the goods they are selling, be tempted to tell lies? We must always tell the truth whether it is expedient or not, whether it is to our advantage or disadvantage, whether it brings upon us success or ruin. "Business honesty of the present

age is a pretty low grade of goods. Unfortunately, it is true that there are always men and women who yield to the desires for success and power and resort to dishonest methods, but for you and me there can be no question as to the standard which we are to take on this subject. Our high standards should not be laid away like Sunday clothes, to be worn only at church and Sunday school. They should be like the workman's overalls—used during the whole week."

VALUE OF FREE SPEECH.

By Hon. William Jennings Bryan.

"FREE speech is more elementary than free government, for without free speech there cannot be a free government, and with free speech there can be no despotic rule. We assume that a man in office strives to do what is right. If so, he needs the help of his enemies as well as the help of his friends. Enemies are much more frank with us than our friends, and the man in office need have no fear. For truth can defend itself in any controversy with evil, and this free speech is one of the first ideals I want to introduce in my talk to you."

POTTERING OF POLITICIANS.

By Dr. George H. Parker, director of Rhodes Scholarships.

"DON'T get too local in your politics, is a warning I would give Canadians. I heard the other day in Ottawa that a man in a remote part of the country would not be appointed to office until inquiry was made as to what side of politics his father was on. Do not allow yourselves to become as small as that."

"The little pottering of politicians that are made in the village drink shops is the result of such a system."

Science and Invention

AN UNPATENTED FENDER.

PROJECTING car fenders have met with little favor in Europe, either from companies or from public authorities, because they have been found to do more harm than good by tripping people up and injuring them. The best protection appears to be afforded by covering the dasher with some flexible guard, which will cover up sharp corners and afford something to grasp, as in Berlin, and, if one is knocked down, to depend on the Liverpool plow wheel guard to push the person to one side off the rails. This Liverpool fender is an unpatented device, adopted six years ago by the late tramway manager, Mr. Bellamy, and since its introduction 415 persons have been pushed off the track without a single failure and seldom with any injury. It consists simply of boards completely hinged in the track, with belting below the bottom edge, and rubber hose on the rounded ends of the long plows.

FROM INVISIBLE RAYS.

OUR eyes need protection from the invisible rays of our lamps, as shown by Drs. Schanz and Stockhausen at the recent Congress of German Naturalists and Physicians. Dr. Stockhausen was made seriously ill by the ultra-violet rays from electric arcs, and investigation has proved that with increasing intensity and temperature our artificial illuminants have acquired a greatly increased percentage of such rays, although sunlight itself is not very rich in them. In the tests made, ordinary eyeglasses cut off only the least active portion of these rays. The lens of the eye

protects the retina to a large degree, but reasons have been found for concluding that the lens itself is slowly altered, while it is possible that the cataract of old age is hastened by ultra-violet rays, and the front of the eye is doubtless irritated. An efficient safeguard seems to be still lacking, although an improved glass absorbs an increased amount of ultra-violet rays.

ELECTROLYSIS OF PIPES.

ELECTROLYSIS of pipes is now prevented by insulating from the ground. The pipes are covered with a specially prepared asbestos paper, coated with a water-proof insulating compound, and joints are made tight by trips and insulating cement. The protection is claimed to be permanently durable.

MACHINE TO BRING SLEEP.

"I CALL it a sleep mill," said the manufacturer, as he led the way to his huge plant. He opened a door into a long room where two rows of girls were boxing instruments like electric fans, the wings of the fans being studded with small, round mirrors.

"Many insomniacs," he said, "can sleep at the window of an express train. The sight of the landscape rushing by them invariably brings on a refreshing nap. Well, this machine, with its whirl and glitter of revolving mirrors, acts on the eye and brain in the same soothing manner, and the insomniac whom a train ride helps is invariably helped by this.

"Here," he said, entering a smaller room, "we turn out slumber balls."

A number of young men were

rounding and polishing balls of bright metal, and he took one in his hand.

"Fixed high above the head," he said, "so that it strains the eye to stare at it, this ball frequently brings sleep to insomniacs of a melancholic type.

"In the next room we make a small machine for clamping the arteries leading to the brain. It is easy to adjust and it very considerably diminishes the flow of blood to the brain centres. To certain nervous, feverish insomniacs—authors, actors and so on—the clamp often brings sleep in a few minutes.

"And here we make a very simple battery that while the patient lies in bed sends a mild current up and down his spine. The battery treatment usually succeeds best with female insomniacs.

"We employ," he concluded, "five hundred hands here. It is a tribute, isn't it, to the hectic activity of our twentieth century civilization, a great mill like this, devoted to production of sleep for those who are too tired and nerve-worn to rest naturally?"—*New Orleans Times-Democrat.*

TAKING COLORED PHOTOGRAPHS.

AFTER years and years of experiment, perfection has at last been obtained in the art of photography. What has been declared impossible by chemists and scientists has been accomplished. It would take columns of space to fully explain the process by which the wonderful accomplishment has been made, and an adequate account of it would be far beyond the ability of the writer, and above the comprehension of the casual reader.

To Mr. Antoine Lumiere, of Paris, France, belongs the credit of having solved the problem of taking a colored photograph. The colors in the photo are reproduced by the process employed in the actual taking of it, and not by any tinting or other means. In an hour after the shutter has closed, the photograph is finished and the result is at once pleasing and wonderful. Special plates and

chemicals are used for securing the photograph. The photos are beautiful and artistic, and one never gets tired looking at them. They are perfect reproductions in the minutest respects, every bit of color being shown, even to the color of the sitter's eyes. A necktie, a flower in a buttonhole, a plume in a hat, the shade of a suit of clothes, all are given by the new process with a correctness of detail and color that even the best artists would be unable to obtain.

THE TORPEDO BOAT.

THE Navy Department of Great Britain has been carrying on experiments with the object of ascertaining the radius within which a watch on board a battleship from which a searchlight is playing on the waters around, can sight a torpedo boat. The average distance is 781 yards, and the greatest distance is 1,000 yards. A torpedo can be launched with effect at 500 yards so that under normal conditions a torpedo boat would have to travel about 300 yards under fire before launching her missile. This means that from the instant of sighting to the firing of the torpedo the men on the battleship would have an interval of about 40 seconds for the issuing of orders, training the guns and firing.

"DOTTER" MARKSMANSHIP.

CHARGES of inefficiency marksmanship made by Commander W. S. Sims against the United States navy on account of the results of the Spanish-American War, were repeated before the Senate Committee on naval affairs by Prof. Philip R. Alger, of the Naval Academy. The results of an examination of the Spanish ships made by Prof. Alger, following the battle of Santiago, showed that out of 9,000 shots fired the percentage of hits was less than four.

"The only reason for the poor shooting," said Prof. Alger, "was the inaccuracy of the men on the Ameri-

can ships. The men did not know how to shoot at Santiago."

Mr. Tillman expressed surprise that the boys should make such a poor showing in battle compared with the record for target practice. The witness replied that the reason for the improvement in marksmanship by which our vessels now made 90 per cent. of hits at target practice was due to new methods.

"These methods were first introduced in the British navy by Commander Scott. Commander Sims, while he was stationed in England, became acquainted with these methods through his acquaintanceship and friendship with Commander Scott. He was so certain of the method known as the 'dotter' that he urged its introduction into the American navy."

A HUMAN HEART METER.

A MACHINE which has been brought to great perfection is the "orthodiagraph," made in Germany, by means of which accurate and reliable records of the state of human hearts can be obtained. The outlines of the heart may be plainly observed, but as yet it is not possible to see the structure of the heart.

The movements are shown in a shadow picture by means of the Röntgen rays. The fact that this can be done is not new, but the application of the idea to medical science has developed wonderfully. One of the great English hospitals has added a heart meter to its equipment. It is called an orthodiagraph, because it gives in exact relative dimensions a tracing of the object disclosed.

The machine has four arms, one of which holds a small circular greenish-yellow screen, one the little reservoir that acts as a pencil for the tracing, one a wire black ring, and one a wooden case. The one who wants to see his internal organs at work stands in the dark against a tall canvas screen. The arms of the apparatus are lowered until the greenish-yellow screen appears in front. The electric current is then switched on, a circle

of light appears and the motions of the heart may be traced by the reflection upon the screen. Attached to the front of the machine is a bulb which is in association with the "pen-tilt" behind, and as it is pressed a drawing of the heart is traced upon the screen at the back in little blue dots.

SHEEP-SHEARING BY MACHINERY

SHEEP-SHEARING time brings to the fore another interesting class of men—the shearers. These men begin their work in the south, where the shearing is early, and work north through the season, finishing their work in Montana and Canada. The shearing is done by contract, in pens that are equipped with costly machinery. Formerly sheep were clipped by shears, but the modern shearing knife, run by steam or electricity, is used nearly altogether to-day. The machine is not much faster than the old fashioned shears, but it does the work in much more cleanly fashion, and leaves less wool on the sheep. The saving of from a quarter to half a pound of wool on each sheep amounts to a great deal of money when so many millions of sheep are sheared in a season.

A TRANSLATING MACHINE.

DONALD H. MILLER, a Columbia student, has invented a machine to translate mysterious Chinese into English by the mere touching of keys resembling those on a typewriter. Miller also says it will translate any other language. Professors of Oriental languages at Columbia have had scores of midnight conferences in young Miller's rooms, investigating his remarkable discovery and experimenting with it. As a reward they yesterday announced that they believed the machine practicable and that it would eventually revolutionize trade with China. The contrivance resembles an adding machine. It has keys bearing Chinese characters.

When the key is struck type on the other end leaves on the paper an impression of all the possible meanings of the character. Miller has been a student of Chinese for two years. He was graduated from Columbia last summer, but is continuing his work in order to obtain a degree of Ph.D.

A NEW FLYING MACHINE.

PROFESSOR ALEXANDER GRAHAM BELL's new aeroplane, the Redwing, in the presence of a committee of the Aerial Experiment Association and a number of other spectators, recently flew a distance of 318 feet 11 inches at a height of from ten to twenty feet. The machine is equipped with an eight-cylinder motor, and together with its operator weighs 360 pounds. It sailed through the air at a speed of from twenty-five to thirty miles an hour. After having covered the distance mentioned, a portion of the tail gave way, and the aerodrome was brought down for repairs. This is declared to be the first successful public flight of a heavier-than-air flying machine in America.

A WONDERFUL ANAESTHETIC.

A NEW anaesthetic has been used in Canada for the first time. The experiment was conducted in the Toronto General Hospital last month on a young man who had been kicked by a horse and was painfully injured in the intestines. The man was operated upon three times before "stovaine," the new anaesthetic, which is designed to change materially the methods of surgical operations, was used.

Stovaine was invented by Dr. Foreman, an eminent chemist of Paris. It contains no cocaine, and has the power to render the patient's body insensible to pain, but at the same time leave the mind free and clear.

Dr. Duncan Anderson, of Wellesley street, Toronto, who performed the operation, says that while the anaesthetic had been used with very satisfactory results by Prof. Barker,

of University College, London, England, it was a new departure in the use of anaesthetics in Canada. Prof. Barker had only failed in eight cases in 200 in which he had employed the anaesthetic. The value of the form of treatment was very great in cases where patients could not be operated on under the usual conditions owing to weakness. The new anaesthetic eliminated the dangerous after effects of the completely paralyzing kind.

CLOTHING MADE OF PAPER.

Emil Claviez, a manufacturer in Saxony, has invented a new yarn resembling paper. It is made of wood fiber and is used exclusively in weaving. Xylin, the product, is said to be non-shrinkable, impervious to moisture, and to cost one-third as much as cotton and one-tenth as much as linen.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY TELEGRAPH.

Edward Berlin, a French engineer, has invented what is said to be a wonderful method of transmitting pictures by telegraph. A large photograph can be transmitted in half an hour by the new process.

A NEW CLOTHESPIN.

A double clothespin has been patented and should be of service in cold weather. The pin may be fastened to the clothes and later to the line. The freezing of clothes to the line may thus be avoided.

A MOTOR ICE BOAT.

Thirty miles an hour has been made with an ice boat propelled by a four horse-power motor and an aerial screw.

ACETYLENE FOR MOTOR POWER.

It has been found that an automobile may be run with acetylene gas. In case of the exhaustion of gasoline the acetylene used for running the lamps may be connected with the carburetor.

Improvements in Office Devices

NEW FLASH CALCULATOR.

THERE was exhibited at the recent National Business Show in Chicago a flash calculator.

It is a most rapid calculator of wages and interest, computing a payroll in one-fourth the time of the ordinary method. It is at least a saving of seventy-five per cent. There is no figuring or reading of columns. As an example, take a 260-hour scale, figure the pay due a workman who has put in 150 hours' time during the month at the rate of thirty-five cents an hour. The arm of the calculator, which is a swinging arm on a pivot, is dashed upwards until the number "150" is reached in the calculator at either of the side columns. Then run your eye along the arm to rate "35" and the calculator tells the exact amount due—\$52.50.

MORE POTATO PENCILS.

THE latent appetite for potato lead pencils, which evinced itself most eagerly down East a few weeks ago, passed away as rapidly as it came. When the announcement was first made that a German concern had found a way for utilizing potatoes in the manufacture of lead pencils the Eastern gormond was quick to satisfy his appetite. But when he was deluged with potatoes (not pencils) he hurriedly cried—enough!

THE NEW CALCULAGRAPH.

THE new calculagraph is manufactured in New York City and is a device for computing and recording elapsed time. In other words, it mechanically subtracts the time of day a workman begins from

the time of day he stops work and prints the difference—the actual working time. Such records are most useful in learning the labor cost of manufactured products and for other purposes as well.

It cannot be used in a business office as an adding machine.

A COIN HANDLER.

A MACHINE which actually does sort, count and deliver coin, is the Doidt coin handler. It consists of a hopper and four or more delivery tubes. There is no need to sort the coins whatever. No matter their denomination, the coins are poured into the hopper from the top. The handle at the right side is turned and the coins revolve in the hopper follow each other down the shutters or tubes. These tubes are so finely adjusted that each coin readily seeks its rightful tube. In reaching the foot of the tube the coins are pushed along flatwise by the revolving fingers seen below the machine. The channel way is enclosed in glass so that they are in plain view. On reaching the front of the machine they drop into four other tubes. The machine automatically locks itself as soon as 40 quarters, 20 half-dollars, 40 nickels, or 50 dimes have dropped in their respective front tubes. A small door is then opened in the front of each tube, as shown in the illustration, and the coins are transferred to Detroit coin wrappers.

The machine will count forty coins a second. The coins are within touch from the time they enter the hopper until they come out counted and sorted in the front of the machine, so that the machine cannot jam. The coins are also in sight all the time. A eye-

meter is attached to each counting apparatus in order to afford a double check and to count any odd number of coins more or less than the usual wrapper will hold.

FOUNTAIN PEN FILLER.

A NEW fountain pen filler has been produced. The outfit embodies an octagon-shaped glass holder 4½ inches in diameter which rests on a felt mat. In the holder is a bottle fitted to the space it occupies, which is about one-half the holder, the remainder of the space forming a receptacle for a piece of chamois skin, which serves as a proper wiper and cleaner for fountain pens. The ink bottle is filled with the fountain pen ink and is fitted with a large curved dropper, and an extra large balloon bulb—one pressure of which is sufficient to take up enough ink to fill the largest fountain pen. A glass dome cover protects the contents from dust and dirt, and adds to the symmetry of the outfit's fine appearance.

The filler is made by L. H. Thomas & Co., of Chicago.

A USEFUL ADDING MACHINE.

A N adding machine, now in use in a large number of offices, will take over the receipt stubs from the cashier and by printing the account number, the amount of discount allowed and the cash received at one operation is certainly marvelous. It soon has the day's receipts neatly tabulated on loose leaf cash sheets, and by pressing the key marked "total," the machine automatically prints the total of the discount column and at the same time the total of the cash received for the day. This machine, which has been placed in the office of the Toronto Electric Light Co., by the Burroughs Co., is operated by an electric motor attached to its base. A machine of special interest to insurance men is one for printing policy numbers and adding at the same time the amount of policy and premiums. This kind can, if de-

sired, be fitted up with electric drive attachment.

AUTOMATIC TYPEWRITERS.

A NEW automatic type writer is on the market. The interior apparatus is very similar to any typewriter and the part that does the actual typewriting is practically the same in general principles as on any machine. The machine is about to be manufactured by the McCall Automatic Company.

The keyboard is a separate part of the mechanism. It is used in making the original when duplicate letters are to be written. A roll of paper passes through it and the operator proceeds to write exactly the same as when using any typewriter. Instead of printing characters, however, the machine punches holes in the continuous roll. The working of the carriage and all of the other essentials resembles the ordinary typewriter so much that it is a simple matter to operate it and anyone familiar with the typewriter can make the record.

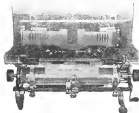
After the record is made it is inserted in the transcribing apparatus. This consists of the writing machine itself with the key characters on it that make the actual imprint on the letter paper, wrappers or envelopes. A roll of letterheads automatically feed through the machine and roll around the platen the same as a single letter would on an ordinary typewriter. The perforated roll is placed in position in the machine and the machine starts. The power that actuates the operation of the characters is compressed air, and as the holes in the perforated roll pass over the crest of the cylinder through which the air is forced, the releasing of the air causes the characters to print, the same as a similar operation in an automatic piano causes a sound to proceed from the piano. For names and addresses a separate roll is used. This is perforated in the same manner and is put into the machine in the same way. This roll may contain the entire mailing list that the firm desires to reach and can be used any number of times.

SHOW POSTPONED.

THE Cleveland Business Show has been postponed until November 23rd. This was occasioned by the requests from exhibitors that owing to the present rather unsettled business condition it would be wiser to hold the show at a later date.

CARD INDEXING.

ARE all the old familiar stock book, address book, quotation book, installment account book, to say nothing of countless other books so familiar in business to disappear and be replaced by the card index? This is a question of opinion which we cannot presume to answer,



but, in many features, the superior value of the card indexing system is beyond dispute. Among its recognized merits are its elasticity, the ease with which new matter may be inserted in its proper place, and dead matter removed, its convenience for purposes of quick and ready reference and its ready adaptability to all classes of work.

The general tendency among business men to-day is toward a wider use of the card index. Our purpose is to point out the medium through which the advantages of this system may be realized to their fullest extent. The Remington Typewriter Co., always progressive, ever ready to meet the exacting demands of busi-

ness of to-day, have perfected a card device.

The illustration shows the new, improved shield which holds the card very securely, writing close to the top and to the bottom of the card and which enables the operator to turn out nothing but the neatest and most legible work. Another important exclusive improvement is the annular scale which locates the first line of writing on each card absolutely accurately and at the same distance from the top of the card. The second illustration shows a card ruled in columns for tabular work, and which one might think would be difficult to write on the typewriter. This equipment is a device which enables the operator, with a single motion, to move the carriage to the exact position desired on any part of the scale.

DATE	NAME	ADDRESS	TELEPHONE	STREET	CITY	STATE	COUNTRY
JAN 1	JOHN D. ROBERTS	123 MAIN ST.	1234	NEW YORK	NY	USA	
JAN 2	JAMES H. BROWN	456 BROADWAY	5678	BOSTON	MA	USA	
JAN 3	WILLIAM C. GREEN	789 N. 1ST ST.	9012	PHILADELPHIA	PA	USA	
JAN 4	EDWARD L. WHITE	1010 2ND AVE.	3456	CHICAGO	IL	USA	
JAN 5	HENRY M. BLACK	2020 3RD ST.	7890	ST. LOUIS	MO	USA	
JAN 6	CHARLES K. GRAY	3030 4TH ST.	2345	ST. PAUL	MINN	USA	
JAN 7	FRANK J. HARRIS	4040 5TH ST.	6789	PORTLAND	ORE	USA	
JAN 8	ALBERT E. JONES	5050 6TH ST.	1011	SEATTLE	WA	USA	
JAN 9	GEORGE W. SMITH	6060 7TH ST.	2122	SPokane	WA	USA	
JAN 10	ROBERT T. WILSON	7070 8TH ST.	3233	VERNON	WA	USA	

With such equipment the Remington will write cards with any arrangement of special rulings or with figures in any number of columns, as easily and as rapidly as ordinary straight away writing.

The two color ribbon device is much appreciated by librarians permitting the writing in two colors at the option of the purchaser. They have no extra charge for the card writing attachments, which can be instantly removed for regular work.

THE USEFUL GLASS TOP.

A new use has been found for the plate glass desk top. Memoranda to which frequent reference must be made may be placed under the glass where they are constantly in sight and yet out of the way.

The Busy Man's Book Shelf

THE six best selling books in Canada during the past month were:

"The Weavers," by Sir Gilbert Parker.

"The Shuttle," by F. H. Burnett.

"Three Weeks," by Elinor Glyn.

"Red Year," by Louis Tracy.

"Fruit of the Tree," by E. Wharton.

"Satan Sanderson," by H. E. Rives.

The recent best selling books in Great Britain, according to the Bookman, have been:

"The Shuttle," by Francis Hodgson Burnett.

"The Weavers," by Sir Gilbert Parker.

"The Lady of the Decoration," by Little.

"Three Weeks," by Glyn.

"Rosalind at Red Gate," by Nicholson.

"The Great Secret," by Oppenheim.

The title of Winston Churchill's new novel, which is to be published soon, is "Mr. Crew's Career."

S. R. Crockett's new story, "The Iron Lord," is a tale of Scotland and the sea.

Miss Anne O'Hagan, the magazine writer, and a Canadian, who lives at No. 128 Waverly Place, was married recently to Francis Adin Shima, a well known decorator of New York.

Justin McCarthy's work, "A Short History of Our Own Times," has been revised and brought to date with special reference to the years extending from 1880 to the present day.

"Carette of Sark," by John Oxenham, gives a life-tale of a strong, true-hearted man of Sark and the maid that he loved and won. Incidents of smuggling and privateering and over all the menace of the French invasion are interwoven.

"The Company's Servant," by Mrs. B. M. Croker, refers to a handsome and distinguished young guard, employed by an Indian railway company.



A CANADIAN AUTHOR
C. G. D. Roberts in Camp Alton

"Three Weeks," by Elinor Glyn, portrays an ideal in human affinity between the sexes.

Dr. George R. Parkin, in the "Makers of Canada" series, has completed the history of the life of Sir John A. Macdonald.

"Hypnotic Therapeutics," by Dr. John D. Quackenbush, gives the already established scientific facts of hypnotism, which are followed up with the ethical contention that what it means

is the pure, free man coming to himself, and not the outside influence of another's will power—hence there is no possibility that evil can result from its application.

The fear expressed by a few people that the public lands of Canada were in danger of early exhaustion if the present rate of western settlement continues is met by the publication by the Department of the Interior at Ottawa of a small volume entitled "Canada's Fertile Northland." This book, which was edited by Capt. E. J. Chambers, of the Senate staff, contains in readable form the evidence presented a year ago before the Senate Committee which investigated the resources of Canada's great north-land.

"Before Adam" is the title of a book by Jack London. The story, going back thousands of centuries in man's history, tells of the days when he was a monkey, gradually—very gradually—evolving the higher level of intelligence.

The Duke of Argyll, at one time Governor-General of Canada, has written two illustrated volumes on "Passages from the Past." He gives some letters from Lord Dufferin, Dean Stanley and others on his marriage and his account of his Vice-Royalty in Canada.

"A Hundred to One Chance," by Nat Gould, is a story of the race track.

"Selected Speeches and Despatches Relating to Canadian Constitutional History," is by Mr. H. E. Egerton, the recently appointed Beit professor of colonial history, and Mr. W. L. Grant, his assistant. The volume is confined to such documents as speeches, letters and instructions, having inmediate bearing on the shaping and evolution of colonial constitutions.

"The Second Best," by Coralie Stanton and Henth Hosken, tells of

the quixotic action of a young girl in confessing to a crime she had not committed. There is also a love story and interesting descriptions of life in society.

"The Factory and Shop Acts of the British Dominions," by Miss Violet R. Markham, gives a comparative survey of industrial legislation in England, New Zealand, Australia, Canada and at the Cape of Good Hope.

"Paths to the Heights," is a treatise on mental healing, by Sheldon Leavitt, M.D. The author forsakes drugs and pins his faith to "Psychotherapy," adducing many cures which have come under his own observation. His methods are not those of Christian Science.

"The Young Malefactor" is a study of juvenile punishment by Thomas Travis, Ph.D. Judge Ben. B. Lindsay contributes an introduction, paying tribute to the investigator's work.

"The Ancient Law," by Miss Glasgow, tells of how a man may redeem himself by serving his fellows.

Mr. Frank T. Bullen has written another book of experiences at sea, named "The Call of the Deep." It is a sequel to the story of "Frank Brown, Sea Apprentice," and it carries that youth further on his career until he reaches the highest ambition of sea-faring life, as master of a fine ship.

There is no more pathetic story in the annals of England than that of Lady Jane Grey, who died on the scaffold at the age of seventeen, in spite of her youth and beauty and the fact that she was a mere tool in other and less scrupulous hands. J. A. Taylor has written a book on the unhappy girl.

A book which its authors have named *Hunted History*, sets at naught all ideas of sequence and

chronology in a way that is indescribable.

Mr. J. D. Logan has written an essay on "Democracy, Education and the New Dispensation," which is an argument to show the true meaning of democracy, and education as the means by which it may be established. He addresses a letter of introduction to the Hon. Mr. Fielding and to President Falconer as men in whose careers may be seen the results of a genuine democracy. Their names have been chosen because their talents have been developed "absolutely without aid from caste, privilege or preferment." Their careers belie the "typical of what any native-born Canadian, whatever his social origin or status, may freely achieve."

New novels may be looked for this year from Ralph Connor, R. E. Knowles and Marian Keith, all Canadian writers, whose work is very popular in this country.

A new and enlarged edition of "A Canadian History for Boys and Girls," by Miss Emily P. Weaver, has lately been published. The story is brought down to the present and the book abounds in illustrations.

"Two Royal Foes," by Miss Eva Madden, is the history, written in story form for children, of Napoleon and Queen Louise. Miss Madden, whose home is in Florence, has been writing since she was fourteen.

BRIGHT THINGS FROM NEW BOOKS.

No self-respecting boy of thirteen cares a straw for anything that is not real except an imaginary pain that will keep him away from school without cutting down his rations.—From *The Little City of Hope*, by F. Marion Crawford.

People's minds do not improve in an intellectual sense when they are isolated from the world, even though

they are living the wild and happy lives of savages.—From *The Blue Lagoon*, by H. De Vere Stacpole.

She was persuaded that he was very clever, and a woman always likes to be the confidante of a man who is supposed to be clever.—From *A Woman's Aye and Nay*, by Lucas Cleve.

The man that works the hardest keeps his breath for his work. He doesn't tell how busy he is.—From *Do It Now*, by Peter Keary.

During the opera season the prima Donna dies of stage consumption quite a number of times, and, in accordance with operatic convention, she fell disease has no effect on her vocal chords. She dies generally from the combined effects of unrequited love and degenerate lungs, expiring in the immediate neighborhood of the top note.—From *Memories and Music*, by Elkin Matthews.

There are only two rules to remember for this life, whatever there may be for the next. The first is to know what you want; the second is to see that you get it.—From *William Jordan, Junior*, by J. C. Smith.

United we stand it, divided we re-marry.

Troubles never come singly. Why marry?

All the world shoves a shover. How far that little scandal throws its beams! So shines a bad deed in the daily press.—From *The Quite New Cynics Calendar of Revised Wisdom for 1908*.

It is not enough to say that the young people think the old ones are fools, but the old ones know the young ones are fools. The pity of it is that the young ones of modernity do not hesitate to say, or hint, to their parents that they think they are "absurd" and behind the times.—From *Robina*, by James Blyth.

Humor in the Magazines

Doctor—"I diagnose all sickness from the patient's eyes. Now, your right eye tells me that your kidneys are affected."

Patient—"Excuse me, doctor, but my right is a glass eye."

"Tell me, brother, is it possible to let Robert know that I am an heiress?"

"Has he proposed to you?"

"Yes."

"Well, you may be sure he knows it already."

Commercial Gent (traveling in tobacco)—"That, sir, is a cigar you could offer to any of your friends."

Hotel Proprietor—"Ah, yes; I can see that. But the point is, have you got any that I could smoke myself?"

The first slice of goose had been cut, and the negro minister, who had been invited to dine, looked at it with as keen anticipation as was displayed in the faces around him.

"Dat's as fine a goose as I ever saw, Brudder Williams," he said to his host. "Where did you get such a fine one?"

"Well, now, Mistah Rawley," said the currier of the goose, with a sudden access of dignity, "when you preach a special good sermon I never axes you what you got it. Seems to me dat's a triv'ul matter, anyway."

"I promised my husband on his deathbed not to marry again."

"I wouldn't have done that, if I had been in your place."

"Ah, but then, he wouldn't have died."

Thomas A. Edison has perfected a way to build a three-supper house in twelve hours, at a cost of \$1,000.

Now, if he'll perfect a way to houseclean it in twelve hours, he'll be a daisy.

"He'll never take a drink before noon," remarked a railroad agent in the Flood building recently.

"Oh, come off; he'd never refuse an invitation like that."

"All right; try him."

"Very well: come into his office with me."

"Hello, Jack. Come over and have a little drink?"

"Nope, never drink before noon."

"Oh, come on, just one little drink as an appetizer for your luncheon; come along with us, anyway; come."

"Well, what's yours, Jack?"

"Bartender, give me a ticket. I'll be back at 4 o'clock and get my drink."

"Yes, Miss Rawley and I are strangers now," said Tom. "I've been asked not to call there again."

"You don't say!" said Dick. "I suppose old Rawley had a hand in that."

"Well—er—not a hand exactly."

"At last," said the ambitious young novelist. "I have written something that I think will be accepted by the first magazine it is sent to."

"What is it?" his friend asked.

"A check for a year's subscription."

A Northerner riding through the West Virginian mountains came up



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 Made of high carbon wire, galvanized and then painted white.
 Tougher and stronger wire than you can get any other fence.
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 see the most delightful appearances to the homes of refined people, and their appearance is greatly enhanced when they are constructed of

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with a mountaineer leisurely driving a herd of pigs.

"Where are you driving the pigs to?" asked the rider.

"Out to pasture 'em a bit."

"What for?"

"To fatten 'em."

"Isn't it pretty slow work to fatten them on grass? Up where I come from we pen them up and feed them on corn. It saves a lot of time."

"Yan, I s'pose so," drawled the mountaineer. "But, h—, what's time to a hawg?"

"I want some collars for my husband," said a lady in a department store, "but I am afraid I have forgotten the size."

"Thirteen and a half, ma'am?" suggested the clerk.

"That's it. How on earth did you know?"

"Gentlemen who let their wives buy their collars for 'em are almost always about that size, ma'am," explained the observant clerk.

"Please, ma'am," said the maid, "there's a colored man and his wife at the door in answer to your advertisement."

"But I advertised only for a laundress."

"Yes, ma'am, they are her."

Tramp—"Please, ma'am, if you'll give me sunthin' to eat I'll shovel the snow off the path."

Lady—"Why, there hasn't been any snow for months!"

Tramp—"Well, that ain't no fault of mine, lady. Won't you give me a sandwich for bein' willing to shovel it off if there was any?"

"When I was connected with a certain Western railway," says a prominent official of an Eastern line, "we had in our employ a brakeman who, for special service rendered to the road, was granted a month's vacation."

"He decided to spend his time in a

trip over the Rockies. We furnished him with passes.

"He went to Denver, and there met a number of his friends at work on one of the Colorado roads. They gave him a good time, and when he went away made him a present of a mountain goat."

"Evidently our brakeman was at a loss to get the animal home with him, as the express charges were very heavy at that time. Finally, however, hitting upon a happy expedient, he made out a shipping tag and tied it to the horns of the goat. Then he presented the beast to the office of the stock-car line."

"Well, that tag created no end of amusement, but it served to accomplish the end of the brakeman. It was inscribed as follows:

"Please Pass the Butter. Thomas J. Meechin, Brakeman, S. S. & T. Ry."

Salesman—"You ought to have a talking machine."

Mr. Grouch—"I have. I married it."

"You seem to find that book very interesting," said Mrs. Henpeck.

"Yes," replied Henry; "it's delightful. I've glanced at the ending, and the hero and heroine don't get married after all."

"Funny thing about Dailey. He said he needed a little whiskey because he was run down."

"Well, wasn't he run down?"

"I don't know about that, but I do know he was run in."

Proud Father—"Welcome back to the old farm, my boy. So you got through college all right?"

Farmer's Son—"Yes, father."

Proud Father—"Ye know, I told ye to study up chemistry and things, so you'd know best what to do with different kinds of land. What do you think of that flat meadow there, for instance?"

Farmer's Son—"Cracky, what a place for a ball game!"



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TORONTO

When Writing Advertisers Kindly Mention Busy Man's Magazine.

"Is this the best hotel in town?" asked a stranger.

"Well," replied the native, "I don't know as I'd put it as strong as that, but I guess it's safe to say it ain't as bad as the rest of 'em."

"Yes," said Mr. Swellman, "I'm looking for a coachman." "Well, sir," put in the applicant, "sure, I know all about horses an'——" "But have you had any experience with an automobile?" "Not exactly, sir, but I wuz tossed be a bull wanst."

Mrs. Mossy (holmobbing)—"My respects; and how's your family settled, Mrs. Dossy?" "Nicely, thank you, mem. Sarah and Alice is in a 'formatory, Bill's been took in a 'ome and Joe's jined a refuge. Ah, they do look after 'em well, those good gentlemen!"

"Haven't you and your friend got through that argument yet?" asked a parent of his youngest son.

"It isn't any argument," answered the boy. "I am merely telling Jimmy the facts in the case, and he is so beastly stubborn that he won't understand."

"Tennny," said mamma (who had noticed severe bruises on his face), "you've been fighting again?" "Yes, mamma." "And didn't you promise me that when you wanted to hit any-one you would always stand still and count a hundred?" "So I did, mamma, and this is what Jacky Jones did while I was counting."

"All my old friends tell me the first year is the trying one for married folk," remarked the bride. "They say that if you get through the first year you're all right." "Yes, that's true," said the woman who had celebrated her silver wedding. "You don't mind it much after the first year."

A well-known English bishop some time since lost his third wife. A

clergyman who had known the first wife returned from Africa, and wanted to see the grave. He called at the cathedral and saw the verger.

"Can you tell me where the bishop's wife is buried?"

"Well, sir," replied the verger, "I don't know for certain, but he mostly buries 'em at Brompton."

Old Lady (to taxidermist)—"You see for yourself, man. You stuffed my poor parrot only this summer, and here are his feathers tumbling out before your eyes."

Taxidermist—"Loo' bless you, wa'am! That's the triumph of the art. We stuff them so natural that they moult in their proper season."

Wandering over an old cemetery recently a young man came across a large stone inscribed:

"Turn me over."

After much difficulty he succeeded in turning it over, and found on the under side of the stone the words:

"Now turn me back again so that I can catch some other idiot."

Jack—"That's a fine dog you have, Jim. Do you want to sell him?"

Jim—"I'll sell him for fifty dollars."

Jack—"Is he intelligent?"

Jim (with emphasis)—"Intelligent? Why that dog knows as much as I do."

Jack—"You don't say so? Well, I'll give you fifty cents for him, Jim."

Philanthropic Visitor (to prisoner)—"My friend, may I ask what brought you here?"

Prisoner—"The same thing that brought you here; the desire to poke my nose into other people's business. Only I used generally to go in by the way of the basement window."

Miss Passy—"Yes, and when he proposed I tried hard not to let him read any encouragement in my face, but he did."

Miss Peppery—"Oh! I suppose he could read between the lines."



Exquisite Musical Tone

—a only one of the perfect qualities of the—

GERHARD HEINTZMAN PIANO

It is the standard by which all others are judged for volume, brilliancy, sustainedness of tone, responsiveness in action, durability and beauty of style and finish.

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97 Yonge Street, TORONTO 127 West Street East, HAMILTON



SINFUL WASTE.

Farmer Barnes.—I've bought a barometer, Hannah, ter tell when it's goin' ter rain, ye know!

Mrs. Barnes.—Do tell when it's goin' ter rain! Why, I never heard o' such extravagance! What do ye s'pose th' good Lord has giv' ye th' rheumatiz ter f—Pook.

A story is told of a man who was walking beside a railway line with a friend who was very hard of hearing.

A train was approaching, and as it rounded the curve the whistle gave one of those ear-destroying shrieks which seem to pierce high heaven.

A smile broke over the deaf man's face.

"Man," said he, "that's the first robin I've heard this spring!"

First Boarder—"There's one thing I hate about boarding-houses, and that is, the partitions are usually so very thin. Why, at the place I put up at last year I could distinctly hear the scratch of the pen on the paper as the chap in the next room was writing."

Second Boarder—"Well, I guess that's nothing to be compared with the place I put up at a couple of years ago. Why, the partitions were so thin there I could distinctly hear the chap next door changing his mind!"

Mother—"I am sorry to hear that Tommy Smith tied a kettle to a poor dog's tail. You wouldn't do such a thing, would you?"

Bobby—"No, indeed, mother."

Mother—"Why didn't you stop him, Bobby?"

Bobby—"I couldn't, mother; I was holding the dog."

"I've come to give notice, ma'am."

"Indeed!"

"And would you give me a good reference, ma'am? I'm going to Mrs. Kipper's, across the way."

"The best in the world, Maggie. I hate that woman."

He was a very tired looking man. Dejection was written on every line of his face, and as I was a stranger in the village, with nothing to do and no one to talk to, I relieved my pent-up spirits by expressing my sympathy with him in his troubles, whatever they were.

"Thanks," he said; "my chief trouble seems to be that I am an idiot from Idiotville, and that is incurable. I

just got into a bragging match with a stranger up in the post office. He bet he was richer than I was, and I took him on—just for fun. I told him all I had and more, too, and after a while he gave in, saying he wouldn't have thought it. Then I said I'd swear to it, and he said all right, and I did; and, by thunder, who do you suppose he was?"

"I don't know. Who?"

"The income tax assessor!" he groaned.

It certainly was a case of hard luck.

President Manuel Amador, of Panama, tells this little tale of a certain Cuban millionaire:

"An unfortunate man once obtained access to this millionaire and started to lay before him his woes. He depicted his wretched poverty in most vivid colors. Indeed, so graphic was the man's sad story that the millionaire felt himself affected as he had never been before. With tears in his eyes he summoned his servant and in a quavering voice said:

"John, put this poor fellow out. He is breaking my heart."

An Irishman one day went into a barber's shop to get shaved. After he was seated and the barber about half applied the razor was called to an adjoining room, where he was detained for some time.

The barber had in the shop a pet monkey, which was continually imitating his master.

As soon as the latter left the room the monkey seized the brush and proceeded to finish the son of Erin's face. After doing this he took a razor from its case and stropped it, and then turned to Pat to shave him.

"Shstop that," said the latter firmly. "Ye can tack the towel in me neck and put the soap on me face, but, begorra, yer father's got to shave me."

"Miss Skylie appears to have lost her attractiveness for the gentlemen," said one girl.

"Oh, no," replied the other; "she didn't lose it. Her father lost it on the Stock Exchange."

\$800 FINE AND A YEAR IN JAIL!

If a man fails in business and it be proved that, for five years before his failure, he has not kept proper books, he is liable to a fine of \$800.00 and a year in jail.

It is almost better to keep your books right than pay a fine and go down for a year, isn't it?

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Business Systems will enable you to keep your books right. Business Systems mean proper bookkeeping.

Business Systems allow nothing to be forgotten, and mean no errors in bookkeeping.

Business Systems being proper bookkeeping, actually prevent failures, show a man where anything is going wrong in his business and enable him to prevent it.

* * * * *

We would like to give you details of all this and tell you how we can apply Business Systems to your business.

It will only cost you one cent for a post card to know more.



BUSINESS SYSTEMS LIMITED

52 SPADINA AVE.
TORONTO, CANADA



MURAD TURKISH CIGARETTES

The art of blending cigarette tobacco is much like the art of blending colors in a picture.

An artist can take a few colors and with a brush and canvas produce a masterpiece.

An expert tobacco blender can take several different kinds of Turkish tobacco and so combine them as to form a rich, full, delicately flavored cigarette.

The delightful flavor of MURAD Cigarettes is entirely due to the blending of the tobaccos.

If you like a really good cigarette you should try MURADS 10 for 15c

S. ANARGYROS.

